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CERTAIN DANGEROUS TENDENCIES IN AMERICAN LIFE.

THE character of our nation is highly complex. It includes many elements, influences, and tendencies, of different degrees of strength and importance. In any real survey of the life and thought of the country the chief of these qualities and forces must be noted and compared with each other, and some estimate made of their relative significance. Some of the influences are wholesome and vital, and tend to national prosperity. Others are of the nature of disease, and depress the national strength, tending, so far as they are effective, to disorder and the decay of society. An exact measurement of intellectual and moral elements is of course impossible, but there can be no just estimate of our national character and tendencies as a whole which is not based upon some such careful study and comparison of the separate factors, some real knowledge of the principal influences which, reinforcing or opposing each other, are all included and summed up in the life and thought of the people. Such an examination has not yet been attempted, I believe, though it would be difficult to overestimate the value of the undertaking if it should be successful; that is, if one who has observed widely and truly could report accurately and plainly what he has seen.

Since the civil war we have had new

elements and conditions in our national life, and there have been important changes in the relative strength of certain of the old forces. We have been confronted by problems and dangers which we had thought could never arise in the path of a nation with institutions like ours. Not only had we come to regard our system of government as superior to all others, but we trusted still more to that wonderful perfection and vitality of character which we believed ourselves, as a people, to possess, and which, as we boasted, enabled us to receive from all other countries the most incongruous and unfavorable materials, and assimilate and transmute them all into the texture and substance of a noble national life. We had not, before the war, been prepared in any way for the tasks or difficulties which we have since encountered. We had little practical knowledge of pauperism or the labor question. Our politicians had but slight knowledge of political economy, and generally thought the study of such subjects unnecessary in our country. They knew little of financial theories or methods, or of the principles which the long experience of the civilized world had established in connection with the relation of government to the money and industries of the people. Indeed, the politicians of those days cannot be said to

have studied anything very deeply besides party politics, except the slavery question; and they were fond of repeating that history had no lessons for us, and that the experience of other nations was not in any way valuable for our guidance. We rejoiced in our exemption from the ills and dangers of European society.

The intensity of interest which the slavery question at last aroused, and the peculiar direction which it gave to the thought of our people, left no time or vitality for matters pertaining to the science of government. That agitation unavoidably exaggerated the sentimental character which already marked our politics, and gave them an impulse toward humanitarian and intuitive methods which has not yet spent its force. The war destroyed hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property, and the government was compelled to borrow some two thousand millions of dollars to enable it to continue the struggle and maintain the existence of the nation. These two facts are, for any study of our present national life and conditions, the significant features and results of that contest. The more dramatic accompaniments, the emancipation of the slaves and the management of the revolted States after the war, have had far less influence upon the life and thought of our people. With our national wealth or productive property so terribly reduced, and with the new, strange burden of an enormous debt, there was but one course of wisdom and safety, — that of the most rigid economy. But by a remarkable delusion our people came to regard the paper money, every note of which was a certificate and reminder of indebtedness and loss of property, as a real and boundless addition to our wealth, which not only made good our material losses, but made us far richer than we had been before the war. Under the influence of this astounding error the people and the government plunged at once into reckless extravagance of expenditure, thus greatly increasing the loss which the nation had suffered by the war. The heroic sacrifice and en-

durance of the people during the war should have passed afterward into the form of self-denial and renunciation of luxury till our debts were paid. But there was very little effort to pay what we owed. On the contrary, the indebtedness of the nation, and of the States, cities, and towns of the country, was prodigiously increased. Most people lost their heads, and acted as if debts were never to be paid, and as if wealth without limit could be created at will by acts of Congress authorizing the issue of paper promises to pay. A still farther reduction, of enormous extent, of the wealth of the nation was caused by the general purchase and construction of things which were not needed by the people — articles of luxury and display — at a cost out of all proportion to the wealth or income of the owners. My neighbor, who was the possessor of fifty thousand dollars, bought a piece of land for eight thousand, and built on it a house which cost him nearly all his remaining fortune. He seemed to think that the money he had changed into stone walls, fine carvings, and costly furniture would still be productive, would yield him an income. When he had thus improved the property, as he phrased it, he claimed that it was worth at least sixty thousand dollars; that is, he had spent most of his money and thought he was worth much more than when he began. He has some high-priced European paintings, but he cannot eat them, and as he has nothing but his house and grounds he has had to stint his children in their education, and even in their clothes and food. He wishes to sell his property, but thinks it still worth fifty thousand dollars, though it would not sell for one third of that amount. This is a pretty good representation of the course of multitudes of business men. The result is that the country is vastly poorer than the people are willing to admit; that is, they value their property at vastly more than it is really worth. Much of our wealth consists of houses, furniture, mills, machinery, and railroads which produce nothing, and which cannot be sold. This is not real wealth.

Much of the money invested in such things is irretrievably lost, and it would be better for us to face the disagreeable truth at once.

This extravagance and the delusion which fostered it had some important results in the domain of morals. Manual labor came to be regarded as in great measure unnecessary, and to be despised as a badge of inferiority by many who had always been engaged in it. Multitudes of men who had until then honestly earned or produced their living by the work of their hands now began to live by their wits, by starting and controlling business enterprises for the investment of other people's money, and by taking government contracts and corporation jobs. The abounding dishonesty which has since then been our curse, the repudiation of the debts of States, towns, and cities, with the alarming development of the disposition to steal trust funds, — these and other unfavorable elements in the life of the time had their source and main impulse in the delusion about the nature and powers of paper money, in the uncertainty of its value, and in the extravagance engendered by the war. A passionate greed for riches was developed among our people. Men had no longer any vision for realities, but built upon illusions and impossibilities as if they were the solid facts and laws of nature. The leading clergymen and writers of the nation encouraged and defended this enormous and reckless acquisitiveness, and talked, in philosophical phrases, about the aspirations of the masses for improved conditions, leisure for culture, and a higher civilization. The pulpit gave to luxury the sanction of religion, and the press urged the people onward in their career of extravagance in the name of patriotism, and declared the national debt a national blessing. It was not to be expected that the workingmen should be wiser than their teachers. The increase of wages for all kinds of manual labor was very great, but comparatively few of the workingmen saved anything. They imitated the profusion of their employers and guides. Econ-

omy was deemed unnecessary, stupid, and mean. New wants were invented, prudence and simplicity of life went out of fashion, and habits were formed and sentiments adopted which have wrought most important changes in the character and aims of the workingmen of this country. The sheer wastefulness of that period, if it could be adequately portrayed, would appear incredible to all who did not witness it. A curious feature of the time was the fact that for so many men all foresight seemed to have become impossible. They were intoxicated by their fancied prosperity, and were confident that it would last forever. Into these conditions was suddenly plunged a population which had no sufficient moral safeguards whatever. The transition to dishonesty had been prepared for among all classes, and was already partly accomplished.

This leads me to consider the religious and moral character and equipment which our people possessed fifteen years ago, and the effect of the new conditions upon these factors of our national life. The nominal faith or religion of the country was what is called evangelical Protestantism. Its early creeds and symbols were still unchanged; but the real religion of the people was already, to a great extent, a decorous worldliness. The formal observances of religion depended largely upon habit; that is, the religious activities of our people had long been chiefly the momentum remaining from old impulses, from influxes or evolutions of moral or spiritual force which had inspired men in former times, and had then produced an earnestness and self-denial of which even the tradition was mostly lost. The force which remained was constantly diminishing. The moral impulse received long before had mostly passed into structure, had produced very nearly its full effect upon the character of men and the forms of life in society; and by a well-known law, which appears in the working of all forces of whatever nature, the power that had thus been embodied could not be used again in the same form. There was no longer any considerable influx or

evolution of new religious power or vitality. Many ministers and multitudes of the more intelligent members of the churches had become skeptical in regard to some of the cardinal doctrines of the popular Christianity. These doctrines were, in the preaching of the time, habitually so softened and accommodated to the growing doubt that nearly all their original meaning was explained away. A vague feeling of alarm and uncertainty had for some time pervaded the more earnest portion of the church, — a distrust of tendencies which yet seemed necessary and irresistible. Preaching became more and more speculative and rationalistic. Everywhere it almost ceased to deal with morals or duty. It lost all edge, all directness of application to the real questions and interests of human life in this world. It was no longer addressed to the conscience, but to the taste, to the æsthetic judgment. The sweep of the new time carried us out of the region and conditions in which it had been the function of the pulpit to rebuke the sins of men, to quicken and reinforce their consciences by faithful teaching of the moral requirements of Christianity. The effect of the new hunger for wealth and display extended to religion and its organic activities. The new tide of worldliness rose everywhere, and submerged to a great extent a church which it found open and without defense against the flood. The conditions of life, the temptations and enticements, were new. The allurements to greed and dishonesty were appallingly strong. The religious people of the country in general had no adequate training or moral discipline to prepare them to face the new foes. The church failed to meet the needs of the time. She did vastly better than those who did nothing, than many of her critics. But that was not enough.

The disintegration of religion has proceeded rapidly. There are now several features of our national religious life and thought which must be noted in any real study of our present condition. No one statement or affirmation can be made to include all the truth. The religion of our country cannot be studied adequately

ly or successfully in the churches of the large cities alone. What of the people in the smaller towns, the villages, and country neighborhoods? What is their religion? The church is now, for the most part, a depository of social rather than of religious influences. Its chief force or vitality is no longer religious. There are still, of course, many truly religious people in the churches, who sincerely believe the old doctrines embodied in all the creeds. But these are everywhere a small minority, and they are mournfully conscious that the old religious life and power have departed from the church. They distrust the methods of the modern revivalism, and do not feel at home among the younger members of the church, with their advanced views and fashionable, thorough-going worldliness. They are alarmed to find the atmosphere and tone of the church becoming more and more secular and business-like. These people, who thus represent the better elements of a former state of things, are the real strength of the evangelical Protestant churches, so far as religion is concerned, and their character is one of the most wholesome and truly conservative forces of our national life. They are not liberal in their views, but they are sincere. They live pure and good lives. They speak the truth, a rare virtue now, and they can be trusted with anybody's money. They will do what they believe to be right, though all men deride or oppose, and at any cost to themselves in business or worldly interests. But they are too few to regenerate the American church, though their influence is highly valuable in resisting some of the evil tendencies of the age. Most of them are old, and they have few successors among the younger people. They have already done most of their work, and their number and strength diminish from year to year.

For a very large class of which we may next speak the church furnishes opportunity for a pleasant social life, which is in no way different from the social life of amiable, intelligent people out of the church; that is, there is noth-

ing distinctively religious about it. For this class all the barriers and distinctions between the church and the world have been removed. Church work is for them, in all its forms, a kind of sacred amusement. Public worship, with its pulpit oratory and modern church music, is an æsthetic entertainment. They have developed a religion which is not religious. They have learned how to be Christians, according to their meaning, without self-denial, or any abridgment of the pleasures, pursuits, or ambitions of people who acknowledge no religious obligations. They are the most intelligent members of the popular churches of this country. They are decorously moral, conforming to the easy, worldly criterion of people of like social position. They are nearly all able to live comfortably, possessing the necessities of life and a few of its luxuries. They are not usually scrupulously truthful or conscientious, and do not believe it possible to maintain a very high standard of justice or honesty in business life. They regard the golden rule as impracticable, and with more or less sincerity deplore the existence of insurmountable obstacles in the way of obeying it. They do not believe the creeds which they subscribe when they join the church, and generally make no secret afterward of their doubt or disbelief respecting various fundamental doctrines of Christianity. But they have a horror of all dissent which takes a man out of the popular church, and show no respect for the plea of conscience in such cases. They are all optimists, believing that things are sure to come out right. They distrust personal earnestness in religious matters, but are capable of self-sacrifice or action for the public good in ways approved by their class, while they are without the qualities or temper enabling a man to serve an unpopular principle or cause. They give largely for all kinds of charities. In them the religion popularly professed has spent its force, and they can contribute little to aid in the moral regeneration of the country. They are almost destitute of moral insight, and have little confidence in principles, trust-

ing entirely to management, to policy, and to present success.

Their ministers are men of intelligence and of considerable culture. They believe even less than their people of the doctrines of their creeds. They generally avoid doctrinal subjects in preaching, and have for some years based their teaching mostly upon utilitarian grounds. They have for themselves accepted rationalistic beliefs far in advance of what they teach, and consider themselves engaged in a most necessary and useful work, — that of leading the people gradually onward in thought and knowledge by carefully giving them the truth as they are able to bear it. Their caution is extreme, and they thus sacrifice whatever strength may belong to courage and outspoken sincerity. Their teaching is far less advanced and rationalistic than the habitual thought of their hearers. They do not understand the real tendencies of the time, lacking the insight and the synthetic judgment which result from independent search for truth, and from heartiness of conviction. They greatly overrate the success of their system of repression, — of keeping back most of what they themselves believe. It fosters skepticism, and spreads distrust of all moral and religious verity, as the people are aware that their ministers practice the concealment of their real beliefs. Their preaching is usually far more intellectual than formerly, but is not based on the creeds, nor on any announced or coherent philosophy, fragments of hostile systems of thought often appearing in amiable proximity, if not in any real relation, to each other. There is nobody to criticise the preaching of these clergymen. Their teaching is often curiously remote from all the practical concerns and conditions of life in our time and country, and is almost entirely destitute of moral authority and power. They regard the general engagement of their people in the work of charity organizations as evidence of the triumphant vitality of Christianity in our age; which is much as if the officers of an army should boast that all their soldiers able for duty are in the hospitals caring

for their sick comrades, and that all the able-bodied men at home must soon be conscripted for the same service. They do not see that Christianity, to be successful, must learn how to dry up, in great measure, the sources of the rising currents of pauperism, vice, and crime, nor understand that their own methods are largely responsible for the magnitude of the burdens, rapidly becoming intolerable, of the charities which are their pride.

In the more prosperous American churches in the regions to which modern styles of dress and living have extended there are now but few poor people, and these feel more and more each year that the church is no home for them. There is for them, usually, no fraternal association with their more fortunate neighbors in the church; no wholesome, natural, cordial relation between them as human beings or brethren. And there is a very large class who are not extremely poor, but who are obliged to dress plainly and to practice rigid economy in order to obtain the necessities of life. In favorable times they may be said to rise to conditions of comfort, but for the most part they are familiar with the pressure of hardship, and their life is a struggle for the means to live. They of course cannot aspire to what is now considered good social position, as that usually depends upon the style of dress and house-furnishing more than upon character. This is a very important portion of our population. Most of them are industrious and honest, and many of them are advancing in intelligence. Some of them have a strong desire for knowledge, and read the best books they can obtain. There is good material among them for a more rational and practical culture than is yet possessed by their neighbors who are in better circumstances. This class also is rapidly passing out of the church. The movement is largely the result of impulses from the more prosperous people in the churches, and is not caused so much by the growth of irreligion among these men and their families as by the development of an unfraternal spirit, —

a class-feeling, — among those more successful in acquiring this world's goods. Many who are thus separating themselves from the churches are injured by the change. They enjoy their greater freedom from restraint, and often sink to a life of less strenuous effort at self-direction. They do not feel bound to resist temptation, or deny appetite its gratifications. But most of this class are still, in the main, moral and wholesome in character and personal influence, chiefly from the power of habit and family traditions of rectitude. Many of them are gradually becoming hostile and bitter toward the church and all specifically religious activities, and their children usually receive at home no religious instruction whatever, being free to go to church or not, as they please. The effect of this parental indifference upon the culture and morals of the young people is not favorable. Among the more intelligent of this class there has been, within the last fifteen years, a rapid development of what is called infidelity; that is, of opinions which involve the rejection of evangelical Christianity. Up to this time the great mass of plain people in this country, of those who work with their hands, know nothing of any religion besides evangelical Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. The people who reject the popular religious creeds, both among the poor and among the more prosperous and cultivated, with some exceptions to be noted farther on, are generally giving up religion entirely. No new system or form of religious belief or life is taking the place of the old faith which has lost its power. But these people are still accessible to any vital improving influences not specifically ecclesiastical in form. Their morals are commonly as good as those of the most prominent church-members, and they are probably more truthful, conscientious, and just than most people in the church. But they are not religious; that is, they have no ideas, principles, or beliefs in regard to human responsibility which exercise any considerable power of restraint upon their conduct when interest or appetite is involved. They

feel no impulse to association with their neighbors for any kind of moral or religious culture. A few are inclined to propagate their negative notions and hostility to religion; the greater number are simply indifferent. Many of them have read the newspaper and magazine dilutions of the writings of Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer, and have thus been strengthened in their opposition to the old beliefs. Most of them are sensible, practical, capable people, not given to sentiment or illusions of any kind; often somewhat narrow and hard, but with valuable intellectual and moral qualities. Their greatest defect seems to be that they feel too little responsibility for the moral culture of their children and those of their neighbors. They have too little aspiration and national feeling, and are giving themselves entirely to material interests. It cannot be said that they are as a class doing much for themselves, and nobody else is doing anything for them as to culture or morals. Their future course depends upon that of the cultivated classes. If there is within a few years a marked expansion of national culture and increase of its dynamic vitality, these people will do much to strengthen the better tendencies of the nation's life. They are capable of important changes.

Below these as to intellectual character and equipment there is a larger class, in whom prehistoric or savage thought still survives with very slight modifications from science or any other modern influence. Our fellow-citizens of this class believe in luck, omens, dreams, signs of many kinds (that is, in supernatural indications or foreshadowings of future events), and in the presence and influence of the spirits of the dead, whom they habitually or occasionally consult in various ways. These have not all rejected evangelical Protestantism, as great numbers of them are members of the popular churches. Many of them have wealth and social position. The women of this class constitute the larger portion of the great army of readers of worthless books of fiction and serials in

the story-newspapers. Perhaps a majority of the members of the evangelical Protestant churches in this country have at some time consulted the spirits of dead people, by the help of some professional ghost-seer or medium. But outside of the church the believers in spirits, spells, possessions, omens, visions, warnings, and the other features of prehistoric supernaturalism are usually hostile to Christianity. They think the inspirations and revelations of many trance-speakers and mediums in this country superior in value to those recorded in the Bible. They have usually a scorn of history, and of the past as a teacher, and are especially hostile to belief in any authority except that of the individual soul. They mostly regard society as a great oppressor, and believe that priests (they call all ministers priests) have been the authors and are now the chief supporters of nearly all the evils which afflict mankind. They are all sentimentalists; that is, they attach little value to facts, and do not think it important to study them. Their contempt for scientific methods of investigation is nearly equal to their scorn for history. They depend chiefly upon intuition and the great instincts of humanity for their guidance, and for the determination of all problems. They would like to see the existing organization and institutions of society displaced, and think it would be a great gain to stop trying to patch up the old systems of religion and law, and begin anew. They see no great difficulty in the attempt to establish an entirely new organization of society, with all necessary institutions, machinery, and activities, and believe that it could be done at once, with immense advantage to the people, if only the priests and the money power were put down. They have a kind of rage against churches and all the organized activities of Christianity. They have not yet any religion of their own, in the modern sense of the word, as they do not worship or revere anything as higher or better than themselves. Their nearest approach to adoration is their belief in the omnipotence of a free

platform; that is, of a mass-meeting of believers in the sovereignty of the individual, with absolutely no restrictions as to the direction or extent of the discussions. They have a stronger impulse to propagate their sentiments than is manifested by any other class in our country at present, and have more enthusiasm and self-sacrifice for their cause and objects than the people who hold better doctrines. (This stirring of powerful impulses among the more ignorant and undeveloped, while the cultured classes, the leaders of society, are bewildered and indisposed to action, is one of the most significant features of our age.) They have not wholly escaped injury to their morals in thus casting off the restraints of the old beliefs. There has been a serious and general lowering of moral tone and quality among them during the last fifteen years, and this deterioration is still going on. But this has not yet resulted in any great increase of concrete immorality, except the immorality of worthless talk, incessant, universal, and interminable. There has been some sexual vice among them, but it has been mostly of a cold-blooded kind, the effort of theorists making experiments and ostentatiously trying to be wicked, rather than the wild play of ungoverned impulse and passion. There is not yet a large growth of licentiousness in American society. It increases only as the criminal classes increase, and especially as thieves become more numerous. Thieves of all grades, burglars and pickpockets, habitually resort to houses of ill-fame. It is the common method of spending money dishonestly obtained. But there is not yet any considerable spread of licentiousness upward through society, and life is probably cleaner and better in this respect in our time than ever before. In other ways the immoral effects produced by the ideas and sentiments of the large class which I am now describing are extensive and important. They have seriously weakened respect for law in all parts of our country, and have profoundly influenced public sentiment in opposition to the punishment of criminals.

They have to a great extent abjured the doctrine of individual responsibility for wrong-doing, and their ideas have pervaded the atmosphere of the age, and have so benumbed the conscience of the nation that the unwillingness of good people to have the laws enforced, and their sympathy for criminals, are among the most threatening evils of our society. Their worst immorality is their teaching; especially the character of their addresses, lectures, and discussions, in which there is almost everywhere a wild vehemence of attack upon all the principles of religion, morality, and social order, which is unrestrained by any regard for truth, decency, or justice. The orators are absolutely irresponsible, as they recognize no authority but their own wills. They have a fluency of extempore utterance, with ability to talk for any length of time, which inspires great admiration among the people; for the masses in our country have a boundless delight in what they call eloquence, meaning usually a great flow of words and a confident manner, with many sounding phrases about the progress of humanity, the grandeur of free thought, and the resistless uprising of the people. No other class is at present so successfully educating the people of this country. They are positive and aggressive, and have a certain power of enthusiasm or afflatus which no other class now possesses. They have many organized societies, traveling lecturers, and missionaries, and a score or two of newspapers, besides an enormous literature of their own, if one may apply the word literature to their productions. It is a great and successful movement for the propagation of uneducated thought, the spectacle of the untaught classes and disorganizing forces of the time taking possession of the printing-press, of the rostrum, and of the ballot, and attacking modern society with its own weapons. It is a wide-spread revolt against civilization.

There can be no doubt, after any real investigation of the matter, that this class in whom the methods and tendencies of prehistoric thought are still dom-

inant and almost unmodified by modern culture—the class believing in omens, visions, spirit communications, impressions, and intuitions, and in the sovereignty of the individual's impulses—includes several millions of our countrymen. They incline to think nearly all labor unnecessary, and generally regard employers as oppressors who defraud the workingmen of the larger part of the fruits of their toil. They are met and reinforced upon this ground by a great number of the working-class, who have no theories or ideas of progress, but who have done little honest work since the great inflation of prices a few years ago. That inflation had a most disastrous effect on the conscience and sense of honor of multitudes of workingmen. They have ever since acted on the plan of getting all they possibly can out of their employers, and giving as little as possible in return. They regard the capitalist, that is, whoever has money, as their natural enemy and prey. The theorists who wish to reconstruct society outright, and govern it afterward by mass-meetings in continuous session, encourage the discontent and indolence of the men who believe they ought to be paid high wages for very light work. The prostration of business and industry extending over the whole country during the last few years has given all these people unprecedented opportunity, and has greatly stimulated the sentiments and tendencies which they represent. They have the immense advantage and sanction which their attack upon the existing order of things derives from the extreme hardship and real suffering now for some time endured by many of the working people in different parts of our country.

The political objects and plans of this large class of our citizens are much more fully defined and articulate than is yet believed by those who regard them with contempt or indifference. Of course they do not themselves know what their own part may be in later stages of the enterprise which they are undertaking. But some of their aims are clear. They believe that the interests of the laborer,

of the people, as they say, will be advanced by crippling and injuring capital in every possible way; and this they intend to do. They will influence legislation in this direction wherever they have the power. They do not regard the capitalist as one of the people, but as a criminal and enemy who has no rights that the people should respect. Those who possess property and who live in comfort and refinement are more and more regarded as the foes of the workingmen. Intellectual labor is not respected. Professional men, scholars, teachers, and cultivated people are none of them acknowledged as laborers, or as having any just title to labor's rewards. The relations between the people who have property and culture, on the one hand, and the workingmen, on the other, are regarded by the latter more and more as a state of war; so that any advantage gained or injury inflicted by the laborers is to be regarded as justifiable and right. We are in the earlier stages of a war upon property, and upon everything that satisfies what are called the higher wants of civilized life. The workingmen are taught to regard works of art and instruments of high culture, with all the possessions and surroundings of people of wealth and refinement, as causes and symbols of the laborer's poverty and degradation, and therefore as things to be hated. The movement has already in many places attacked and crippled the higher departments of our public-school education, and its leaders assail all endowments and appropriations for scientific research. The strongest tendencies and influences now operating among these people are leading them to a region and condition in which regard for the higher elements of the life of civilized man, for art, literature, and culture, is impossible. They do not value science more than art or religion, except in those applications of it which have an immediate commercial value. The war against all these things will be prosecuted with desperate energy and persistence unless something is speedily done to counteract and change some of the chief tendencies of the age;

unless there is an evolution or application of forces adequate to create a new series of circumstances. The instincts of destruction are already very strong in multitudes of men in this country. They are becoming fiercely hostile to everything that does not belong to the material life of man, or which is not required to satisfy his bodily wants.

The greatest danger is not that of armed violence or riotous destruction of property. The chief point of attack, naturally, and as arranged by the leaders of the movement, is to be for some time to come the money or currency of the country. They have for some years endeavored to bring the whole subject of the currency, its character, basis, and amount, under the direct and immediate control of the people in mass-meeting assembled, so that all questions of the issue and circulation of money shall be brought before the country, voted upon, and decided anew at every election. At present the leaders favor a series of feints, that is, strenuous advocacy of some measure that cannot be adopted; and, when it is defeated, the attempt, without attracting attention or exciting opposition, to obtain in another form as nearly as possible the same legislation. Unless there is more effective effort to prevent such a result, our experience of a vast inflation of the currency, with the slow and painful climbing up again to specie payments, is likely to be repeated. There never was much purpose or coöperation among people of this class in our country until very recently, but they are now awaking to a sense of their power. Their idea of government is to place less emphasis upon constitutional provisions, to disregard or set them aside when necessary, and to depend more and more upon congressional legislation; to make the judiciary and all other offices elective, to increase as much as may be the power of Congress, or rather of the House of Representatives, and to place, as nearly as possible, the entire administration of the government directly in the hands of the people, to be conducted by means of the political canvass or campaign. The aim is to de-

stroy, little by little, the constitutional and representative character of the government, in order to enable the people to decide everything anew, if they wish to do so, at each annual election. There is to be an agitation or series of efforts for the reduction of all terms of office to the shortest possible time. Our fellow-citizens of this class hold that representatives of the people should always obey instructions from their constituents, or should immediately resign. They do not trust each other very far, and the workingmen especially believe that if one of their own number is elected to a place in a state legislature, or in Congress, he can be bribed or "bought up" by the money power, and that for a very paltry sum. They never before had any competent directors; but while they still quarrel among themselves over details, a vast number are for the first time in substantial agreement in their purpose to seek the ends which I have described, and to advance toward them persistently, and by any methods that promise partial success. They hold that it is the function of government to "make good times" for the people, that is, for the workingmen; and that there is already sufficient wealth in existence in our country to give the working people good times, if it were only rightly distributed.

This, after many years of observation, extending to most of the States of our country, I believe to be a just estimate of our present condition and tendencies. We have a great increase and development of unfavorable and disorganizing forces within our national life, and no corresponding increase of wholesome or vital activities. The influence of the church and of religion upon the morals and conduct of men has greatly declined, and is still declining. There is yet, as I have said, a large amount of moral force and healthful life in the church. Religion is not extinct. But the really significant fact here is that it is constantly losing ground. The empire of religion over human conduct, its power as a conservative moral and social force, is so far lost that some things which

are indispensable to the existence of society can no longer be supplied from this source without a great increase of vitality in religion itself. The morality based upon the religion popularly professed has, to a fatal extent, broken down. Multitudes of men who are religious are not honest or trustworthy. They declare themselves fit for heaven, but they will not tell the truth, nor deal justly with their neighbors. The money of widows and orphans placed under their control is not safer than in the hands of highwaymen. There is no article of food, medicine, or traffic which can be profitably adulterated or injuriously manipulated that is not, in most of the great centres of trade, thus corrupted and sold by prominent members of Christian churches. I have made all these statements as colorless as possible, desiring to present a coldly accurate report of the more important facts and tendencies of the life and thought of our country as I have observed them. The evils mentioned are highly complex in character, and are parts of a system over which individuals, as such, have little power. We must take account of them as a wise captain acquaints himself with the position and numbers of a hostile force.

Our situation is the more unfavorable because of the inevitable decline of patriotism among us immediately after the war, — a lowering of national vitality which still affects us seriously. This was largely caused by the utter exhaustion of the faculties of the people; an incapacity of their powers of brain, nerve, and mind for continued action in the same directions after the fearful tension maintained during the struggle. As all our intellectual and moral activities are correlated with physical forces, this exhaustion was unavoidable, and any great moral effort on the part of the people at the close of the war was next to impossible. This has most probably had something to do with the great indifference in regard to the violation of the laws displayed by local communities. The leading citizens in many places habitually transgress some laws, find-

ing it convenient or profitable to disregard them. In one of the best towns of an Eastern State the principal property holders and public-spirited citizens met from time to time for some months, last year, to devise measures to repress crime and immorality, and to promote the order and welfare of the community. The relation of society to pauperism, the sources of vice, the province of legislation, and the duty of good men in relation to such subjects were freely discussed. Two or three gentlemen urged the adoption of some expression, by these chief men of the place, of their sense of the importance of strict obedience to the laws on the part of all good citizens; but it was impossible to obtain anything of the kind. I have learned that the same thing has occurred in several other places. Some of this evil may be due to over-legislation; but, whatever may be the causes, we are becoming a nation of law-breakers. The laws relating to streets, sidewalks, and domestic animals, for instance, and various other minor statutes, are habitually violated in country places by some of the best people. The great number of people from other countries now living in nearly all our towns and villages, and the frequent removals to other places on the part of many citizens, are hindrances to the speedy attainment of a real unity or homogeneous character by the population of our local communities. People will not love their country unless they love the place where they live and endeavor to promote its interests.

It is said that our system of popular education provides sufficient safeguards against the dangers here pointed out. But even if its work were henceforth to be perfect, its operation would necessarily be too slow for some things which our present situation requires. Our school system as it now exists cannot be depended on to remedy or avert the evils which threaten us. Most of the class whose use of prehistoric methods of thought leads them to rely upon instinct and intuition, rather than upon any results of human experience, have enjoyed the opportunities of our schools,

and have received, in an average degree, the benefits which our system of education now confers. The people from whom these dangers arise are not stupid or ignorant, nor are their minds inactive. They have been through our schools; they edit newspapers, make our political speeches in all the country places, and represent us in Congress. They are not so much uneducated as miseducated; their faculties are active, particularly of late years, but they are undisciplined and misdirected, and the result of their thinking is largely erroneous. For these difficulties our public-school system furnishes no adequate remedy. Two things are especially to be noted in our popular school education: it usually leads to no interest in literature or acquaintance with it, nor to any sense of the value of history for modern men, — a very serious defect; and its most characteristic and general result is a distaste for manual labor. We have some good schools, of course; but great numbers of teachers and principals of our high schools in country places have for several years explicitly taught their pupils, and urged upon parents, the sentiment that in this country education should raise all who obtain it above the necessity of drudgery; that there are better ways of making a living than manual labor “at so much for a day’s work,” and that these higher ways will be open to those who “get an education.” All this has resulted in a dainty, effeminate, and false view of the world as a place where only uneducated and inferior people need work hard, or engage in toilsome or unattractive employments.

There are two or three small bodies of dissenters from the popular religions whose work is one of the factors of the life of the nation. They have prepared some excellent material for a better state of things. A few cultivated men among them have given the nation the best of its literature. The work of most of the ministers among these dissenters is at present, indeed, rather more literary in its character than is desirable. They do not so much preach as write literary essays. Their position is, however, in

large measure, a necessity, and the character of their work up to the present time has been the inevitable product of the most important intellectual and religious movement of the century. But a vital advance ought also now to be inevitable for them. Some of them see the gravity of our national situation and prospects, and are doing all in their power to prepare the people about them for wise and wholesome action and life in the service of the country. Others cherish an urbane philosophical optimism, and smile at the idea of any serious danger to American institutions, political or religious. But these live curiously remote from the common people, or meet them only in the peculiar relations which charity involves. They often know more about other times and lands than our own. Most of them are, like the best men in the pulpits of all the churches, loyally devoted to truth, and eager to be helpful to mankind, but they have to contend at every step against the spirit of the age. The people of this country are — to apply a phrase from M. Raoul Pictet — “prone to value none but paying facts.” They know what kind of preaching they want, and they intend to have it. If one minister does not supply it, they employ another. It is expected that ministers will preach on national interests or morals on Thanksgiving Day and on the Fourth of July; but as things are now few congregations would listen, without serious dissatisfaction, to any thorough or adequate treatment of the subjects which are most important and vital for us as a nation. After a few such discourses there would be an imperative demand for sermons of the usual type. The good people in the churches are weary and careworn when Sunday comes, and wish to be comforted, soothed, and entertained by the preaching. And in this commercial age they will not “pay” for preaching which does not suit them. So there are many men whose religious teaching is of the wisest who have much difficulty to live, and who are entirely unable to equip themselves as they should for their work. If there is any new de-

velopment of moral forces or increase of religious vitality in our time, these small companies of dissenters from the popular religion will have a close and vital connection with it, though not in sectarian ways.

As to that numerous class of people who insist that Christianity is itself exhausted and outgrown, and that we have already reached something better, they have not developed anything that can help us in our present needs. They do something in opposing the superstitions and absurdities of some church people, but thus far their criticism has been narrow, sectarian, and impractical. The priests of the Roman Catholic church occupy a position of great importance in relation to the new conditions and tendencies of our national life. Although many of them are rather churchmen than American citizens, their influence is likely to be, on the whole, rather helpful than otherwise. They do a vast deal of good work upon very difficult material. Their course should be critically observed, but they deserve far more sympathy and recognition than they receive. Their teaching forbids consultation of the spirits of the dead, and membership in secret societies. This last requirement will keep many voters out of the movement for the inflation and debasement of the national currency, as the leaders of that enterprise make great use of the machinery of secret societies.

What then can be done? Is our condition hopeless? By no means. Are we to wait, as some people urge, until these errors and delusions have spent their force? They do not tend to exhaust themselves. They belong naturally to human beings in the stages of development to which those who are affected by them have attained. They have no self-limiting quality, but have abundant power to reproduce and extend themselves. Are we to depend chiefly upon force, as employed in the repression and punishment of riotous proceedings and crimes against property, as the best means for the protection of society and the maintenance of civiliza-

tion? No. It is true that all positive law rests upon force in the last analysis, and it is often conservative and merciful to enforce obedience to law at whatever cost. But the value and permanence of property, and the vitality of other elements of civilization, depend upon settled, orderly, and peaceful conditions of society. If the evil tendencies I have described are not checked, if we are to live in a state of constant apprehension of riots and conflagrations, or if we rely chiefly upon armed force to prevent such outbreaks, our legislation will necessarily be unwholesomely affected to such an extent, and the business and industries of our country so disturbed and depressed, that our national condition would have to be regarded as little better than the real failure of our institutions. Other dangers than that of the pillage and destruction of our cities by armed mobs may be serious enough to tax the vital resources of the nation to the utmost. We must somehow eliminate and transmute a large proportion of this dangerous and inflammable material, and we must greatly increase the healthful forces in the life of the nation.

The evil of false and foolish teaching can be adequately resisted only by true teaching and wise action. It is said that persons who hold the sentiments and cherish the aims here depicted are beyond the reach of argument or reason. That is true of many, probably of all, the teachers and leaders of this class. But it is not true, as yet, of the multitude from whom this class is being constantly recruited. It is not yet true of the young people who are coming up, year by year, to take their places in those ranks. The ideas and impulses which tend to disorder and disintegration, when they have taken possession of the minds of men, do indeed constitute a craze, an epidemic hallucination or contagion of unreason and folly. This conception has been well developed, and it gives us one of the most acute and discriminating notions of our time. It is the key to many things otherwise inexplicable in history. But the circumstances, influ-

ences, and conditions which predispose or prepare men for the reception and development of the germs of this contagion have not been sufficiently considered. Here is a fact of great interest for us. The number of those who cannot be influenced by argument or any direct intellectual appeal is increasing from month to month, and it is recruited from classes who are still accessible, who could be guided if there were anybody to guide them; who could be taught and enlightened if the right means were used; who might be confirmed and established in their now wavering allegiance to truth, justice, and sound reason. There is a vast field and opportunity for successful work in this direction. It waits only the awakening of the cultured classes to the perils, needs, and duties of the hour.

But the people who cannot be influenced by argument are by no means in a state so hopeless as most of our teachers believe. The truth is that comparatively few men are controlled or guided so much by argument and reason as by the earnestness, the convictions, and the confident activity of those who have made up their minds, and are heartily interested in a definite object. And especially are men influenced and attracted by the volume and mass of the teaching and movements around them. They are swayed and decided by the continuity of attack, by the cumulative force of the constant iteration of the same idea in varying forms. These things depend upon natural laws, and the apostles of disorder are working in accordance with these laws, which are always potent in the propagation of feelings, opinions, and convictions. These laws are not partial to falsehood and folly. They lend themselves as readily and efficiently to the dissemination of truth and good sense.

But there is a kind of fetich worship of the power of ideas which prevails among our cultivated people, which leads them to think that when they have demonstrated the excellence and superiority of certain principles, by means of a paper in a review, or an essay at a meeting of ministers, their work is done, and

that the conquest of the world by their opinions is only a matter of time; and so they turn away, serenely triumphant, to await the happy consummation. But ideas have little practical efficiency until they are incarnated, so to speak, — made alive and personal in men and women; until a few people, at least, care a great deal about them, and feel a resistless impulse to their propagation. This impulse is precisely what our cultivated people do not feel in regard to any ideas whatever. Propagandism of any kind repels them. This is the weakness of our nation to-day, and the source of its greatest danger. The people who believe in civilization are giving away the victory to their wild antagonists by their own inaction, a delusion of their culture which makes them disdain to learn the use of new weapons and methods. Culture itself is not yet in this country vital or dynamic. It lacks the impulse and virility necessary for its own propagation. It is too dainty for a land like ours, and is inclined to be discouraged about the masses, or else to trust everything to "the resistless operation of the laws of progress." Now that is a phrase merely. Many persons feel soothed and strengthened when they hear it, but it does not mean much. If anything is done for the improvement of life and its conditions in this country we must begin, and must be prepared for a large and persistent expenditure of time, of thought, and of personal effort; with the usual accompaniments of partial failure, of the incompetence of some of the agents, and of much unrecognized and unhonored toil. Direct endeavor for the elevation of any class is less repulsive after we have heartily engaged in it. However distasteful it may be, it is the condition of our success, and cannot be safely postponed to a more favorable time. Such work is not so hopeless as some would have us believe. Two fluids may be kept permanently apart by a thin membrane if both are at rest; but if one is set in motion the other will pass through the intervening wall and join in the movement. When there is a vital advance on the part of our cultivated

people new motions will be set up and new centres of force developed in the life of the nation at large. The working people will exert themselves for their own improvement if we begin; they are not likely to do so otherwise.

We shall wholly fail if we think we can improve society, or any portion of it, by any plan which does not require improvement on the part of the more fortunate and cultivated classes. Much of their culture is superficial and unpractical, consisting rather of unrelated fragments of thought, and vague impressions concerning what is supposed to be known, than of real knowledge resulting from the ordered activity of a disciplined intelligence. We need a better culture for our teachers and leaders; not merely more of the same kind they now possess, but culture of a higher order. It will not do to confine our interest or efforts to the lower strata. We must learn how to solve such problems as pauperism, or poor-relief, and prison management; but woe to our nation if we expend all our vitality upon them. We must do this and have strength for higher interests and more constructive work. The lower classes are now educating us. A necessary tendency and peril of democracy, of a universal suffrage arrangement of society, is a general mediocrity, the adoption of low standards, a halting of the army of civilization while we wait for the camp-followers to come up. Let us distribute rations among these if that is best. But their place is not in front, and the head of the column must move on. We must open the way ahead, and not merely fortify the rear of our position.

The people who believe in culture, in property, and in order, that is in civilization, must establish the necessary agencies for the diffusion of a new culture. Capital must protect itself by organized activities for a new object, — the education of the people. Those who possess property, and those who value it as one of the great forces and supports of civilization, will be obliged to learn that legislation, even if the laws are properly enforced, is not an adequate means for

the protection of property and the repression of the disorderly and destructive elements in our society. Legislation itself is fast becoming a weapon in the hands of the hostile forces; and even if it were always the work of wise men it is only one factor of civilization, and would not give us security without a great advance in the culture and character of the people. Our present conditions cannot be permanent. If they are not improved they will soon grow worse. The evils which threaten us must be studied and understood, and then dealt with rationally, and some of their sources must be cut off.

The present slovenly and miserably inefficient procedure in dealing with tramps, vagrants, and people destitute of food and employment must be changed by taking some unit of territory, a township, ward, or county, and then confining all who need relief to the district in which they belong or may be found. Labor which will yield them food, not wages, should be provided, and all persons supplied with food should be compelled to work. As it is now, a vast army marches around the land, refusing all work, and receiving far more food and money than would be necessary to maintain it if the business were organized on business principles. Our country roads are unsafe for women, and our cities swarm with stalwart beggars who threaten when their demands are not satisfied.

A friend of mine, a missionary in one of our largest cities, last winter preached in a large hall on Sunday evenings, and spent some hours each Saturday night in the streets and alleys of that vicinity. To all who asked for money to procure something to eat or a place to sleep he gave food (when they would take it; many would accept nothing but money), and secured for them a comfortable lodging. Then, giving each applicant a card, with time and place of services for the next evening, he invited him to attend the meeting, and promised him supper and lodging for Sunday night also. More than a hundred men were thus kindly treated, but not one of them ever

came to the Sunday evening meeting. My friend said that of the whole number there was but one who seemed to be really hungry.

But there are more types than one, and we must not estimate the situation by one such report alone. During the last few years I have myself seen the wives and children of workingmen in country towns die of inanition, after having long subsisted on a little Indian meal. Discovery came too late. These people met their fate silently. They were known to be poor and out of work, and "they would not beg." Many persons have died in some regions of our country, during the last three years, from disease induced by insufficient nourishment, and many invalids among the poor have succumbed to the effects of scant and unsuitable food. A young girl, whose wages as a servant had procured a bare subsistence for her mother and three small children, lost her place recently by the death of her mistress. Unable to find employment, and distracted by the hunger of the children, she applied to a friend of mine for advice. Said she, "Mrs. —, what is the right way for people to live when they can get nothing to eat?" On behalf of her inarticulate class I repeat her question. As teachers of the poor we should be prepared to offer them a philosophy of life suited to their circumstances. We say truly that some of their theories are wild, and their aims fatal to their own interests. But we must give voice to the plea which they ought to make, and ourselves champion the aims which would be wise and right for them. Again the question, What are they? If we should have for several years a succession of abundant crops, the pressure and urgency of some of our dangers would be lessened. If, on the other hand, we have unfavorable seasons and continued industrial depression, these difficulties would be aggravated. It is not wise to depend for safety upon chances which are in no degree under our control.

I am aware that my arraignment of the inadequacy of the means now being used requires some suggestion of more

vigorous methods of action for our national regeneration, or for a decided increase of healthful activities in the intellectual and moral life of our country. A society with a plan or method of work resembling that of the New England Loyal Publication Society, which did so much to reinforce the national sentiment during our civil war, could now render quite as efficient service. Few people, except newspaper men, know to what extent most newspapers out of the cities are made up, or supplied with matter, by the mere accident of proximity, or readiness to the editor's scissors, of articles of suitable length, already printed, so that they can be rapidly glanced over and conveniently transferred to his paper. I would have a society or arrangement of some kind for printing and sending to the country newspapers everywhere a series of broadsides or sheets filled with short articles, plainly written, direct and spirited in style, without eloquence or bookishness, and with few figures of speech; setting forth and repeating in ever-varying forms the few great simple truths and facts which explain our present national condition, especially in connection with such subjects as debt, paper money, resumption of specie payments, and the relation of individual habits and expenditures to national welfare.

We need also the publication of a small, low-priced newspaper, for circulation in all parts of the country; to be printed in the best style, giving a good digest of the most important news; to be dedicated to the propagation and definite teaching of strict honesty, wise economy, fraternal self-denial and a religious devotion to our country, and the interests of a nobler civilization than we have yet attained; a paper for the people, which shall have for its aim the development of a national spirit and temper, of a practical, capable, and wholesome nature, leading men away from empty theories of millennial progress and attainments to manly self-reliance and intelligent recognition of the real conditions of human life in this world; a paper, in short, which shall represent and propa-

gate principles, sentiments, and activities in accord with the central ideas of this article.

We need some small books on subjects connected with political economy, which shall teach what is known, however little that may prove to be, and not merely perplex the brains of workingmen by reporting the speculations of all the schools. We need a great deal of elementary teaching, and should have books written for plain people, by authors who can drive straight at the mark and stop when they have done.

The persuasive power of public speaking, lecturing, and preaching is of course indispensable. It should be employed in the education of the people as fast as honest men who have a real grasp upon these principles can be found to speak clearly and usefully. People everywhere who perceive these needs should meet, confer with each other, and begin to work.

The central or fundamental philosophical truth which underlies the mental and moral culture which the age requires is the truth of the moral order of the universe. Human life belongs to an actual order, — a cosmos, not a chaos; and this order is a moral order, and tends to and prefers truth, justice, and righteousness. The opposite error, which has misled a large portion of American society, is the opinion that the moral order to which man's life belongs is subjective only; that nothing is true or right in itself, but only as it seems so to us; that there is no real standard of human conduct, only a conventional one; and that if men would generally agree to it the relations and nature of right and wrong might be reversed. This is what is really fatal in unbelief in our time, — not the rejection of the creed of my church or yours, but the loss of the perception and assurance of the truth that the laws of nature and the inevitable working of the forces of the universe are hostile to falsehood and injustice; that extreme individualism is now abnormal and self-destructive; and that fraternal or social justice is provided for and required by the constitution of things, by the laws

of an order which man did not make and cannot change. There is a great deal to be said on the other side. If there were not, we should have no difficulties or problems, and no such arduous task before us here in the education of the people and their emancipation from error and folly.

We must insist on the necessity of sincerity and of knowledge on the part of religious teachers. We need the development of a religion for this world, for the needs and duties of life here. Strictly speaking we have no knowledge of another world or a future life. We may believe profoundly, but we do not know. Belief, trust, and faith are also, as truly as knowledge, great dynamic forces in human life, and have a value of their own. We must have a religion and moral philosophy which will inspire patriotism, and hold us strenuously to the work of making this country a clean, orderly, and wholesome dwelling-place, school, and home for human beings. The religious people and the scientific people are alike foolish and blind when they do not see their equal need of each other as allies against the assault of forces which are equally hostile to both. All who will work for the health of the nation must be welcomed and encouraged. What is good and effective in the church and its teaching will disentangle itself somewhat from that which is lifeless and worldly, if there is anywhere a distinct forward movement. The secular press should criticise frankly the preaching of the day, in so far as it concerns morality and national interests, and we must all expect the most rigid scrutiny of what we teach. We must hasten the introduction into religious speech (varying a little Professor Clarke Maxwell's expression) "of words and phrases consistent with true ideas about nature, instead of others implying false ideas."

The people who believe that the utilitarian doctrines provide a sufficient basis for morality should feel an imperative requirement, in the circumstances of our country, for the development of those doctrines. So far as they are capable of becoming a religious inspiration and

motive for men, they should be made available to the utmost possible extent. They do not yet constitute a religion, except perhaps to a few persons, who represent in a rare degree what is best and highest in American civilization. We need work, just here, by a master's hand, in setting forth the character, meaning, scope, and practical requirements of the utilitarian doctrines in relation to the circumstances and conditions of life in this country to-day. What does utilitarianism teach, and why should men regard and obey it?

A change in the reading of the people is necessary, if we are to improve the national life. Men who could really teach English literature, and show people how to read and understand it, so as to receive culture from it, would be among the most valuable missionaries of the new order of things. If there are such men it would be profitable to employ them.

Men of property or wealth, capitalists, and people of culture who understand the value of property in civilization must accept a great and direct responsibility in regard to all matters pertaining to the moral education of the people. Their course will decide what our national condition shall be for some time to come. We have been too much inclined to hold a few half-starved clergymen chiefly responsible for the moral culture of the masses. There is no good reason for making self-sacrifice and unrecompensed labor for such objects the business of ministers exclusively.

People will say, All this will require a great deal of money. True; but it will save much more. If the future of this country is to be evolved from the

elements and tendencies of the present, then, unless something like what is here outlined is undertaken and carried forward, the loss of property (not to speak of moral losses) will be greater than the amount of money that would be required for an educational enterprise on a larger scale than any the past has known. We ought to expend a million of dollars in this work during the next three years, as a beginning. It would be a most profitable business enterprise, — considered merely as an investment of money, — on account of the pecuniary losses which it would prevent.

I observe much complaint lately of the difficulties involved in universal suffrage. They are doubtless great. If the world were wholly different we might do fine things. But we must have methods that can be used as things are, — to begin with, at least. The age is probably the most unteachable since the Revival of Learning. But we can work to-day only where we are. We are shut up to this universal suffrage organization of society, and must find out how to make it serve the ends for which society exists. The franchise is not likely to be narrowed greatly in our time. If America were a jungle of human tigers, still it is our country and the country of our children, and its people, however undeveloped and intractable, are our neighbors, brethren, and fellow-citizens. We must live in some relations with them, and to make these relations orderly, beneficent, and just is worth all it can cost. The union of the States is geographical, official, and mechanical; the unity of the people must be vital, organic, and spiritual. Such unity is not yet actual, only potential.

QUATRAINS.

If ever echo answered bulbul song,
No doubt it stammered back a feeble tune;
And thus I answer Omar Khayyam's rune, —
A much-belated echo, far from strong.

Where are the visions of my infant nights,
And where the dreamy hopes of yester-morn?
Have I done anything since I was born
But watch, with eyelids closed, unreal sights?

I sometimes think of labors gone before,
And say, "To-morrow morning I resume."
The treasured flask retains the old perfume, —
Alas, the treasured flask retains no more!

Because she looked upon the land with me,
Because she looked upon it with *her* eyes,
It seemed to me a land of sweetest guise,
From savage mountain top to savage sea.

An artless artist, I could paint her hair
Of gold, her azure eyes, her glowing face,
Yea, every bloom and glory of her grace, —
Could paint them all, upon the empty air.

I met the child of her who once was dear,
And seemed to love as in the former days:
But she recoiled a little from my gaze,
And said, "That graybeard is the man I fear."

An archer shot an arrow in the dark,
And laughed, "'Tis but an arrow thrown away;"
But when he sported forth at dawn of day,
He found his brother lying stiff and stark.

We totter groaning through a cursed land
Which bears but ashen fruit and poison flowers;
When suddenly it turns to Eden bowers,
Because some passing seraph lifts his hand.

Unless the sun of Austerlitz arise,
In vain the chieftain's head, the hero's heart;
Unless the tricky wind of fortune start,
We cannot reach one earthly paradise.

O wizard juice of all the vines of time, —
Of all the vines that Noah sent us down!

I mind me sitting in a Tuscan town
Beside a flask which turned the world to rhyme.

A bubble swam upon the flagon's brim,
And, therein drinking, I beheld myself.
I quaffed the very substance of the elf;
I drank destruction, — was it but to *him*?

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,"
And sighed to see the spectres thronging through;
But they replied, "You are the captive, — you;
We have been free as air for centuries."

While in the Pantheon I knelt to pray,
With thoughts of Jove and Jesus much perplexed,
A broken Hermes scoffed, "What credence next?"
And haloed saints lamented, "Who can say!"

Here throned the Cæsar; here beneath his feet
The gladiator bowed his pale farewell;
But, standing there, I think of heaven and hell,
And worlds dismissed to triumph or defeat.

J. W. DeForest.

THE EUROPEANS.

X.

THE first Sunday that followed Robert Acton's return from Newport witnessed a change in the brilliant weather that had long prevailed. The rain began to fall, and the day was cold and dreary. Mr. Wentworth and his daughters put on overshoes and went to church, and Felix Young, without overshoes, went also, holding an umbrella over Gertrude. It is to be feared that, in the whole observance, this was the privilege he most highly valued. The baroness remained at home; she was in neither a cheerful nor a devotional mood. She had, however, never been, during her residence in the United States, what is called a regular attendant at divine service; and on this particular Sunday morning of which I began with speaking

she stood at the window of her little drawing-room, watching the long arm of a rose-tree that was attached to her piazza, but a portion of which had disengaged itself, sway to and fro, shake and gesticulate, against the dusky drizzle of the sky. Every now and then, in a gust of wind, the rose-tree scattered a shower of water-drops against the window-pane; it appeared to have a kind of human movement, — a menacing, warning intention. The room was very cold; Madame Münster put on a shawl and walked about. Then she determined to have some fire; and summoning her ancient negress, the contrast of whose polished ebony and whose crimson turban had been at first a source of satisfaction to her, she made arrangements for the production of a crackling flame. This old woman's name was Azarina. The

baroness had begun by thinking that there would be a savory wildness in her talk, and, for amusement, she had encouraged her to chatter. But Azarina was dry and prim; her conversation was anything but African; she reminded Eugenia of the tiresome old ladies she met in society. She knew, however, how to make a fire; so that after she had laid the logs Eugenia, who was terribly bored, found a quarter of an hour's entertainment in sitting and watching them blaze and sputter. She had thought it very likely Robert Acton would come and see her; she had not met him since that infelicitous evening. But the morning waned without his coming; several times she thought she heard his step on the piazza, but it was only a window-shutter shaking in a rain-gust. The baroness, since the beginning of that episode in her career of which a slight sketch has been attempted in these pages, had had many moments of irritation. But to-day her irritation had a peculiar keenness; it appeared to feed upon itself. It urged her to do something; but it suggested no particularly profitable line of action. If she could have done something at the moment, on the spot, she would have stepped upon a European steamer and turned her back, with a kind of rapture, upon that profoundly mortifying failure, her visit to her American relations. It is not exactly apparent why she should have termed this enterprise a failure, inasmuch as she had been treated with the highest distinction for which allowance had been made in American institutions. Her irritation came, at bottom, from the sense, which, always present, had suddenly grown acute, that the social soil on this big, vague continent was somehow not adapted for growing those plants whose fragrance she especially inclined to inhale, and by which she liked to see herself surrounded, — a species of vegetation for which she carried a collection of seedlings, as we may say, in her pocket. She found her chief happiness in the sense of exerting a certain power and making a certain impression; and now she felt the annoyance of a rather wea-

ried swimmer who, on nearing shore, to land, finds a smooth, straight wall of rock when he had counted upon a clean, firm beach. Her power, in the American air, seemed to have lost its prehensile attributes; the smooth wall of rock was insurmountable. "*Surely, je n'en suis pas là,*" she said to herself, "that I let it make me uncomfortable that a Mr. Robert Acton should n't honor me with a visit!" Yet she was vexed that he had not come; and she was vexed at her vexation.

Her brother, at least, came in, stamping in the hall, and shaking the wet from his coat. In a moment he entered the room, with a glow in his cheek and half a dozen rain-drops glistening on his mustache. "*Ah, you have a fire,*" he said.

"*Les beaux jours sont passés,*" replied the baroness.

"Never, never! They have only begun," Felix declared, planting himself before the hearth. He turned his back to the fire, placed his hands behind him, extended his legs, and looked away through the window with an expression of face which seemed to denote the perception of rose-color even in the tints of a wet Sunday.

His sister, from her chair, looked up at him, watching him; and what she saw in his face was not grateful to her present mood. She was not puzzled by many things, but her brother's disposition was a frequent source of wonder to her. I say frequent, and not constant, for there were long periods during which she gave her attention to other problems. Sometimes she had said to herself that his happy temper, his eternal gayety, was an affectation, a *pose*; but she was vaguely conscious that during the present summer he had been a highly successful comedian. They had never yet had an explanation; she had not known the need of one. Felix was presumably following the bent of his disinterested genius, and she felt that she had no advice to give him that he would understand. With this, there was always a certain element of comfort about Felix, — the assurance that he would not interfere. He was very delicate, this pure-

minded Felix; in effect, he was her brother, and Madame Münster felt that there was a great propriety, every way, in that. It is true that Felix was delicate; he was not fond of explanations with his sister; this was one of the very few things in the world about which he was uncomfortable. But now he was not thinking of anything uncomfortable.

"Dear brother," said Eugenia at last, "do stop making *les yeux doux* at the rain."

"With pleasure. I will make them at you!" answered Felix.

"How much longer," asked Eugenia, in a moment, "do you propose to remain in this lonely spot?"

Felix stared. "Do you want to go away — already?"

"'Already' is delicious. I am not so happy as you."

Felix dropped into a chair, looking at the fire. "The fact is I *am* happy," he said, in his light, clear tone.

"And do you propose to spend your life in making love to Gertrude Wentworth?"

"Yes!" said Felix, smiling sideways at his sister.

The baroness returned his glance, much more gravely; and then, "Do you like her?" she asked.

"Don't you?" Felix demanded.

The baroness was silent a moment. "I will answer you in the words of the gentleman who was asked if he liked music: '*Je ne la crains pas!*'"

"She admires you immensely," said Felix.

"I don't care for that. Other women should n't admire one."

"They should dislike you?"

Again Madame Münster hesitated. "They should hate me! It's a measure of the time I have been losing here that they don't."

"No time is lost in which one has been happy!" said Felix, with a bright sententiousness which may well have been a little irritating.

"And in which," rejoined his sister, with a harsher laugh, "one has secured the affections of a young lady with a fortune!"

Felix explained, very candidly and seriously. "I have secured Gertrude's affection, but I am by no means sure that I have secured her fortune. That may come, — or it may not."

"Ah, well, it *may*! That's the great point."

"It depends upon her father. He does n't smile upon our union. You know he wants her to marry Mr. Brand."

"I know nothing about it!" cried the baroness. "Please to put on a log." Felix complied with her request, and sat watching the quickening of the flame. Presently his sister added, "And you propose to elope with mademoiselle?"

"By no means. I don't wish to do anything that's disagreeable to Mr. Wentworth. He has been far too kind to us."

"But you must choose between pleasing yourself and pleasing him."

"I want to please every one!" exclaimed Felix, joyously. "I have a good conscience. I made up my mind at the outset that it was not my place to make love to Gertrude."

"So, to simplify matters, she made love to you?"

Felix looked at his sister with sudden gravity. "You say you are not afraid of her," he said. "But perhaps you ought to be — a little. She's a very clever person."

"I begin to see it!" cried the baroness. Her brother, making no rejoinder, leaned back in his chair, and there was a long silence. At last, with an altered accent, Madame Münster put another question: "You expect, at any rate, to marry?"

"I shall be greatly disappointed if we don't."

"A disappointment or two will do you good!" the baroness declared. "And, afterwards, do you mean to turn American?"

"It seems to me I am a very good American already. But we shall go to Europe. Gertrude wants extremely to see the world."

"Ah, like me, when I came here!" said the baroness with a little laugh.

"No, not like you," Felix rejoined,

looking at his sister with a certain gentle seriousness. While he looked at her she rose from her chair, and he also got up. "Gertrude is not at all like you," he went on; "but in her own way she is almost as clever." He paused a moment; his soul was full of a sweet feeling and of a lively disposition to express it. His sister, to his spiritual vision, was always like the lunar disk when only a part of it is lighted. The shadow on this bright surface seemed to him to expand and to contract; but whatever its proportions, he always appreciated the moonlight. He looked at the baroness, and then he kissed her. "I am very much in love with Gertrude," he said. Eugenia turned away and walked about the room, and Felix continued. "She is very interesting, and very different from what she seems. She has never had a chance. She is very brilliant. We will go to Europe and amuse ourselves."

The baroness had gone to the window, where she stood looking out. The day was drearier than ever; the rain was doggedly falling. "Yes, to amuse yourselves," she said at last, "you had decidedly better go to Europe!" Then she turned round, looking at her brother. A chair stood near her; she leaned her hands upon the back of it. "Don't you think it is very good of me," she asked, "to come all this way with you simply to see you properly married, — if properly it is?"

"Oh, it will be properly!" cried Felix, with light eagerness.

The baroness gave a little laugh. "You are thinking only of yourself, and you don't answer my question. While you are amusing yourself — with the brilliant Gertrude — what shall I be doing?"

"Vous serez de la partie!" cried Felix.

"Thank you; I should spoil it." The baroness dropped her eyes for some moments. "Do you propose, however, to leave me here?" she inquired.

Felix smiled at her. "My dearest sister, where you are concerned I never propose. I execute your commands."

"I believe," said Eugenia, slowly, "that you are the most heartless person living. Don't you see that I am in trouble?"

"I saw that you were not cheerful, and I gave you some good news."

"Well, let me give you some news," said the baroness. "You probably will not have discovered it for yourself. Robert Acton wants to marry me."

"No, I had not discovered that. But I quite understand it. Why does it make you unhappy?"

"Because I can't decide."

"Accept him, accept him!" cried Felix, joyously. "He is the best fellow in the world."

"He is immensely in love with me," said the baroness.

"And he has a large fortune. Permit me in turn to remind you of that."

"Oh, I am perfectly aware of it," said Eugenia. "That's a great item in his favor. I am terribly candid." And she left her place and came nearer her brother, looking at him hard. He was turning over several things; she was wondering in what manner he really understood her.

There were several ways of understanding her: there was what she said, and there was what she meant, and there was something, between the two, that was neither. It is probable that, in the last analysis, what she meant was that Felix should spare her the necessity of stating the case more exactly, and should hold himself commissioned to assist her by all honorable means to marry the best fellow in the world. But in all this it was never discovered what Felix understood.

"Once you have your liberty, what are your objections?" he asked.

"Well, I don't particularly like him."

"Oh, try a little."

"I am trying now," said Eugenia. "I should succeed better if he did n't live here. I could never live here."

"Make him go to Europe," Felix suggested.

"Ah, there you speak of happiness based upon violent effort," the baroness rejoined. "That is not what I am look-

ing for. He would never live in Europe."

"He would live anywhere, with you!" said Felix, gallantly.

His sister looked at him still, with a ray of penetration in her charming eyes; then she turned away again. "You see, at all events," she presently went on, "that if it had been said of me that I had come over here to seek my fortune it would have to be added that I have found it!"

"Don't leave it lying!" urged Felix, with smiling solemnity.

"I am much obliged to you for your interest," his sister declared, after a moment. "But promise me one thing: *pas de zèle!* If Mr. Acton should ask you to plead his cause, excuse yourself."

"I shall certainly have the excuse," said Felix, "that I have a cause of my own to plead."

"If he should talk of me — favorably," Eugenia continued, "warn him against dangerous illusions. I detest importunities; I want to decide at my leisure, with my eyes open."

"I shall be discreet," said Felix, "except to you. To you I will say, Accept him outright."

She had advanced to the open doorway, and she stood looking at him. "I will go and dress and think of it," she said; and he heard her moving slowly to her apartments.

Late in the afternoon the rain stopped, and just afterwards there was a great flaming, flickering, trickling sunset. Felix sat in his painting-room and did some work; but at last, as the light, which had not been brilliant, began to fade, he laid down his brushes and came out to the little piazza of the cottage. Here he walked up and down for some time, looking at the splendid blaze of the western sky, and saying, as he had often said before, that this was certainly the country of sunsets; there was something in these glorious deeps of fire that quickened his imagination; he always found images and promises in the western sky. He thought of a good many things, — of roaming about the world with Gertrude

Wentworth; he seemed to see their possible adventures, in a glowing frieze, between the cloud-bars; then of what Eugenia had just been telling him. He wished very much that Madame Münster would make a comfortable and honorable marriage. Presently, as the sunset expanded and deepened, the fancy took him of making a note of so magnificent a piece of coloring. He returned to his studio and fetched out a small panel, with his palette and brushes, and, placing the panel against a window-sill, he began to daub with great gusto. While he was so occupied he saw Mr. Brand, in the distance, slowly come down from Mr. Wentworth's house, nursing a large, folded umbrella. He walked with a joyless, meditative tread, and his eyes were bent upon the ground. Felix poised his brush for a moment, watching him; then, by a sudden impulse, as he drew nearer, advanced to the garden gate and signaled to him, — the palette and bunch of brushes contributing to this effect.

Mr. Brand stopped and stared; then he appeared to decide to accept Felix's invitation. He came out of Mr. Wentworth's gate and passed along the road; after which he entered the little garden of the cottage. Felix had gone back to his sunset; but he made his visitor welcome while he rapidly brushed it in.

"I wanted so much to speak to you that I thought I would call you," he said, in the friendliest tone. "All the more that you have been to see me so little. You have come to see my sister; I know that. But you have n't come to see me, — the celebrated artist. Artists are very sensitive, you know; they notice those things." And Felix turned round, smiling, with a brush in his mouth.

Mr. Brand stood there with a certain blank, candid majesty, pulling together the large flaps of his umbrella. "Why should I come to see you?" he asked. "I know nothing of art."

"It would sound very conceited, I suppose," said Felix, "if I were to say that it would be a good little chance for

you to learn something. You would ask me why you should learn; and I should have no answer to that. I suppose a minister has no need for art, eh?"

"He has need for good temper, sir," said Mr. Brand, with decision.

Felix jumped up, with his palette on his thumb and a movement of the liveliest deprecation. "That's because I keep you standing there while I splash my red paint! I beg a thousand pardons! You see what bad manners art gives a man; and how right you are to let it alone. I did n't mean you should stand, either. The piazza, as you see, is ornamented with rustic chairs; though indeed I ought to warn you that they have nails in the wrong places. I was just making a note of that sunset. I never saw such a blaze of different reds. It looks as if the Celestial City were in flames, eh? If that were really the case I suppose it would be the business of you theologians to put out the fire. Fancy me—an ungodly artist—quietly sitting down to paint it!"

Mr. Brand had always credited Felix Young with a certain impudence, but it appeared to him that on this occasion his impudence was so great as to make a special explanation—or even an apology—necessary. And the impression, it must be added, was sufficiently natural. Felix had at all times a brilliant assurance of manner which was simply the vehicle of his good spirits and his good will; but at present he had a special design, and as he would have admitted that the design was audacious, so he was conscious of having summoned all the arts of conversation to his aid. But he was so far from desiring to offend his visitor that he was rapidly asking himself what personal compliment he could pay the young clergyman that would gratify him most. If he could think of it, he was prepared to pay it down. "Have you been preaching one of your beautiful sermons to-day?" he suddenly asked, laying down his palette. This was not what Felix had been trying to think of, but it was a tolerable stop-gap.

Mr. Brand frowned,—as much as a man can frown who has very fair, soft eyebrows, and, beneath them, very gentle, tranquil eyes. "No, I have not preached any sermon to-day. Did you bring me over here for the purpose of making that inquiry?"

Felix saw that he was irritated, and he regretted it immensely; but he had no fear of not being, in the end, agreeable to Mr. Brand. He looked at him, smiling and laying his hand on his arm. "No, no, not for that,—not for that. I wanted to ask you something; I wanted to tell you something. I am sure it will interest you very much. Only—as it is something rather private—we had better come into my little studio. I have a western window; we can still see the sunset. *Andiamo!*" And he gave a little pat to his companion's arm.

He led the way in; Mr. Brand stiffly and softly followed. The twilight had thickened in the little studio; but the wall opposite the western window was covered with a deep pink flush. There were a great many sketches and half-finished canvases suspended in this rosy glow, and the corners of the room were vague and dusky. Felix begged Mr. Brand to sit down; then, glancing round him, "By Jove, how pretty it looks!" he cried. But Mr. Brand would not sit down; he went and leaned against the window; he wondered what Felix wanted of him. In the shadow, on the darker parts of the wall, he saw the gleam of three or four pictures that looked fantastic and surprising. They seemed to represent naked figures. Felix stood there, with his head a little bent and his eyes fixed upon his visitor, smiling intensely, pulling his mustache. Mr. Brand felt vaguely uneasy. "It is very delicate—what I want to say," Felix began. "But I have been thinking of it for some time."

"Please to say it as quickly as possible," said Mr. Brand.

"It's because you're a clergyman, you know," Felix went on. "I don't think I should venture to say it to a common man."

Mr. Brand was silent a moment. "If

it is a question of yielding to a weakness, of resenting an injury, I am afraid I am a very common man."

"My dearest friend," cried Felix, "this is not an injury; it's a benefit, — a great service! You will like it extremely. Only it's so delicate!" And, in the dim light, he continued to smile intensely. "You know I take a great interest in my cousins, — in Charlotte and Gertrude Wentworth. That's very evident from my having journeyed some five thousand miles to see them." Mr. Brand said nothing, and Felix proceeded. "Coming into their society as a perfect stranger I received, of course, a great many new impressions, and my impressions had a great freshness, a great keenness. Do you know what I mean?"

"I am not sure that I do; but I should like you to continue."

"I think my impressions have always a good deal of freshness," said Mr. Brand's entertainer; "but on this occasion it was perhaps particularly natural that — coming in, as I say, from outside — I should be struck with things that passed unnoticed among yourselves. And then I had my sister to help me; and she is simply the most observant woman in the world."

"I am not surprised," said Mr. Brand, "that in our little circle two intelligent persons should have found food for observation. I am sure that, of late, I have found it myself!"

"Ah, but I shall surprise you yet!" cried Felix, laughing. "Both my sister and I took a great fancy to my cousin Charlotte."

"Your cousin Charlotte?" repeated Mr. Brand.

"We fell in love with her from the first!"

"You fell in love with Charlotte?" Mr. Brand murmured.

"*Dame!*" exclaimed Felix, "she's a very charming person; and Eugenia was especially smitten." Mr. Brand stood staring, and he pursued: "Affection, you know, opens one's eyes, and we noticed something. Charlotte is not happy! Charlotte's in love." And Fe-

lix, drawing nearer, laid his hand again upon his companion's arm.

There was something akin to the influence of fascination in the way Mr. Brand looked at him; but the young clergyman retained, as yet, quite enough self-possession to be able to say, with a good deal of solemnity, "She is not in love with you."

Felix gave a light laugh, and rejoined with the alacrity of a maritime adventurer who feels a puff of wind in his sail. "Ah, no; if she were in love with me I should know it! I am not so blind as you."

"As I?"

"My dear sir, you are stone blind. Poor Charlotte is dead in love with *you!*"

Mr. Brand said nothing for a moment; he breathed a little heavily. "Is that what you wanted to say to me?" he asked.

"I have wanted to say it these three weeks. Because of late she has been worse. I told you," added Felix, "it was very delicate."

"Well, sir" — Mr. Brand began; "well, sir" —

"I was sure you didn't know it," Felix continued. "But don't you see — as soon as I mention it — how everything is explained?" Mr. Brand answered nothing; he looked about him for a chair, and softly sat down. Felix could see that he was blushing; he had looked straight at his host hitherto, but now he looked away. The foremost effect of what he had heard had been a sort of irritation of his modesty. "Of course," said Felix, "I suggest nothing; it would be very presumptuous in me to advise you. But I think there is no doubt about the fact."

Mr. Brand looked hard at the floor for some moments; he was oppressed with a mixture of sensations. Felix, standing there, was very sure that one of them was profound surprise. The innocent young man had been completely unsuspecting of poor Charlotte's hidden flame. This gave Felix great hope; he was sure that Mr. Brand would be flattered. Felix thought him very transpar-

ent, and indeed he was so; he could neither simulate nor dissimulate. "I scarcely know what to make of this," he said at last, without looking up; and Felix was struck with the fact that he offered no protest or contradiction. Evidently, Felix had kindled a train of memories, — a retrospective illumination. It was making, to Mr. Brand's astonished eyes, a very pretty blaze; his second emotion had been a gratification of vanity.

"Thank me for telling you," Felix rejoined. "It's a good thing to know." "I am not sure of that," said Mr. Brand.

"Ah, don't let her languish!" Felix murmured, lightly and softly.

"You *do* advise me, then?" And Mr. Brand looked up.

"I congratulate you!" said Felix, smiling. He had thought at first his visitor was simply appealing; but he saw he was a little ironical.

"It is in your interest; you have interfered with me," the young clergyman went on.

Felix still stood and smiled. The little room had grown darker, and the crimson glow had faded; but Mr. Brand could see the brilliant expression of his face. "I won't pretend not to know what you mean," said Felix at last. "But I have not really interfered with you. Of what you had to lose — with another person — you have lost nothing. And think what you have gained!"

"It seems to me I am the proper judge, on each side," Mr. Brand declared. He got up, holding the brim of his hat against his mouth, and staring at Felix through the dusk.

"You have lost an illusion!" said Felix.

"What do you call an illusion?"

"The belief that you really know — that you have ever really known — Gertrude Wentworth. Depend upon that," pursued Felix. "I don't know her yet; but I have no illusions; I don't pretend to."

Mr. Brand kept gazing, over his hat. "She has always been a lucid, limpid nature," he said, solemnly.

"She has always been a dormant nature. She was waiting for a touchstone. But now she is beginning to awaken."

"Don't praise her to me!" said Mr. Brand, with a little quaver in his voice. "If you have the advantage of me, that is not generous."

"My dear sir, I am melting with generosity!" exclaimed Felix. "And I am not praising my cousin. I am simply attempting a scientific definition of her. She does n't care for abstractions. Now I think the contrary is what you have always fancied, — is the basis on which you have been building. She is extremely preoccupied with the concrete. I care for the concrete, too. But Gertrude is stronger than I; she whirls me along!"

Mr. Brand looked for a moment into the crown of his hat. "It's a most interesting nature."

"So it is," said Felix. "But it pulls — it pulls — like a runaway horse. Now I like the feeling of a runaway horse; and if I am thrown out of the vehicle it is no great matter. But if *you* should be thrown, Mr. Brand," — and Felix paused a moment, — "another person also would suffer from the accident."

"What other person?"

"Charlotte Wentworth!"

Mr. Brand looked at Felix for a moment sidewise, mistrustfully; then his eyes slowly wandered over the ceiling. Felix was sure he was secretly struck with the romance of the situation. "I think this is none of our business," the young minister murmured.

"None of mine, perhaps; but surely yours!"

Mr. Brand lingered still, looking at the ceiling; there was evidently something he wanted to say. "What do you mean by Miss Gertrude being strong?" he asked, abruptly.

"Well," said Felix meditatively, "I mean that she has had a great deal of self-possession. She was waiting, — for years; even when she seemed, perhaps, to be living in the present. She knew how to wait; she had a purpose. That's what I mean by her being strong."

"But what do you mean by her purpose?"

"Well, — the purpose to see the world!"

Mr. Brand eyed his strange informant askance again; but he said nothing. At last he turned away, as if to take leave. He seemed bewildered, however; for instead of going to the door he moved toward the opposite corner of the room. Felix stood and watched him for a moment, — almost groping about in the dusk; then he led him to the door, with a tender, almost fraternal movement. "Is that all you have to say?" asked Mr. Brand.

"Yes, it's all, — but it will bear a good deal of thinking of."

Felix went with him to the garden gate, and watched him slowly walk away into the thickening twilight with a relaxed rigidity that tried to rectify itself. "He is offended, excited, bewildered, perplexed, and enchanted!" Felix said to himself. "That's a capital mixture."

XI.

Since that visit paid by the Baroness Münster to Mrs. Acton, of which some account was given at an earlier stage of this narrative, the intercourse between these two ladies had been neither frequent nor intimate. It was not that Mrs. Acton had failed to appreciate Madame Münster's charms; on the contrary, her perception of the graces of manner and conversation of her brilliant visitor had been only too acute. Mrs. Acton was, as they said in Boston, very "intense," and her impressions were apt to be too many for her. The state of her health required the restriction of emotion; and this is why, receiving, as she sat in her eternal arm-chair, very few visitors, even of the soberest local type, she had been obliged to limit the number of her interviews with a lady whose costume and manner recalled to her imagination — Mrs. Acton's imagination was a marvel — all that she had ever read of the most stirring historical periods. But she had sent the baroness

a great many quaintly-worded messages and a great many nosegays from her garden, and baskets of beautiful fruit. Felix had eaten the fruit, and the baroness had arranged the flowers and returned the baskets and the messages. On the day that followed that rainy Sunday of which mention has been made, Eugenia determined to go and pay the beneficent invalid a "*visite d'adieux*;" so it was that, to herself, she qualified her enterprise. It may be noted that neither on the Sunday evening nor on the Monday morning had she received that expected visit from Robert Acton. To his own consciousness, evidently, he was "keeping away;" and as the baroness, on her side, was keeping away from her uncle's, whither, for several days, Felix had been the unembarrassed bearer of apologies and regrets for absence, chance had not taken the cards from the hands of design. Mr. Wentworth and his daughters had respected Eugenia's seclusion; certain intervals of mysterious retirement appeared to them, vaguely, a natural part of the graceful, rhythmic movement of so remarkable a life. Gertrude especially held these periods in honor; she wondered what Madame Münster did at such times, but she would not have permitted herself to inquire too curiously.

The long rain had freshened the air, and twelve hours' brilliant sunshine had dried the roads; so that the baroness, in the late afternoon, proposing to walk to Mrs. Acton's, exposed herself to no great discomfort. As with her charming undulating step she moved along the clean, grassy margin of the road, beneath the thickly hanging boughs of the orchards, through the quiet of the hour and place and the rich maturity of the summer, she was even conscious of a sort of luxurious melancholy. The baroness had the amiable weakness of attaching herself to places, — even when she had begun with a little aversion; and now, with the prospect of departure, she felt tenderly toward this well-wooded corner of the Western world, where the sunsets were so beautiful and one's ambitions were so pure. Mrs. Acton

was able to receive her; but on entering this lady's large, freshly-scented room the baroness saw that she was looking very ill. She was wonderfully white and transparent, and, in her flowered arm-chair, she made no attempt to move. But she flushed a little, — like a young girl, the baroness thought, — and she rested her clear, smiling eyes upon those of her visitor. Her voice was low and monotonous, like a voice that had never expressed any human passions.

"I have come to bid you good-by," said Eugenia. "I shall soon be going away."

"When are you going away?"

"Very soon, — any day."

"I am very sorry," said Mrs. Acton. "I hoped you would stay — always."

"Always?" Eugenia demanded.

"Well, I mean a long time," said Mrs. Acton, in her sweet, feeble tone. "They tell me you are so comfortable, — that you have got such a beautiful little house."

Eugenia stared, — that is, she smiled; she thought of her poor little *chalet*, and she wondered whether her hostess were jesting. "Yes, my house is exquisite," she said; "though not to be compared to yours."

"And my son is so fond of going to see you," Mrs. Acton added. "I am afraid my son will miss you."

"Ah, dear madam," said Eugenia, with a little laugh, "I can't stay in America for your son!"

"Don't you like America?"

The baroness looked at the front of her dress. "If I liked it — that would not be staying for your son!"

Mrs. Acton gazed at her with her grave, tender eyes, as if she had not quite understood. The baroness at last found something irritating in the sweet, soft stare of her hostess; and if one were not bound to be merciful to great invalids she would almost have taken the liberty of pronouncing her, mentally, a fool. "I am afraid, then, I shall never see you again," said Mrs. Acton. "You know I am dying."

"Ah, dear madam," murmured Eugenia.

"I want to leave my children cheerful and happy. My daughter will probably marry her cousin."

"Two such interesting young people," said the baroness vaguely. She was not thinking of Clifford Wentworth.

"I feel so tranquil about my end," Mrs. Acton went on. "It is coming so easily, so surely." And she paused, with her mild gaze always on Eugenia's.

The baroness hated to be reminded of death; but even in its imminence, so far as Mrs. Acton was concerned, she preserved her good manners. "Ah, madam, you are too charming an invalid," she rejoined.

But the delicacy of this rejoinder was apparently lost upon her hostess, who went on in her low, reasonable voice. "I want to leave my children bright and comfortable. You seem to me all so happy here, — just as you are. So I wish you could stay. It would be so pleasant for Robert."

Eugenia wondered what she meant by its being pleasant for Robert; but she felt that she would never know what such a woman as that meant. She got up; she was afraid Mrs. Acton would tell her again that she was dying. "Good-by, dear madam," she said. "I must remember that your strength is precious."

Mrs. Acton took her hand and held it a moment. "Well, you *have* been happy here, have n't you? And you like us all, don't you? I wish you would stay," she added, "in your beautiful little house."

She had told Eugenia that her waiting-woman would be in the hall, to show her down-stairs; but the large landing outside her door was empty, and Eugenia stood there looking about. She felt irritated; the dying lady had not "*la main heureuse*." She passed slowly down-stairs, still looking about. The broad staircase made a great bend, and in the angle was a high window, looking westward, with a deep bench, covered with a row of flowering plants in curious old pots of blue China-ware. The yellow afternoon light came in through the flowers and flickered a little on the white

wainscots. Eugenia paused a moment; the house was perfectly still, save for the ticking, somewhere, of a great clock. The lower hall stretched away at the foot of the stairs, half covered over with a large Oriental rug. Eugenia lingered a little, noticing a great many things. "Comme c'est bien!" she said to herself; such a large, solid, irreproachable basis of existence the place seemed to her to indicate. And then she reflected that Mrs. Acton was soon to withdraw from it. This reflection accompanied her the rest of the way down-stairs, where she paused again, making more observations. The hall was extremely broad, and on either side of the front door was a wide, deeply-set window, which threw the shadows of everything back into the house. There were high-backed chairs along the wall and big Eastern vases upon tables, and, on either side, a large cabinet with a glass front and little curiosities within, dimly gleaming. The doors were open, — into the darkened parlor, the library, the dining-room. All these rooms seemed empty. Eugenia passed along, and stopped a moment on the threshold of each. "Comme c'est bien!" she murmured again; she had thought of just such a house as this when she decided to come to America. She opened the front door for herself, — her light tread had summoned none of the servants, — and on the threshold she gave a last look. Outside, she was still in the humor for curious contemplation; so instead of going directly down the little drive, to the gate, she wandered away toward the garden, which lay to the right of the house. She had not gone many yards over the grass before she paused quickly; she perceived a gentleman stretched upon the level verdure, beneath a tree. He had not heard her coming, and he lay motionless, flat on his back, with his hands clasped under his head, staring up at the sky; so that the baroness was able to reflect, at her leisure, upon the question of his identity. It was that of a person who had lately been much in her thoughts; but her first impulse, nevertheless, was to turn away; the last thing she desired was to have

the air of coming in quest of Robert Acton. The gentleman on the grass, however, gave her no time to decide; he could not long remain unconscious of so agreeable a presence. He rolled back his eyes, stared, gave an exclamation, and then jumped up. He stood an instant, looking at her.

"Excuse my ridiculous position," he said.

"I have just now no sense of the ridiculous. But, in case *you* have, don't imagine I came to see you."

"Take care," rejoined Acton, "how you put it into my head! I was thinking of you."

"The occupation of extreme leisure!" said the baroness. "To think of a woman when you are in that position is no compliment."

"I did n't say I was thinking well!" Acton affirmed, smiling.

She looked at him, and then she turned away. "Though I did n't come to see you," she said, "remember at least that I am within your gates."

"I am delighted, — I am honored! Won't you come into the house?"

"I have just come out of it. I have been calling upon your mother. I have been bidding her farewell."

"Farewell?" Acton demanded.

"I am going away," said the baroness. And she turned away again, as if to illustrate her meaning.

"When are you going?" asked Acton, standing a moment in his place. But the baroness made no answer, and he followed her.

"I came this way to look at your garden," she said, walking back to the gate, over the grass. "But I must go."

"Let me at least go with you." He went with her, and they said nothing till they reached the gate. It was open, and they looked down the road, which was darkened over with long bosky shadows. "Must you go straight home?" Acton asked.

But she made no answer. She said, after a moment, "Why have you not been to see me?" He said nothing, and then she went on, "Why don't you answer me?"

"I am trying to invent an answer," Acton confessed.

"Have you not one ready?"

"None that I can tell you," he said.

"But let me walk with you now."

"You may do as you like."

She moved slowly along the road, and Acton went with her. Presently he said, "If I had done as I liked I would have come to see you several times."

"Is that invented?" asked Eugenia.

"No, that is natural. I stayed away because" —

"Ah, here comes the reason, then!"

"Because I wanted to think about you."

"Because you wanted to lie down!" said the baroness. "I have seen you lie down — almost — in my drawing-room."

Acton stopped in the road, with a movement which seemed to beg her to linger a little. She paused, and he looked at her a while; he thought her very charming. "You are jesting," he said; "but if you are really going away it is very serious."

"If I stay," and she gave a little laugh, "it is more serious still!"

"When shall you go?"

"As soon as possible."

"And why?"

"Why should I stay?"

"Because we all admire you so."

"That is not a reason. I am admired also in Europe." And she began to walk homeward again.

"What could I say to keep you?" asked Acton. He wanted to keep her, and it was a fact that he had been thinking of her for a week. He was in love with her now; he was conscious of that, or he thought he was; and the only question with him was whether he could trust her.

"What you can say to keep me?" she repeated. "As I want very much to go, it is not in my interest to tell you. Besides, I can't imagine."

He went on with her in silence; he was much more affected by what she had told him than appeared. Ever since that evening of his return from Newport her image had had a terrible power to trouble him. What Clifford Wentworth had told him, — that had affected him, too, in an

adverse sense; but it had not liberated him from the discomfort of a charm of which his intelligence was impatient. "She is not honest, she is not honest," he kept murmuring to himself. That is what he had been saying to the summer sky, ten minutes before. Unfortunately, he was unable to say it finally, definitively; and now that he was near her it seemed to matter wonderfully little. "She is a woman who will lie," he had said to himself. Now, as he went along, he reminded himself of this observation; but it failed to frighten him as it had done before. He almost wished he could make her lie and then convict her of it, so that he might see how he should like that. He kept thinking of this as he walked by her side, while she moved forward with her light, graceful dignity. He had sat with her before; he had driven with her; but he had never walked with her.

"By George! how *comme il faut* she is!" he said, as he observed her sideways. When they reached the cottage in the orchard she passed into the gate without asking him to follow; but she turned round, as he stood there, to bid him good-night.

"I asked you a question the other night which you never answered," he said. "Have you sent off that document, — liberating yourself?"

She hesitated for a single moment, — very naturally. Then, "Yes," she said, simply.

He turned away; he wondered whether that would do for his lie. But he saw her again that evening, for the baroness reappeared at her uncle's. He had little talk with her, however; two gentlemen had driven out from Boston, in a buggy, to call upon Mr. Wentworth and his daughters, and Madame Münster was an object of absorbing interest to both of the visitors. One of them, indeed, said nothing to her; he only sat and watched her with intense gravity, and leaned forward solemnly, presenting his ear (a very large one), as if he were deaf, whenever she dropped an observation. He had evidently been impressed with the idea of her misfortunes and reverses; he never smiled. His companion adopted a light-

er, easier attitude; sat as near as possible to Madame Münster; attempted to draw her out, and proposed every few moments a new topic of conversation. Eugenia was less vividly responsive than usual, and had less to say than, from her brilliant reputation, her interlocutor expected, upon the relative merits of European and American institutions; but she was inaccessible to Robert Acton, who roamed about the piazza with his hands in his pockets, listening for the grating sound of the buggy from Boston, as it should be brought round to the side door. But he listened in vain, and at last he lost patience. His sister came to him and begged him to take her home, and he presently went off with her. Eugenia observed him leaving the house with Lizzie; in her present mood the fact seemed a contribution to her irritated conviction that he had several precious qualities. "Even that *mal-élevée* little girl," she reflected, "makes him do what she wishes."

She had been sitting just within one of the long windows that opened upon the piazza; but very soon after Acton had gone away she got up abruptly, just when the talkative gentleman from Boston was asking her what she thought of the "moral tone" of that city. On the piazza she encountered Clifford Wentworth, coming round from the other side of the house. She stopped him; she told him she wished to speak to him.

"Why did n't you go home with your cousin?" she asked.

Clifford stared. "Why, Robert has taken her," he said.

"Exactly so. But you don't usually leave that to him."

"Oh," said Clifford, "I want to see those fellows start off. They don't know how to drive."

"It is not, then, that you have quarreled with your cousin?"

Clifford reflected a moment, and then with a simplicity which had, for the baroness, a singularly baffling quality, "Oh, no; we have made up!" he said.

She looked at him for some moments; but Clifford had begun to be afraid of the baroness's looks, and he endeavored,

now, to shift himself out of their range. "Why do you never come to see me any more?" she asked. "Have I displeased you?"

"Displeased me? Well, I guess not!" said Clifford, with a laugh.

"Why have n't you come, then?"

"Well, because I am afraid of getting shut up in that back room."

Eugenia kept looking at him. "I should think you would like that."

"Like it!" cried Clifford.

"I should, if I were a young man calling upon a charming woman."

"A charming woman is n't much use to me when I am shut up in that back room!"

"I am afraid I am not of much use to you anywhere!" said Madame Münster. "And yet you know how I have offered to be."

"Well," observed Clifford, by way of response, "there comes the buggy."

"Never mind the buggy. Do you know I am going away?"

"Do you mean now?"

"I mean in a few days. I leave this place."

"You are going back to Europe?"

"To Europe, where you are to come and see me."

"Oh, yes, I'll come out there," said Clifford.

"But before that," Eugenia declared, "you must come and see me here."

"Well, I shall keep clear of that back room!" rejoined her simple young kinsman.

The baroness was silent a moment.

"Yes, you must come frankly, — boldly. That will be very much better. I see that now."

"I see it!" said Clifford. And then, in an instant, "What's the matter with that buggy?" His practiced ear had apparently detected an unnatural creak in the wheels of the light vehicle which had been brought to the side door of the house, and he hurried away to investigate so grave an anomaly.

The baroness walked homeward, alone, in the starlight, asking herself a question: Was she to have gained nothing? was she to have gained nothing?

Gertrude Wentworth had held a silent place in the little circle gathered about the two gentlemen from Boston. She was not interested in the visitors; she was watching Madame Münster, as she constantly watched her. She knew that Eugenia also was not interested,—that she was bored; and Gertrude was absorbed in study of the problem how, in spite of her indifference and her absent attention, she managed to have such a charming manner. That was the manner Gertrude would have liked to have; she determined to cultivate it, and she wished that—to give her the charm—she might in future very often be bored. While she was engaged in these researches, Felix Young was looking for Charlotte, to whom he had something to say. For some time, now, he had had something to say to Charlotte, and this evening his sense of the propriety of holding some special conversation with her had reached the motive-point,—resolved itself into acute and delightful desire. He wandered through the empty rooms on the large ground-floor of the house, and found her at last in a small apartment denominated, for reasons not immediately apparent, Mr. Wentworth's "office:" an extremely neat and well-dusted room, with an array of law-books, in time-darkened sheep-skin, on one of the walls; a large map of the United States on the other, flanked on either side by an old steel engraving of one of Raphael's Madonnas; and on the third several glass cases containing specimens of butterflies and beetles. Charlotte was sitting by a lamp, embroidering a slipper. Felix did not ask for whom the slipper was destined; he saw it was very large.

He moved a chair toward her and sat down, smiling as usual, but, at first, not speaking. She watched him, with her needle poised, and with a certain shy, fluttered look which she always wore when he approached her. There was something in Felix's manner that quickened her modesty, her self-consciousness; if absolute choice had been given her she would have preferred never to find herself alone with him; and, in fact, though

she thought him a most brilliant, distinguished, and well-meaning person, she had exercised a much larger amount of tremulous tact than he ever suspected, to circumvent the accident of a *tête-à-tête*. Poor Charlotte could have given no account of the matter that would not have seemed unjust both to herself and to her foreign kinsman; she could only have said—or rather, she would never have said it—that she did not like so much gentlemen's society at once. She was not reassured, accordingly, when he began, emphasizing his words with a kind of admiring radiance, "My dear cousin, I am enchanted at finding you alone."

"I am very often alone," Charlotte observed. Then she quickly added, "I don't mean I'm lonely!"

"So clever a woman as you is never lonely," said Felix. "You have company in your beautiful work." And he glanced at the big slipper.

"I like to work," declared Charlotte, simply.

"So do I!" said her companion. "And I like to idle, too. But it is not to idle that I have come in search of you. I want to tell you something very particular."

"Well," murmured Charlotte; "of course, if you must"—

"My dear cousin," said Felix, "it's nothing that a young lady may not listen to. At least I suppose it isn't. But *voyons*; you shall judge. I am terribly in love."

"Well, Felix," began Miss Wentworth, gravely. But her very gravity appeared to check the development of her phrase.

"I am in love with your sister; but in love, Charlotte,—in love!" the young man pursued. Charlotte had laid her work in her lap; her hands were tightly folded on top of it; she was staring at the carpet. "In short, I'm in love, dear lady," said Felix. "Now I want you to help me."

"To help you?" asked Charlotte, with a tremor.

"I don't mean with Gertrude; she and I have a perfect understanding; and

oh, how well she understands one! I mean with your father, and with the world in general, including Mr. Brand."

"Poor Mr. Brand!" said Charlotte, slowly, but with a simplicity which made it evident to Felix that the young minister had not repeated to Miss Wentworth the talk that had lately occurred between them.

"Ah, now, don't say 'poor' Mr. Brand! I don't pity Mr. Brand at all. But I pity your father a little, and I don't want to displease him. Therefore, you see, I want you to plead for me. You don't think me very shabby, eh?"

"Shabby?" exclaimed Charlotte softly, for whom Felix represented the most polished and iridescent qualities of mankind.

"I don't mean in my appearance," rejoined Felix, laughing; for Charlotte was looking at his boots. "I mean in my conduct. You don't think it's an abuse of hospitality?"

"To — to care for Gertrude?" asked Charlotte.

"To have really expressed one's self. Because I *have* expressed myself, Charlotte; I must tell you the whole truth, — I have! Of course I want to marry her, — and here is the difficulty. I held off as long as I could; but she is such a terribly fascinating person! She's a strange creature, Charlotte; I don't believe you really know her." Charlotte took up her tapestry again, and again she laid it down. "I know your father has had higher views," Felix continued; "and I think you have shared them. You have wanted to marry her to Mr. Brand."

"Oh, no," said Charlotte, very earnestly. "Mr. Brand has always admired her. But we did not want anything of that kind."

Felix stared. "Surely, marriage was what you proposed."

"Yes; but we did n't wish to force her."

"A la bonne heure! That's very unsafe, you know. With these arranged marriages there is often the deuce to pay."

"Oh, Felix," said Charlotte, "we did n't want to 'arrange.'"

"I am delighted to hear that. Because in such cases — even when the woman is a thoroughly good creature — she can't help looking for a compensation. A charming fellow comes along, — and *voilà!*" Charlotte sat mutely staring at the floor, and Felix presently added, "Do go on with your slipper. I like so to see you work."

Charlotte took up her variegated canvas, and began to draw vague blue stitches in a big round rose. "If Gertrude is so — so strange," she said, "why do you want to marry her?"

"Ah, that's it, dear Charlotte! I like strange women; I always have liked them. Ask Eugenia! And Gertrude is wonderful; she says the most beautiful things!"

Charlotte looked at him, almost for the first time, as if her meaning required to be severely pointed. "You have a great influence over her."

"Yes — and no!" said Felix. "I had at first, I think; but now it is six of one and half a dozen of the other; it's reciprocal. She affects me strongly, — for she is so strong. I don't believe you know her; it's a beautiful nature."

"Oh, yes, Felix; I have always thought Gertrude's nature beautiful."

"Well, if you think so now," cried the young man, "wait and see! She's a folded flower. Let me pluck her from the parent tree and you will see her expand. I'm sure you will enjoy it."

"I don't understand you," murmured Charlotte. "I *can't*, Felix."

"Well, you can understand this, — that I beg you to say a good word for me to your father. He regards me, I naturally believe, as a very light fellow, a Bohemian, an irregular character. Tell him I am not all this; if I ever was, I have forgotten it. I am fond of pleasure, — yes; but of innocent pleasure. Pain is all one; but in pleasure, you know, there are tremendous distinctions. Say to him that Gertrude is a folded flower, and that I am a serious man!"

Charlotte got up from her chair, slow-

ly rolling up her work. "We know you are very kind to every one, Felix," she said. "But we are extremely sorry for Mr. Brand."

"Of course you are, — you especially! Because," added Felix hastily, "you are a woman. But I don't pity him. It ought to be enough for any man that you take an interest in him."

"It's not enough for Mr. Brand," said Charlotte, simply. And she stood there a moment, as if waiting, conscientiously, for anything more that Felix might have to say.

"Mr. Brand is not so keen about his marriage as he was," he presently said. "He's afraid of your sister. He begins to think she is wicked."

Charlotte looked at him now with beautiful, appealing eyes, — eyes into which he saw the tears rising. "Oh, Felix, Felix," she cried, "what have you done to her?"

"I think she was asleep; I have waked her up!"

But Charlotte, apparently, was really crying; she walked straight out of the room. And Felix, standing there and meditating, had the apparent brutality to take satisfaction in her tears.

Late that night Gertrude, silent and serious, came to him in the garden; it was a kind of appointment. Gertrude seemed to like appointments. She plucked a handful of heliotrope and stuck it into the front of her dress, but she said nothing. They walked together along one of the paths, and Felix looked at the great, square, hospitable house, massing itself vaguely in the starlight, with all its windows darkened.

"I have a little of a bad conscience," he said. "I ought n't to meet you this way till I have got your father's consent."

Gertrude looked at him for some time. "I don't understand you."

"You very often say that," he said. "Considering how little we understand each other, it is a wonder how well we get on!"

"We have done nothing but meet since you came here, — but meet alone. The first time I ever saw you we were

alone," Gertrude went on. "What is the difference now? Is it because it is at night?"

"The difference, Gertrude," said Felix, stopping in the path, "the difference is that I love you more — more than before!" And then they stood there, talking, in the warm stillness and in front of the closed, dark house. "I have been talking to Charlotte, — been trying to bespeak her interest with your father. She has a kind of sublime perversity; was ever a woman so bent upon cutting off her own head?"

"You are too careful," said Gertrude; "you are too diplomatic."

"Well," cried the young man, "I did n't come here to make any one unhappy!"

Gertrude looked round her a while in the odorous darkness. "I will do anything you please," she said.

"For instance?" asked Felix, smiling.

"I will go away. I will do anything you please."

Felix looked at her in solemn admiration. "Yes, we will go away," he said. "But we will make peace first."

Gertrude looked about her again, and then she broke out, passionately, "Why do they try to make one feel guilty? Why do they make it so difficult? Why can't they understand?"

"I will make them understand!" said Felix. He drew her hand into his arm, and they wandered about in the garden, talking, for an hour.

XII.

Felix allowed Charlotte time to plead his cause; and then, on the third day, he sought an interview with his uncle. It was in the morning; Mr. Wentworth was in his office; and, on going in, Felix found that Charlotte was at that moment in conference with her father. She had, in fact, been constantly near him since her interview with Felix; she had made up her mind that it was her duty to repeat very literally her cousin's passionate plea. She had accordingly fol-

lowed Mr. Wentworth about like a shadow, in order to find him at hand when she should have mustered sufficient composure to speak. For poor Charlotte, in this matter, naturally lacked composure; especially when she meditated upon some of Felix's intimations. It was not cheerful work, at the best, to keep giving small hammer-taps to the coffin in which one had laid away, for burial, the poor little unacknowledged offspring of one's own misbehaving heart; and the occupation was not rendered more agreeable by the fact that the ghost of one's stifled dream had been summoned from the shades by the strange, bold words of a talkative young foreigner. What had Felix meant by saying that Mr. Brand was not so keen? To herself her sister's justly depressed suitor had shown no sign of faltering. Charlotte trembled all over when she allowed herself to believe for an instant, now and then, that privately Mr. Brand might have faltered; and as it seemed to give more force to Felix's words to repeat them to her father she was waiting until she should have taught herself to be very calm. But she had now begun to tell Mr. Wentworth that she was extremely anxious. She was proceeding to develop this idea, to enumerate the objects of her anxiety, when Felix came in.

Mr. Wentworth sat there, with his legs crossed, lifting his dry, pure countenance from the Boston Advertiser. Felix entered smiling, as if he had something particular to say, and his uncle looked at him as if he both expected and deprecated this event. Felix vividly expressing himself had come to be a formidable figure to his uncle, who had not yet arrived at definite views as to a proper tone. For the first time in his life, as I have said, Mr. Wentworth shirked a responsibility; he earnestly desired that it might not be laid upon him to determine how his nephew's lighter propositions should be treated. He lived under an apprehension that Felix might yet beguile him into assent to doubtful inductions, and his conscience instructed him that the best form of vig-

ilance was the avoidance of discussion. He hoped that the pleasant episode of his nephew's visit would pass away without a lapse of consistency.

Felix looked at Charlotte with an air of understanding, and then at Mr. Wentworth, and then at Charlotte again. Mr. Wentworth bent his refined eyebrows upon his nephew and stroked down the first page of the Advertiser. "I ought to have brought a bouquet," said Felix, laughing. "In France they always do."

"We are not in France," observed Mr. Wentworth, gravely, while Charlotte earnestly gazed at him.

"No, luckily, we are not in France, where I am afraid I should have a harder time of it. My dear Charlotte, have you rendered me that delightful service?" And Felix bent toward her as if some one had been presenting him.

Charlotte looked at him with almost frightened eyes; and Mr. Wentworth thought this might be the beginning of a discussion. "What is the bouquet for?" he inquired, by way of turning it off.

Felix gazed at him, smiling. "Pour la demande!" And then, drawing up a chair, he seated himself, hat in hand, with a kind of conscious solemnity. Presently he turned to Charlotte again.

"My good Charlotte, my admirable Charlotte," he murmured, "you have not played me false, — you have not sided against me?"

Charlotte got up, trembling extremely, though imperceptibly. "You must speak to my father yourself," she said. "I think you are clever enough."

But Felix, rising too, begged her to remain. "I can speak better to an audience!" he declared.

"I hope it is nothing disagreeable," said Mr. Wentworth.

"It's something delightful, for me!" And Felix, laying down his hat, clasped his hands a little between his knees. "My dear uncle," he said, "I desire, very earnestly, to marry your daughter Gertrude." Charlotte sank slowly into her chair again, and Mr. Wentworth sat staring, with a light in his face that

might have been flashed back from an iceberg. He stared and stared; he said nothing. Felix fell back, with his hands still clasped. "Ah — you don't like it. I was afraid!" He blushed deeply, and Charlotte noticed it, and remarked to herself that it was the first time she had ever seen him blush. She began to blush herself, and to reflect that he might be much in love.

"This is very abrupt," said Mr. Wentworth at last.

"Have you never suspected it, dear uncle?" Felix inquired. "Well, that proves how discreet I have been. Yes, I thought you would n't like it."

"It is very serious, Felix," said Mr. Wentworth.

"You think it's an abuse of hospitality!" exclaimed Felix, smiling again.

"Of hospitality? — an abuse?" his uncle repeated very slowly.

"That is what Felix said to me," said Charlotte, conscientiously.

"Of course you think so; don't defend yourself!" Felix pursued. "It is an abuse, obviously; the most I can claim is that it is perhaps a pardonable one. I simply fell head over heels in love; one can hardly help that. Though you are Gertrude's progenitor I don't believe you know how attractive she is. Dear uncle, she contains the elements of a singularly — I may say a strangely — charming woman!"

"She has always been to me an object of extreme concern," said Mr. Wentworth. "We have always desired her happiness."

"Well, here it is!" Felix declared. "I will make her happy. She believes it, too. Now, had n't you noticed that?"

"I had noticed that she was much changed," Mr. Wentworth declared, in a tone whose unexpressive, unimpassioned quality appeared to Felix to reveal a profundity of opposition. "It may be that she is only becoming what you call a charming woman."

"Gertrude at heart is so earnest, so true," said Charlotte very softly, fastening her eyes upon her father.

"I delight to hear you praise her!" cried Felix.

"She has a very peculiar temperament," said Mr. Wentworth.

"Eh, even that is praise!" Felix rejoined. "I know I am not the man you might have looked for. I have no position and no fortune; I can give Gertrude no place in the world. A place in the world, — that's what she ought to have; that would bring her out."

"A place to do her duty!" remarked Mr. Wentworth.

"Ah, how charmingly she does it, — her duty!" Felix exclaimed, with a radiant face. "What an exquisite conception she has of it! But she comes honestly by that, dear uncle." Mr. Wentworth and Charlotte both looked at him as if they were watching a greyhound doubling. "Of course with me she will hide her light under a bushel," he continued; "I being the bushel! Now I know you like me, — you have certainly proved it. But you think I am frivolous and penniless and shabby! Granted, — granted, — a thousand times granted. I have been a loose fish, — a fiddler, a painter, an actor. But there is this to be said: In the first place, I fancy you exaggerate; you lend me qualities I have n't had. I have been a Bohemian, — yes; but in Bohemia I always passed for a gentleman. I wish you could see some of my old *camarades*, — they would tell you! It was the liberty I liked, but not the opportunities! My sins were all peccadilloes; I always respected my neighbor's property, — my neighbor's right. Do you see, dear uncle?" Mr. Wentworth ought to have seen; his cold blue eyes were intently fixed. "And then, *c'est fini*! It's all over. *Je me range*. I have settled down to a jog-trot. I find I can earn my living — a very fair one — by going about the world and painting bad portraits. It's not a glorious profession, but it is a perfectly respectable one. You won't deny that, eh? Going about the world, I say; I must not deny that, for that I am afraid I shall always do, — in quest of agreeable sitters. When I say agreeable, I mean susceptible of delicate flattery and prompt of payment. Gertrude declares she is willing to share my wan-

derings and help to pose my models. She even thinks it will be charming; and that brings me to my third point. Gertrude likes me. Encourage her a little and she will tell you so."

Felix's tongue obviously moved much faster than the imagination of his auditors; his eloquence, like the rocking of a boat in a deep, smooth lake, made long eddies of silence. And he seemed to be pleading and chattering still, with his brightly eager smile, his uplifted eyebrows, his expressive mouth, after he had ceased speaking, and while, with his glance quickly turning from the father to the daughter, he sat waiting for the effect of his appeal. "It is not your want of means," said Mr. Wentworth, after a period of severe reticence.

"Now it's delightful of you to say that! Only don't say it's my want of character. Because I have a character, — I assure you I have; a small one, a little slip of a thing, but still something tangible."

"Ought you not to tell Felix that it is Mr. Brand, father?" Charlotte asked, with infinite mildness.

"It is not only Mr. Brand," Mr. Wentworth solemnly declared. And he looked at his knee for a long time. "It is difficult to explain," he said. He wished, evidently, to be very just. "It rests on moral grounds, as Mr. Brand says. It is the question whether it is the best thing for Gertrude."

"What is better, — what is better, dear uncle?" Felix rejoined urgently, rising in his urgency and standing before Mr. Wentworth. His uncle had been looking at his knee; but when Felix moved he transferred his gaze to the handle of the door which faced him. "It is usually a fairly good thing for a girl to marry the man she loves!" cried Felix.

While he spoke, Mr. Wentworth saw the handle of the door begin to turn; the door opened and remained slightly ajar, until Felix had delivered himself of the cheerful axiom just quoted. Then it opened altogether, and Gertrude stood there. She looked excited; there was a spark in her sweet, dull eyes. She came

in slowly, but with an air of resolution, and, closing the door softly, looked round at the three persons present. Felix went to her with an air of tender gallantry, holding out his hand, and Charlotte made a place for her on the sofa. But Gertrude put her hands behind her, and made no motion to sit down.

"We are talking of you!" said Felix.

"I know it," she answered. "That's why I came." And she fastened her eyes on her father. He returned her gaze very fixedly; but in his own cold blue eyes there was a kind of pleading, reasoning light.

"It is better you should be present," said Mr. Wentworth. "We are discussing your future."

"Why discuss it?" asked Gertrude. "Leave it to me."

"That is, to me!" cried Felix.

"I leave it, in the last resort, to a greater wisdom than ours," said the old man.

Felix rubbed his forehead gently. "But *en attendant* the last resort, your father lacks confidence," he said to Gertrude.

"Have n't you confidence in Felix?" Gertrude was frowning. There was something about her that her father and Charlotte had never seen. Charlotte got up and came to her, as if to put her arm round her; but, suddenly, she seemed afraid to touch her.

Mr. Wentworth, however, was not afraid. "I have had more confidence in Felix than in you," he said.

"Yes, you have never had confidence in me, — never, never! I don't know why."

"Oh, sister, sister!" murmured Charlotte.

"You have always needed advice," Mr. Wentworth declared. "You have had a very difficult temperament."

"Why do you call it difficult? It might have been easy, if you had allowed it. You would n't let me be natural. I don't know what you wanted to make of me. Mr. Brand was the worst."

Charlotte at last took hold of her sister. She laid her two hands upon Ger-

trude's arm. "He cares so much for you," she almost whispered.

Gertrude looked at her intently an instant; then kissed her. "No, he does not," she said.

"I have never seen you so passionate," observed Mr. Wentworth, with an air of irritation mitigated by high principles.

"I am sorry if I offend you," said Gertrude.

"You offend me, but I don't think you are sorry."

"Yes, father, she is sorry," said Charlotte.

"I would even go further, dear uncle," Felix interposed. "I would question whether she really offends you. How can she offend you?"

To this Mr. Wentworth made no immediate answer. Then, in a moment, "She has not profited as we hoped."

"Profited? Ah, *voilà!*" Felix exclaimed.

Gertrude was very pale. She stood looking down. "I have told Felix I would go away with him," she presently said.

"Ah, you have said some admirable things!" cried the young man.

"Go away, sister?" asked Charlotte.

"Away, — away; to some strange country."

"That is to frighten you," said Felix, smiling at Charlotte.

"To — what do you call it?" asked Gertrude, turning an instant to Felix. "To Bohemia."

"Do you propose to dispense with preliminaries?" asked Mr. Wentworth, getting up.

"Dear uncle, *vous plaisantez!*" cried Felix. "It seems to me that these are preliminaries."

Gertrude turned to her father. "I have profited," she said. "You wanted to form my character. Well, my character is formed, — for my age. I know what I want; I have chosen. I am determined to marry this gentleman."

"You had better consent, sir," said Felix, very gently.

"Yes, sir, you had better consent," added a very different voice.

Charlotte gave a little jump, and the others turned to the direction from which it had come. It was the voice of Mr. Brand, who had stepped through the long window which stood open to the piazza. He stood patting his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief; he was very much flushed; his face wore a singular expression.

"Yes, sir, you had better consent," Mr. Brand repeated, coming forward. "I know what Miss Gertrude means."

"My dear friend!" murmured Felix, laying his hand caressingly on the young minister's arm.

Mr. Brand looked at him; then at Mr. Wentworth; lastly at Gertrude. He did not look at Charlotte. But Charlotte's earnest eyes were fastened to his own countenance; they were asking an immense question of it. The answer to this question could not come all at once; but some of the elements of it were there. It was one of the elements of it that Mr. Brand was very red, that he held his head very high, that he had a bright, excited eye and an air of embarrassed boldness, — the air of a man who has taken a resolve, in the execution of which he apprehends the failure, not of his moral, but of his personal resources. Charlotte thought he looked very grand; and it is incontestable that Mr. Brand felt very grand. This, in fact, was the grandest moment of his life; and it was natural that such a moment should contain opportunities of awkwardness for a large, stout, modest young man.

"Come in, sir," said Mr. Wentworth, with an angular wave of his hand. "It is very proper that you should be present."

"I know what you are talking about," Mr. Brand rejoined. "I heard what your nephew said."

"And he heard what you said!" exclaimed Felix, patting him again on the arm.

"I am not sure that I understood," said Mr. Wentworth, who had angularity in his voice as well as in his gestures.

Gertrude had been looking hard at her former suitor. She had been puzzled,

like her sister. But her imagination moved more quickly than Charlotte's. "Mr. Brand asked you to let Felix take me away," she said to her father.

The young minister gave her a strange look. "It is not because I don't want to see you any more," he declared, in a tone intended, as it were, for publicity.

"I should n't think you would want to see me any more," Gertrude answered, gently.

Mr. Wentworth stood staring. "Is n't this rather a change, sir?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir." And Mr. Brand looked everywhere; only still not at Charlotte. "Yes, sir," he repeated. And he held his handkerchief a few moments to his lips.

"Where are our moral grounds?" demanded Mr. Wentworth, who had always thought Mr. Brand would be just the thing for a younger daughter with a peculiar temperament.

"It is sometimes very moral to change, you know," said Felix.

Charlotte had softly left her sister's side. She had edged gently toward her father, and now her hand found its way into his arm. Mr. Wentworth had folded up the Advertiser into a surprisingly small compass, and, holding the roll with one hand, he earnestly clasped it with the other. Mr. Brand was looking at him; and yet, though Charlotte was so near, his eyes failed to meet her own. Gertrude watched her sister.

"It is better not to speak of change," said Mr. Brand. "In one sense there is no change. There was something I desired, — something I asked of you; I desire something still, — I ask it of you." And he paused a moment. Mr. Wentworth looked bewildered. "I should like, in my ministerial capacity, to unite this young couple."

Gertrude, watching her sister, saw Charlotte flushing intensely, and Mr. Wentworth felt her pressing upon his arm. "Heavenly Powers!" murmured Mr. Wentworth. And it was the nearest approach to profanity he had ever made.

"That is very nice; that is very handsome!" Felix exclaimed.

"I don't understand," said Mr.

Wentworth; though it was plain that every one else did.

"That is very beautiful, Mr. Brand," said Gertrude, emulating Felix.

"I should like to marry you. It will give me great pleasure."

"As Gertrude says, it's a beautiful idea," said Felix.

Felix was smiling, but Mr. Brand was not even trying to. He himself treated his proposition very seriously. "I have thought of it, and I should like to do it," he affirmed.

Charlotte, meanwhile, was staring, with expanded eyes. Her imagination, as I have said, was not so rapid as her sister's, but now it had taken several little jumps. "Father," she murmured, "consent!"

Mr. Brand heard her. He looked away. Mr. Wentworth, evidently, had no imagination at all. "I have always thought," he began, slowly, "that Gertrude's character required a special line of development."

"Father," repeated Charlotte, "consent."

Then, at last, Mr. Brand looked at her. Her father felt her leaning more heavily upon his folded arm than she had ever done before; and this, with a certain sweet faintness in her voice, made him wonder what was the matter. He looked down at her, and saw the encounter of her gaze with the young theologian's; but even this told him nothing, and he continued to be bewildered. Nevertheless, "I consent," he said at last, "since Mr. Brand recommends it."

"I should like to perform the ceremony very soon," observed Mr. Brand, with a sort of solemn simplicity.

"Come, come, that's charming!" cried Felix, piquantly.

Mr. Wentworth sank into his chair. "Doubtless, when you understand it," he said, with a certain judicial asperity.

Gertrude went to her sister and led her away, and Felix having passed his arm into Mr. Brand's, and stepped out of the long window with him, the old man was left sitting there in unilluminated perplexity.

Felix did no work that day. In the afternoon, with Gertrude, he got into one of the boats, and floated about with idly-dipping oars. They talked a good deal of Mr. Brand, — though not exclusively.

"That was a fine stroke," said Felix. "It was really heroic."

Gertrude sat musing, with her eyes upon the ripples. "That was what he wanted to be; he wanted to do something fine."

"He won't be comfortable till he has married us," said Felix. "So much the better."

"He wanted to be magnanimous; he wanted to have a fine moral pleasure. I know him so well," Gertrude went on. Felix looked at her; she spoke slowly, gazing at the clear water. "He thought of it a great deal, night and day. He thought it would be beautiful. At last he made up his mind that it was his duty, his duty to do just that, — nothing less than that. He felt exalted; he felt sublime. That's how he likes to feel. It is better for him than if I had listened to him."

"It's better for me," smiled Felix. "But do you know, as regards the sacrifice, that I don't believe he admired you when this decision was taken quite so much as he had done a fortnight before?"

"He never admired me. He admires Charlotte; he pitied me. I know him so well."

"Well, then, he did n't pity you so much."

Gertrude looked at Felix a little, smiling. "You should n't permit yourself," she said, "to diminish the splendor of his action. He admires Charlotte," she repeated.

"That's capital!" said Felix laughingly, and dipping his oars. I cannot say exactly to which member of Gertrude's phrase he alluded; but he dipped his oars again, and they kept floating about.

Neither Felix nor his sister, on that day, was present at Mr. Wentworth's at the evening repast. The two occupants of the chalet dined together, and the

young man informed his companion that his marriage was now an assured fact. Eugenia congratulated him, and replied that if he were as reasonable a husband as he had been, on the whole, a brother, his wife would have nothing to complain of.

Felix looked at her a moment, smiling. "I hope," he said, "not to be thrown back on my reason."

"It is very true," Eugenia rejoined, "that one's reason is dismally flat. It's a bed with the mattress removed."

But the brother and sister, later in the evening, crossed over to the larger house, the baroness desiring to compliment her prospective sister-in-law. They found the usual circle upon the piazza, with the exception of Clifford Wentworth and Lizzie Acton; and as every one stood up, as usual, to welcome the baroness Eugenia had an admiring audience for her compliment to Gertrude.

Robert Acton stood on the edge of the piazza, leaning against one of the white columns, so that he found himself next to Eugenia while she acquitted herself of a neat little discourse of congratulation.

"I shall be so glad to know you better," she said; "I have seen so much less of you than I should have liked. Naturally; now I see the reason why! You will love me a little, won't you? I think I may say I gain on being known." And terminating these observations with the softest cadence of her voice, the baroness imprinted a sort of grand, official kiss upon Gertrude's forehead.

Increased familiarity had not, to Gertrude's imagination, diminished the mysterious impressiveness of Eugenia's personality, and she felt flattered and transported by this little ceremony. Robert Acton also seemed to admire it, as he admired so many of the gracious manifestations of Madame Münster's wit.

They had the privilege of making him restless, and on this occasion he walked away, suddenly, with his hands in his pockets, and then came back and leaned against his column. Eugenia was now complimenting her uncle upon his daughter's engagement, and Mr. Wentworth

was listening with his usual plain yet refined politeness. It is to be supposed that by this time his perception of the mutual relations of the young people who surrounded him had become more acute; but he still took the matter very seriously, and he was not at all exhilarated.

"Felix will make her a good husband," said Eugenia. "He will be a charming companion; he has a great quality, — indestructible gayety."

"You think that's a great quality?" asked the old man.

Eugenia meditated, with her eyes upon his. "You think one gets tired of it, eh?"

"I don't know that I am prepared to say that," said Mr. Wentworth.

"Well, we will say, then, that it is tiresome for others, but delightful for one's self. A woman's husband, you know, is supposed to be her second self; so that, for Felix and Gertrude, gayety will be a common property."

"Gertrude was always very gay," said Mr. Wentworth. He was trying to follow this argument.

Robert Acton took his hands out of his pockets and came a little nearer to the baroness. "You say you gain by being known," he said. "One certainly gains by knowing you."

"What have you gained?" asked Eugenia.

"An immense amount of wisdom."

"That's a questionable advantage for a man who was already so wise!"

Acton shook his head. "No, I was a great fool before I knew you!"

"And being a fool you made my acquaintance? You are very complimentary."

"Let me keep it up," said Acton, laughing. "I hope, for our pleasure, that your brother's marriage will detain you."

"Why should I stop for my brother's marriage when I would n't stop for my own?" asked the baroness.

"Why should n't you stop in either case, now that, as you say, you have dissolved that mechanical tie that bound you to Europe?"

The baroness looked at him a moment. "As I say? You look as if you doubted it."

"Ah," said Acton, returning her glance, "that is a remnant of my old folly! We have other attractions," he added. "We are to have another marriage."

But she seemed not to hear him; she was looking at him still. "My word was never doubted before," she said.

"We are to have another marriage," Acton repeated, smiling.

Then she appeared to understand. "Another marriage?" And she looked at the others. Felix was chattering to Gertrude; Charlotte, at a distance, was watching them; and Mr. Brand, in quite another quarter, was turning his back to them, and with his hands under his coat-tails and his large head on one side was looking at the small, tender crescent of a young moon. "It ought to be Mr. Brand and Charlotte," said Eugenia, "but it does n't look like it."

"There," Acton answered, "you must judge, just now, by contraries. There is more than there looks to be. I expect that combination one of these days; but that is not what I meant."

"Well," said the baroness, "I can never guess my own lovers; so I can't guess other people's."

Acton gave a little laugh, and he was about to add a rejoinder, when Mr. Wentworth approached his niece. "You will be interested to hear," the old man said, with a momentary aspiration toward jocosity, "of another matrimonial venture in our little circle."

"I was just telling the baroness," Acton observed.

"Mr. Acton was apparently about to announce his own engagement," said Eugenia.

Mr. Wentworth's jocosity increased. "It's not exactly that; but it is in the family. Clifford, hearing this morning that Mr. Brand had expressed a desire to tie the nuptial knot for his sister, took it into his head to arrange that, while his hand was in, our good friend should perform a like ceremony for himself and Lizzie Acton."

The baroness threw back her head and smiled at her uncle; then turning, with an intenser radiance, to Robert Acton, "I am certainly very stupid not to have thought of that," she said. Acton looked down at his boots, as if he thought he had perhaps reached the limits of legitimate experimentation, and for a moment Eugenia said nothing more. It had been, in fact, a sharp knock, and she needed to recover herself. This was done, however, promptly enough. "Where are the young people?" she asked.

"They are spending the evening with my mother."

"Is not the thing very sudden?"

Acton looked up. "Extremely sudden. There had been a tacit understanding; but within a day or two Clifford appears to have received some mysterious impulse to precipitate the affair."

"The impulse," said the baroness, "was the charms of your very pretty sister."

"But my sister's charms were an old story; he had always known her." Acton had begun to experiment again.

Here, however, it was evident the baroness would not help him. "Ah, one can't say! Clifford is very young; but he is a nice boy."

"He's a likeable sort of boy, and he will be a rich man." This was Acton's last experiment; Madame Münster turned away.

She made but a short visit, and Felix took her home. In her little drawing-room she went almost straight to the mirror over the chimney-piece, and, with a candle uplifted, stood looking into it. "I shall not wait for your marriage," she said to her brother. "To-morrow my maid shall pack up."

"My dear sister," Felix exclaimed, "we are to be married immediately! Mr. Brand is too uncomfortable."

But Eugenia, turning and still holding her candle aloft, only looked about the little sitting-room at her gimcracks and curtains and cushions. "My maid shall pack up," she repeated. "*Bonté divine*, what rubbish! I feel like a strolling actress; these are my 'properties.'"

"Is the play over, Eugenia?" asked Felix.

She gave him a sharp glance. "I have spoken my part."

"With great applause!" said her brother.

"Oh, applause — applause!" she murmured. And she gathered up two or three of her dispersed draperies. She glanced at the beautiful brocade, and then, "I don't see how I can have endured it!" she said.

"Endure it a little longer. Come to my wedding."

"Thank you; that's your affair. My affairs are elsewhere."

"Where are you going?"

"To Germany, — by the first ship."

"You have decided not to marry Mr. Acton?"

"I have refused him," said Eugenia.

Her brother looked at her in silence.

"I am sorry," he rejoined at last. "But I was very discreet, as you asked me to be. I said nothing."

"Please continue, then, not to allude to the matter," said Eugenia.

Felix inclined himself gravely. "You shall be obeyed. But your position in Germany?" he pursued.

"Please to make no observations upon it."

"I was only going to say that I supposed it was altered."

"You are mistaken."

"But I thought you had signed" —

"I have not signed!" said the baroness.

Felix urged her no further, and it was arranged that he should immediately assist her to embark.

Mr. Brand was indeed, it appeared, very impatient to consummate his sacrifice, and deliver the nuptial benediction which would set it off so handsomely; but Eugenia's impatience to withdraw from a country in which she had not found the fortune she had come to seek was even less to be mistaken. It is true she had not made any great variety of exertion; but she appeared to feel justified in generalizing, — in deciding that the conditions of action on this provincial continent were not favorable to really

superior women. The elder world was after all their natural field. The unembarrassed directness with which she proceeded to apply these intelligent conclusions appeared to the little circle of spectators who have figured in our narrative but the supreme exhibition of a character to which the experience of life had imparted an inimitable pliancy. It had a distinct effect upon Robert Acton, who, for the two days preceding her departure, was a very restless and irritated mortal. She passed her last evening at her uncle's, where she had never been more charming; and in parting with Clifford Wentworth's affianced bride she drew from her own finger a curious old ring, and presented it to her with the prettiest speech and kiss. Gertrude, who as an affianced bride was also indebted to her gracious bounty, admired this little incident extremely, and Robert Acton almost wondered whether it did not give him the right, as Lizzie's brother and guardian, to offer in return a handsome present to the baroness. It would have made him extremely happy to be able to offer a handsome present to the baroness; but he abstained from this expression of his sentiments, and they were, in consequence, at the very last, by so much less comfortable. It was almost at the very last that he saw her, — late the night before she went to Boston to embark.

"For myself, I wish you might have stayed," he said. "But not for your own sake."

"I don't make so many differences,"

said the baroness. "I am simply sorry to be going."

"That's a much deeper difference than mine," Acton declared; "for you mean you are simply glad!"

Felix parted with her on the deck of the ship. "We shall often meet over there," he said.

"I don't know," she answered. "Europe seems to me much larger than America."

Mr. Brand, of course, in the days that immediately followed, was not the only impatient spirit; but it may be said that of all the young spirits interested in the event none rose more eagerly to the level of the occasion. Gertrude left her father's house with Felix Young; they were imperturbably happy and they went far away. Clifford and his young wife sought their felicity in a narrower circle, and the latter's influence upon her husband was such as to justify, strikingly, the theory of the elevating effect of easy intercourse with clever women which Felix had propounded to Mr. Wentworth. Gertrude was for a good while a distant figure, but she came back when Charlotte married Mr. Brand. She was present at the wedding feast, where Felix's gayety confessed to no change. Then she disappeared, and the echo of a gayety of her own, mingled with that of her husband, often came back to the home of her earlier years. Mr. Wentworth at last found himself listening for it; and Robert Acton, after his mother's death, married a particularly nice young girl.

Henry James, Jr.

SUMMER NOON.

EARTH spirit, thou dost love a windless sky,
 And the deep silence of the heated noon,
 When little breezes scarce go wandering by,
 And summer's spell has charmed the robin's tune.

Great potency of nature now has thrilled
Into the fibres of thy languid frame;
Mandragora and poppy, twice distilled,
Rise like a vapor to thy drowsy brain.

When tired mowers seek a friendly shade
Oft to the tumbled meadows thou dost hie;
On clover pillows leans thy heavy head,
And perfumes steal from where the windrows lie.

A burning haze has veiled the grassy land;
The sun's remorseless tides are pouring down;
A naked blade whirled in a mighty hand
Flashes the jewels of thy queenly crown.

The laden bee drones in thy heedless ear;
The cicada sings, loving well the heat;
The priestly cricket, though none heed or hear,
His *benedictus* chants amid the wheat.

No leaflet trembles on the tangled hedge,
The fern droops hidden in its mossy nook;
A dragon's breath has scorched the plummy sedge,
And e'en the wild rose faints beside the brook.

Now shadows gather on broad-breasted hills,
Where the dim pines and feathered larches lean;
And dewy evening freshness soft distills
From hidden depths, and from the noiseless stream.

Arise, earth spirit, and shake off thy swoon,
Drunk with the sunshine as with fervid wine;
Arise, and free thee from the heated noon,
And in thy locks bind rose and eglantine!

See where she moves across the meadow plain,
With waving robe that freshens all the flowers!
A sense of dew, a breath of tender rain,
Brings thoughts of sea-wind and of dropping showers.

About her steps the little breezes curl,
And fledgelings try their new, untutored wings;
In airy dance the swallows skim and whirl,
And the shy evening songster sweetly sings.

Augusta Larned.

POGANUC PEOPLE, AND OTHER NOVELS.

THE early crop of native American novels for 1878 is of rather more than usual interest. The first fact to be noted about them, and the most unusual, is that many of them have a distinctness of character which almost amounts to individuality. In place of careful and refined but timid and insignificant studies in Old World styles, we have several unquestionably bold attempts, and more or less piquant and animating failures.

Mrs. Champney's *Bourbon Lilies*¹ is not a failure in any sense. It is a particularly graceful and finished little story, showing much tenderness of feeling and liveliness of mind; but the scenery and characters are almost exclusively French, and its proper place is with the interesting studies of Miss Peard and Mr. Hamerton, — not among American books at all. We have also a somewhat mysterious and awful history, entitled *Seola*,² purporting to be derived from the oldest manuscript in the world, and to record, for our instruction, the coquetries of the wife and daughter of Japhet with Lucifer and the lesser rebel angels, who are supposed to have relieved the restlessness from which they suffered before they became thoroughly wonted to To-phet by disturbing the peace of human families. They did, in fact, according to our author, accomplish a good deal of mischief; but the flood proved a heroic remedy, — a sort of water-cure, — and set all straight again; and he goes into minute and not very savory details of that exceedingly moist and unpleasant occasion. Those who have an active theological interest in the Noachian deluge will, no doubt, read this anonymous volume with serious attention, but the average reader will be apt to prefer something more modern and realistic.

¹ *Bourbon Lilies: A Story of Artist Life.* By LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. 1878.

² *Seola.* Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1878.

With these two exceptions, the themes of the new books are all American, the mode of treatment unconventional, and the experiments in construction and freaks of phraseology of a sort for which our European tutors in fiction, whom we have hitherto feared so much, and whose excellence in their own line it really seems so hopeless for us to try to emulate, will cheerfully disclaim all responsibility. Perhaps it is better so; we have been pottering at copies a good while. It may be time for us to break wholly away from the models which we shall hardly approach much nearer than now, and set our native and moderately developed wits at work on the undeniably raw material which lies all about us. For the finest copy can have but a trifling intrinsic value, while an original design may be even ludicrously faulty, and yet promise excellent things.

And it so happens that among the novelists of the new year we find three, at least, who have already proved themselves, in a remarkable degree, original and national. If Hawthorne's peerless name could be substituted for the least familiar of these three, we might safely say our three most original. Mrs. Stowe gives us *Poganuc People*; ³ Bret Harte, *The Story of a Mine*; and William M. Baker, the eccentric and almost forgotten author of *A New Timothy*, published a decade or more ago in Harper's Magazine, comes briskly to the front with a racy and wonderfully ill-written tale entitled *A Year Worth Living*, and relating to a place and people of which, as he justly reminds us on his title-page, we can ill afford, and particularly at present, to remain ignorant.

The tale of *Poganuc* is thin and quiet, the slow trickling of a stream which flowed abundantly and, properly speak-

³ *Poganuc People: Their Loves and Lives.* By HARRIET BECKER STOWE. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulburt. 1878.

ing, exhausted itself in Oldtown Folks; a series of sober and unromantic, though sometimes mildly affecting reminiscences, which Mrs. Stowe's long literary experience enables her to relate pleasantly and without effort. These are authentic reminiscences, and have a historical, quite distinct from their literary, value. The old New England rural life can hardly be too fully and minutely illustrated for those who came too late to behold it, for the significance of that life in the fast-culminating story of this nation is inestimable. Mrs. Stowe knew it thoroughly, and has fathomed its philosophy and felt its dumb, dark poetry as few others ever have. In the austere courts of that "prison of Puritanism" whose futile outer walls it makes Mr. Matthew Arnold so ill to look upon, there grew up and blossomed between the flags a few sweet and pallid flowers, of which the very species is likely to be trampled out of existence under the tread of vulgar feet, now that those courts are wide open both for ingress and egress. The first Unitarians, who broke jail three quarters of a century ago, kept reverently enough the seeds of these wan flowers, but were not always successful in their culture upon open ground. And so, not to insist too long upon our metaphor, we are fain to depend for the knowledge which we crave upon pressed and dried specimens like Mrs. Stowe's, and to be thankful even for the Poganuc sketches, which are but the last, uncolored leavings of a large and loving collection.

Whether the dialect supposed to have been spoken by the rude forefathers of the New England hamlets be as worthy of preservation in books as their manners and customs and spiritual experiences is a more doubtful matter. So far as it was a genuine dialect, and a reservoir of old English forms and words, — as to some extent it certainly was, — it is interesting. So far as it consisted merely, and still consists among the unrefined, of a wanton distortion of sounds and a hardy disobedience to grammar, it is wholly base, and the sooner it passes out of both ear and mind the better.

Ruskin was nearer the truth than usual when he said, long ago, "Provincial dialect is not vulgar; but cockney dialect, the corruption by blunted sense of a finer language continually heard, is so, in a deep degree." Now if Mrs. Stowe is right in supposing the difference to have been as wide, one hundred years ago, as she represents, between the speech of the professional and that of the agricultural classes in a considerable country place, then there was unquestionably, as Ruskin says, a deep vulgarity in the talk of the farmers; for they mingled freely with their betters in that primitive society, and had constant opportunities of hearing a purer language. And in truth the effect of the close juxtaposition of these two styles, in the pages of this or any novel, is actually one of vulgarity; while any fun there may once have been in it is long since worn out.

But perhaps Mrs. Stowe is wrong, and mistakes late knowledge for early recollection, as people are rather apt to do. We should be more inclined to think so, were it not that the sincere and reflective author of *Gemini*,¹ the latest of the No Name novels, gives exactly the same account of the difference at present existing between the talk of these two kinds of people in a remote district of New Hampshire, where the mode of living is to all intents and purposes from fifty to a hundred years behind that of the sea-board. And this is perhaps the best place in which to give a word of hearty praise to *Gemini*, — an extremely simple and sorrowful little story, evidently by a new author, but bearing a stamp of quiet veracity which is allied more nearly than we sometimes think to the highest art. It is the humblest of tragedies, and has nothing to do with "terror," and little with passion; but it does purify the heart by "pity," as we read. The style reveals, on every page, that deep and ample but hardly conscious culture, still oftenest attained in solitary places by those who go much to books for their own sake only, and not because

¹ *No Name Series. Gemini.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

the demands of conversation or the customs of a social clique require it.

Mr. Bret Harte's *Story of a Mine*¹ is one more advertisement of his wasted powers. One perfect and extremely brilliant gift he had: the eye to see, the hand to portray picturesquely and dramatically, the immensely entertaining and improper life of the Pacific States. It was surely his evil genius which lured him away from a field where he was winning a unique fame, and induced him to try his hand at social and political satire. So long as he remained among semi-barbarians, his own reaction was towards civilization, and he stood just far enough aloof from his grotesque subjects to give his humor free play. Planted in a sophisticated community, he frets and sickens for the piquant criminality of the mines, and can produce nothing better than a bad imitation of Dickens at his worst. The *Story of a Mine* is so sharply and evenly divided between his two styles that it might as well be two books, or even much better. The first or Californian part has all the author's old fascination, and flashes merrily with his peculiar wit in short, sharp dialogues like the following:—

“‘Had we not better wait for the inquest, and swear out a warrant?’ said the secretary cautiously. [The body of a murdered man had been found near the entrance to the mine.]

“‘How many men have we?’

“‘Five.’

“‘Then,’ said the president, summing up the revised statutes of the State of California in one strong sentence, ‘we don’t want no d—d warrant!’”

But when the scene of this lively and not too improbable tale shifts to Washington, it drops into a chasm of inanity. There is a foolish and spiritless attempt at satire of evils so grave that they sternly demand at least a manly treatment. Great ignorance of civic affairs is shown, combined with a languid and indiscriminating spite against those who administer them. The caricature of

Charles Sumner is in the worst taste,—recognizable, and therefore unpardonable. The echo of the wordy and futile tirades of Dickens against chancery and the circumlocution office is distressingly exact, and all the final working out of the odd story, which began so brightly, is low; and what is worse, in the sense in which a blunder is worse than a crime, it is not amusing.

But Bret Harte in his own province—be it repeated—is yet masterly; and the author of *A Year Worth Living*² has a province too, into which he dashes with lusty good-will, if not always with the highest literary wisdom. On the whole, there is perhaps nothing of which it more imports us here at the North to improve our understanding than the native type and prevailing dispositions of our Southern countrymen, and the state of society—slavery quite apart—which climate and situation tend to induce among them. Slavery apart, because slavery, while it lasted, was so fruitful a source of fanatical intolerance and partisan passion; because it has actually been long enough eliminated for society at the South to have fairly begun to shape itself to its absence; and because, while we do not care to be too much intimidated by the rather stentorian order of our Southern brethren to let bygones be bygones, we honestly think that the best thing both they and we can do is to forget the peculiar institution as early and completely as possible, and try to comprehend one another as we are. And Mr. Baker has some very special qualifications for assisting such a mutual understanding. He appears to have known the South intimately and affectionately up to the time of the war, and to possess that sort of easy conscience about the abstract morality of slavery which seems to be the inalienable right of those who have grown up in its presence. His story is that of a young clergyman of Southern birth, who was educated at the North, but returned to take charge of a Presbyterian parish in one of the larger

¹ *The Story of a Mine.* By BRET HARTE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

² *A Year Worth Living.* A Story of a Place and

of a People one cannot afford not to know. By WILLIAM M. BAKER. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1878.

Gulf cities, apparently Galveston. The "year worth living" was crowded with rich and quaint experiences, and culminated in a frightful epidemic of yellow fever, during which the complacent young divine, whose early blunders are rehearsed with the sort of good-humored indulgence which a man is apt to bestow upon his own, is put upon his real mettle and shows himself a hero. The time of action is before the war, but slavery, as we have said, is mentioned only incidentally and indifferently. The author lays his greatest stress on the fundamental effect upon character of the Southern conditions of soil and climate, — on the strong passions, the rank eccentricities, the *insouciant* temper, the lavish charity, the fervors of piety, and the transports of crime which belong of right to a semi-tropical community; and he depicts their workings with no little force. He has a keen eye for human oddities, and impresses into his often laughable pages a good many who have no proper connection with the story. There is plenty of love in the book, and Mr. Baker gives us in the two sisters, Irene and Zenobia Buttolph, two types of Southern womanhood which a little more delicacy of execution would have made admirable studies. Zenobia is meant to be such a one as almost all who have seen much of well-born Southern ladies must have known: quiet and queenly, with a noble moral sense, an evenly-diffused intelligence rendering her peerless in all the every-day sovereignties and probable contingencies of life, and the courage of high breeding at great crises, — a lovely, powerful, and worshipful nature. Irene, her sister, is the reverse of all this: handsome, hasty, giddy, shallow, capable of no patience and much cruelty; of the true fire-eating type, in short, which naturally expresses animosity by spitting on its foe. Irene is naïvely and respectfully described by the author as a "brilliant woman," and she is evidently his sincere ideal of the type. He quotes her wit, which is the merest pertness; her learning, which is but a flourish of ignorance which any grammar-school girl at the North could confute. Her

strangely defective education she shares, however, with all the men in the story, gentlemen and others, except the clergyman, and this is possibly one of the most truthful strokes in the whole effective picture. Zenobia belongs to that class of elect ladies who are above education; and there are a few such women, while there are no such men, this being one intellectual difference between the sexes. It is apparently lack of mental training in the author himself which, more than anything else, mars the effect of his really striking book. There is a coarseness and carelessness of workmanship, an utter lawlessness of arrangement or non-arrangement, which contrast strangely with its virile originality. One would hardly believe, without seeing, that a writer who could describe, as Mr. Baker does, the scenes on the sugar plantation, the night on the bayou-boat, the slowly deepening horror of the fever, could calmly perpetrate such English as follows: "The colder the one was, so much the warmer the other." "The only hope left him was a steady purpose not to stay a fool if God would show him how" (which suggests a truly satanic spirit of rebellion). "There was a sort of physical magnetism which drew the two together; a supply and demand, *each of what he did not himself possess in the other.*" "Mr. Fanthorp had possession now of and was laughing with Irene at the piano." "An unopened bottle stood beside him, and to one side of him was an artificial mound of stones," etc. As an offset to these little enormities, we would gladly quote the droll scene in which Mr. Fanthorp, the lawyer, amiably discusses with Mr. Venable, the minister, the best means of getting satisfaction of the latter for having given him the lie; and the highly histrionic one in the same chapter, where Irene insults her father's mistress, the beautiful slave girl Iphigenia. But we have not space for these things, and they deserve to be sought in their place.

On the whole, Mr. Baker's book is fully as well worth reading as his hero's year was worth living, and we insist on it the more because the tale has a steady

Presbyterian squint, which is likely to render it specially invisible to the wall-eyed radicalism of Boston. But another new book lies before us which is still better worth reading. It is a novel of American army life, by Frederic Whittaker, the biographer of the unfortunate General Custer. We almost blush to say that the name of this fresh and animated romance is *The Cadet Button*.¹ Why so charming a tale should have received so pitiable a title, or why it need have been so coarsely printed and so tawdrily bound by Sheldon & Co., the former publishers of *The Galaxy*, are mysteries. The title seems especially obnoxious and unfair to the book, and yet the button plays a most essential part in a story which is compactly and ingeniously constructed, — the best made American novel, as we think, of this or many seasons. It would seem as if the superb West Point training, which the author has apparently enjoyed, although he does not write himself U. S. A., had assisted him in shunning the incoherence of plan and diffuseness of style which spoil for permanent significance the work of so many of our cleverest writers. This tale is so full of romantic and varied action that no room is left in it for dreamy philosophy or morbid analysis. The characters are numerous and sustained with great spirit; not subtly studied, to be sure, but clearly and vigorously outlined, if also with a certain military rapidity and roughness. Mr. Whittaker's classification of woman-kind is almost as broad and artless as Mr. Baker's. Like a true knight of the plains, he divides all women, old and young, fair and plain, gentle and simple, into those who do behave well in hardship and danger, and those who do not. On the whole, it is not an unwholesome division; quite as good, at all events, as the one, more approved among ourselves, into women who do and do not paint sphinxes and study Greek.

But the chief value and timeliness of Mr. Whittaker's book lie in the fine

and just picture which it presents of the *esprit de corps* of the American regular army; of the strict honor, simple bravery, patience under poverty and exile, and somewhat scornful superiority to sordid conditions which have characterized its officers as a class. We have had no other school, North or South, which so regularly and effectually as West Point has made its pupils *gentlemen* in the plainest, soundest, and proudest sense of that term; and it is very well worth while to have our memories refreshed about this matter now that the army and the nursery of the army are being made the object of insidious attack by unscrupulous civilians. In connection with the strange story of the Indian half-breed, MacDearmid, Mr. Whittaker also gives us a few grave and dispassionate considerations upon the Indian problem. He by no means displays the sanguinary impatience of the red man's existence so often attributed to army men, and sometimes, it must be acknowledged, rather ostentatiously professed by them; but he displays a thorough and practical knowledge of what the Indian really is, and of how barbarism and so-called civilization have conspired to enbrute him. It seems a pity, by the way, that Mr. Whittaker should have confessed, in his preface, that MacDearmid is a real character. If he had not felt bound to do this, he might have finished his story after some fashion; while, at present, the unexplained fate of the half-breed and his victim, Juliet Brinton, constitute the greatest flaw in the art of an otherwise well-rounded romance.

We come finally to the two earliest of Harper's new series of American novels,² and shall speak first of number two, because we happen to have something more to say of number one than the mere ability of it would demand. *Justine's Lovers* opens rather flatly and feebly, but it is none the less an exceedingly clever novelette. The first page is much the worst; the last — wonder of won-

¹ *The Cadet Button*. A Novel of American Army Life. By FREDERIC WHITTAKER. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1878.

² *Harper's Library of American Fiction*. No. 1 *Esther Pennefather*. By ALICE PERRY. No. 2 *Justine's Lovers*. A Novel. New York. 1878.

ders in these fiction-deluged days!—gracefully conveys a slight but genuine surprise. Of all the books which we have enumerated, this, which is in some respects the least ambitious, contains the cleverest characterization, the keenest insight into human motives, and the most delicate discrimination of human varieties. Mrs. Vane, Mr. Barty, the Stark-enburghs, father and son, are drawn admirably, with full comprehension, and yet a most lady-like refinement of touch. It is, in fact, a noticeably well-bred book. We tremble when the scene is shifted to Washington, but even the seemingly compulsory search for a place under government cannot make Justine vulgar. We respect the author so unfeignedly that we feel as if it would be almost impertinent to hint that she is telling her own experience; but we may at least affirm that she has contrived to inform her tale with an intense reality, and that it fixes our attention and absorbs our sympathies very much as the true story of an extremely engaging young woman would be apt to do, if heard from her own lips. We detect ourselves in applying this earnest and ingenuous narrative to the present administration, and wondering how Secretary Sherman will like it, before we remember that there is really nothing to fix the date of its incidents, and that it may not be photography which we are considering, but only very life-like free-hand drawing. There are several indications of reserved power in these open pages, and the possibility of a certain kind of poetic excellence in the scraps of poetry, principally paraphrases from the Psalms, which are sparingly introduced in the brief passages of more intimate confession. We give a very free versification of the Thirteenth Psalm:—

"How long wilt thou forget me,
O Lord? Forever?
How long shall woes beset me,
And spare me never?

"Alas, thy face is hidden,
O King immortal!
I stand and knock, forbidden
To pass thy portal.

"My soul is clothed in sadness,
I perish daily;

My foes are crowned with gladness,
And jeer me gayly.

"Behold my footsteps totter,
Without foundation;
I walk like one on water,
Nor find salvation.

"Consider now and hear me,
O father! Cherish
My fainting life, and cheer me
Lest I should perish.

"O gracious one, my Saviour,
I will not quiver,
Nor swerve, nor change behavior,
But serve thee ever."

If, as all the newspapers say, Esther Pennefather has power, let us hope that it is of the powers destined soon to pass away. Here is a story so unnatural and unwholesome that any word, even of censure, which might arrest it for an instant on its way to oblivion ought possibly to be withheld. Unfortunately it cannot be wholly overlooked, because it has a weird sort of ability, and because the preposterous *motif* of it arises logically enough out of the acceptance of certain theories which are curiously popular for the moment, and ardently urged by writers of established reputation. What sort of a world this might possibly become if women had their own way in it altogether, and men generally were reduced to the ranks, the reader is invited to observe in the pages of this malarious and suffocating tale. The pleasing plot of it is as follows: A woman of divine beauty, uncertain age, and immeasurable "magnetism" has a girls' school, and all the sub-teachers and prominent pupils are madly in love with this phenomenal preceptress, and cruelly jealous of one another. Their agonies are in fact depicted with no little effect. The lady principal's name is Miriam Snow. She is without heart herself, but finds an amiable pleasure in alternately flattering and torturing her victims, and playing them off against one another. One of the pupils, Emily Wise, dies of love for her teacher, complicated with phthisis. The heroine, Esther Pennefather, distinguishes herself yet more. She encounters a low fellow who informs her that he has a secret which, if divulged, would be distressing

and dishonorable to Miss Snow. It relates to a forgery committed many years before by a mythical brother of that fiendish enchantress, and the cad coolly requests Esther to marry him out of hand as the sole condition of his continuing to keep the secret. Esther, we are emphatically informed, had "the blood of an honorable old family in her veins," though it is not quite easy to reconcile this statement with the fact that neither she, nor Miss Snow, nor Miss Wise, nor any of the other lunatics of the first half of the story appear to have had fathers, mothers, guardians, or family ties. However, being of this mysterious but aristocratic extraction, Esther revolts a little from the thought of such a union, but consents to it rather than that her idol should be annoyed, and is married after a fortnight's engagement. Miss Snow, who is also "high-born," cuts Esther's acquaintance directly, for having married beneath her; and the bride is conveyed to the frozy house of her father-in-law, in the low quarter of a distant town, where we are pathetically told how her fastidious soul was revolted by the coarse manners of her new connections. She is nevertheless upheld by the reflection that she has sacrificed herself for what she blasphemously calls "love" (love for the school-mistress, be it understood!), and after a few years of angelic endurance of an ungrammatical family circle and an inartistic domicile, barely to mention a husband whom her scorn and aversion drove quite naturally into the worst dissipations, this extraordinary heroine is made perfect by suffering, and departs, by a conventional apotheosis, to a heaven where no rude man shall enter evermore. An appropriate pendant to this ingenious narrative is the story of Elsie Doepfner, — an exceptionally saintly sister of Esther's vulgar husband, — who also, in her tender years, becomes violently enamored of another girl, much superior to her in station, named Rachel. Rachel has a proud and pious mother, and a proud, beautiful, and vicious sister. The sister offends the mother, and the mother shuts her up in one of the chambers of their

stately mansion and keeps her a prisoner there for years. Rachel resolves to be even with her mother for this outrage, and as soon as she comes of age displays her filial indignation and secures revenge by eloping with a relative of the family who is also a married man. Elsie thereupon forsakes her home and family, and devotes herself to the task of discovering and "saving" her early friend; and she is said to have accomplished her mission, although we are not informed from what she saved her. One would say that the mischief in Rachel's case came near being irremediable. On the whole, however, there is something refreshing about the positive criminality of Rachel. It is not entirely aimless, abnormal, and imbecile, like the raptures and the torments which the other women of the book undergo for the impassioned love of one another.

To do the author of Esther Pennefather justice, she seems to be too young or too really unsophisticated to have any adequate idea of the deep infamy involved in a girl's marrying, or rather prostituting herself, from any such motive as she ascribes to her heroine. The book certainly shows unusual literary aptitude. There is a remarkable affluence of incident, a dramatic power in certain scenes and a feverish intensity of feeling in others, which help to tide the reader over the sickliness of the theme, and carry him on to the melodramatic end. But the feeling is like the strong recoil of affections forcibly turned back from their natural and righteous channels, and the mental acumen is of the one-sided and somewhat hysterical order, too apt to flourish in that modern substitute for the nunnery, the female college.

We have a strong suspicion that the name which appears on the queer cover of Esther Pennefather is but the literary disguise of some *artium magistra* late come with first honors from one of the institutions aforesaid; one who, having cherished an unrequited affection for some professor in "reform" costume, has beguiled the ennui of her first post-graduate year by this not quite harm-

less production. If it be so, we would recommend, in all good faith and good feeling, as an alternative for her morbid imagination, a faithful course of morn-

ing housework and evening "hops," and a second literary experiment ten years hence, when she shall have made acquaintance with the actual world.

SILVER BUTTONS.

WHEN I was half asleep, and wholly dreaming,
 Out in the maple grove the other day,
 A woman on a swift horse passed me, riding
 Far down the hill-side in a splendid way.

Oh, there was something very bright about her;
 She went so swiftly that I do not know
 What all that brightness was, but stars and sunshine
 Gleamed down the shady road I saw her go.

She was no angel riding down from heaven,
 For she had on a very mundane dress,
 And all adown it two long rows of buttons
 Threw back the light of heaven like worldliness.

All of the scene that I can well remember
 Is the swift grace with which she dashed along,
 And the two twinkling rows of starry buttons.
 What matter, then, is this to make a song?

But it has done it. As the vision vanished
 My heart set up a song. Oh, how it sings
 Of stars and brightness! and her dashing motion
 Gave me the time in which the music rings.

Those buttons! oh, those buttons! Why she wore them
 I cannot think. Were they for use or show?
 And why should I persist in thinking of them?
 These all are mysteries I cannot know.

Those buttons! oh, 't was vanity to wear them.
 I've learned she sat up late to sew them strong,
 Then slept to dream of me, and slyly saw me
 The while she rode so loftily along.

'T was folly I beheld, and now I know it,
 I long the more to see the sight again.
 She thought of me while setting all those buttons, —
 Of me alone in this great world of men.

Elizabeth H. Fenn.

A HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT.

VI.

THE words which Alden Holcroft had said to Ruth Hanway might be thought sufficiently general, yet something of the unarticulated passion which impelled them followed the words as they lay in the mind of the young girl. They were so few, and were so distinctly uttered, that she easily retained them in her memory, and in the quiet which was so abundant in her life she turned them over and over, and tried, with her confined experience, to discover the full force which they had for him who had spoken them. "It is a selfish life, after all. One may be selfish when he fancies he has very high ideals." As spoken, she perceived these words were meant by him for himself, yet she found it easier to apply them to her own condition. She knew little of what shape Holcroft's ideals partook. "He is trying," she said to herself, "to achieve in solitude what we have in our community. It is by escaping from the world into the wilderness that he hopes to lead the angelic life. But he has no one to help him. Yet father may help him."

Although these words were not spoken, she started at the sound of her own thought, and sitting down buried her face in her hands, while her whole frame shook with suppressed sobs. It was the first time for many weeks that the name "father" had escaped from the dark recess into which she had crowded it. She did not call Elder Isaiah father. She had been taught to ignore the relationship, yet if any had watched narrowly they would have seen that neither did she call him Elder Isaiah. She accosted him in the manner of others, and spoke of him only when his name was not needed. But in secret she cherished the name, and once, in the fields, when she was out of hearing, she had uttered it aloud. She clung to it instinctively, and as instinctively held it for her own se-

cret. He never used the word "daughter" to her, but in the silent place where she kept his name she kept also the tones with which he spoke to her when he unconsciously used a father's voice.

The Shaker life recognizes a constant conflict with the powers of evil and a sure victory of tranquillity. For herself, she was aware that she sometimes looked up from the inclosure in which she dwelt to a blue heaven above; the rapture of her countenance, the spring of her step, in the rhythmic procession, which had so appealed to Holcroft, were real signs of a spiritual exaltation. It was her aim to make such occasional moods permanent, and she was dismayed that she should pass from them to states of hopelessness and dreariness. These she felt to be expressions of her lower nature, and she knew no other way to extirpate them than by a relentless warfare. She expended in the struggle all the energy of a resolute will not wont to manifest itself externally by any violence. For a long time past she had been dissatisfied with her progress. What stood in the way of her peace she knew not; but one day, after listening to a discourse from Elder Isaiah upon the necessity of sacrifice if one would get the victory, in which he quoted the words, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me," a chill struck through her frame as it was suddenly borne in upon her that the one thing to which she clung most tenaciously was that name of father, and that if she could bury it past resurrection her triumphant peace was assured. She came out from the little meeting-house into the bright sunshine, cold and pale. The elder joined her presently, and said a word to her; his own nature, at that moment, kindled by his theme, was animated by a new warmth, and recalling at the sight of her the sacrifice which he long ago had made, and — simple man that he was — supposed made forever,

he was moved to speak with a certain tenderness. Ruth answered in a low tone that was the stifling of her cry for affection, and fearing to betray herself hurried from him. As she left him she caught sight of the face of one of the sisters passing by, Eldress Charlotte, the oldest in the family, and suddenly, as if by an impish suggestion, remembered a rumor that the eldress had cherished a more than sisterly love for a Shaker in her youth, and that the man had been sent away, in consequence, to the neighboring settlement of Salem. Now her face looked like nothing so much as the Indian pipe, which grows in ghostly erectness in the swamp.

The girl had shut the door upon her father's name, had barred and bolted it, as she thought, and for weeks had resolutely refused her one secret pleasure. In the same spirit she had refused to join in the idle talk of the others respecting the silent, melancholy-looking man who had taken his place in the neighborhood, with so different a bearing from the other neighbors. It was only this day, while alone in the field, that she had suffered herself to fancy that the entire rest for which she had longed was near at hand. She knew that she had not cared to look at the house where Holcroft lived, or to join in the whispered talk of the girls beside her; that she had heard her own father spoken of without feeling the quick response which once was sure to come. Yes, she felt that she was growing still and patient; that she was getting not to care, as she said. All at once the stranger had spoken to her; he had mentioned her father, then he had gone; as they passed his house she had a sudden rush of curiosity, and caught a glimpse of the interior of the lonely house in which he lived; and now, turning over his words in her mind, and perplexed by them, she had suddenly been betrayed into the old feeling, which was nothing less than of running to her father with her doubts. All her self-conquest seemed shattered by a single blow,—and that a blow of light. No wonder that she looked at the ruin of her many weeks' work with a cruel sense of

failure and agitated discomfiture. The paleness which her composure had been painting upon her face was gone, and deep color rushed over her cheeks and turned to sombre tints about her eyes.

It was at that moment that Eldress Charlotte entered her room, and stood surprised at the face of the girl.

"Crying, Ruth? What has troubled you? Has Miranda been unkind? I heard your name from her as I passed just now. Come; Elder Isaiah is asking for you."

Ruth had changed her face in the effort to repress her tears, but as these words came out her tears broke forth,—tears of bitter self-reproach, of anger, of disappointment. It was as if the ice which she had been suffering to form had suddenly broken away, and the pent-up stream flowed forth with new energy. Eldress Charlotte was unmoved.

"Wash your face, Ruth," she said, in cold, measured tones, "and come with me." Ruth obeyed, and presently showed a placid countenance, which but for its color might have been matched with the elder woman's for quiet. "It is ill to give way thus," said Eldress Charlotte, as they left the room. "Learn to control yourself." Elder Isaiah was waiting below, and held a letter in his hand.

"I have had a letter from Maria," said he. "You may read it. You will see that she asks you to visit her again." Maria was her mother's sister whom once as a young girl she had visited in the city. Ruth was silent a moment.

"Nay," said she, "I will not read it. I do not wish to go." She put out her hands with a gesture as if to push it all away from her.

"You may do as you please," said the elder, looking with pride at the girl, who appeared by this act to express her entire renunciation of the world and her unhesitating acceptance of the Shaker life when they were momentarily placed in contrast. To Ruth, at that instant, it seemed only desirable to escape even from the world of Shakerism, so insufferable was all companionship and so oppressive her own solitude. She went

about her trivial tasks with a sense of having been rudely invaded in her most private life, and there came, moreover, a sense of shame at she scarcely knew what revelation of herself. All sorts of thoughts and recollections went tumultuously through her brain, usually so orderly, and she seemed unable to drive back the unwarrantable ones. She thought of Eldress Charlotte, and caught herself wondering whether she had ever subdued wholly the unrequited love which she had expended on the now dead Elder Abraham; she thought of Elder Isaiah himself, and father, father, father sounded in her ears, as if it were an unholy temptation; she thought of the glimpse she had caught of Holcroft's house, and found herself in fancy going up the broad staircase, or looking at the pictures which she had dimly descried on the walls; Holcroft appeared again to her, and she renewed the recollection of his grave face bent upon her in the field; and then, bewildered by all these gathering images, the girl, as if chased by the hunters and fleeing to a refuge, cried out in her heart for her mother, whom she could not recall. "Oh, if I might but have a mother! Why have I no mother?"

VII.

The house in which Ruth Hanway lived, with other of the girls of the community, was looked upon with some special regard, because, as one of the oldest in the settlement, it had once sheltered Mother Ann, the Virgin Mary, if one may call her so, of this peculiar people. Denying the special mother, they allowed their reverence and affection to go out toward one who bore to the whole people a relation of divine motherhood, and the more thoughtful and pious among them brought to their half-worship of this woman all that remained of their instinctive love for their own mothers. In the new heavens and new earth which they believed themselves to be forming, they did not ignore the great dividing line of the sex, but

fancied that they removed from the two hemispheres of human life those individual properties and functions which perpetuated differences instead of allowing them gradually to disappear. When they exalted Ann to the place of a leader and gave her the name of mother, they recognized in her a maternity which was typical of the entire feminine element of the universe, exclusive only of that which pertains to perishable attributes. Call no woman mother after the flesh, they would say; yet they thought to retain the idea of a spiritual mother, freed from the substructure of an earthly antitype.

The very room which Ruth Hanway occupied had once been the chamber of Mother Ann, and often had Ruth believed herself half visited by visions of that saint. Always was she anticipating that sublimity of her own nature which would open her eyes to a more perfect apprehension of the great mother whom she was taught to venerate. So now, when the cry burst forth from her heart, she was half frightened at the measure of infidelity which it seemed to denote, half expectant that Mother Ann would graciously answer her unbreathed prayer and descend to solace her. It was at dusk, and no one else was in the room. Suddenly she heard a sound in the remote part of the room, and turned her eyes, wondering and agitated, thither. She saw nothing, yet her ears assured her of some movement there. There was a window opening into another chamber, in the direction whence the sound came. All at once, a light flashed across it. "Is she coming, then, in vengeance?" asked the half-terrified girl. She fell on her knees instinctively and gazed at the opening. The sound increased, and with it the light which now grew stronger. The whole window was illuminated, and with the tongues of flame came bursts of smoke. She started to her feet. At that moment she heard cries without, and then her own name was called. She flew to the door, and opening it was met by a gust of smoke. She closed it hastily, and went to a window on the outer wall. The building

was not a high one, and throwing up the window she saw a hurrying crowd of men, boys, women, and girls. A ladder was instantly brought, and she descended to the ground, to find herself in the midst of crying women who assailed her with questions, and of bustling men who were making haste to fight the flames. It was the hour when the people of the family were met in one of the other houses for their evening worship, and Ruth alone, forgetful of the hour, had been absent. She could tell nothing of the beginning of the fire, and indeed that must needs be left for another time, since the whole energy of the settlement was bent now on putting it out and saving the neighboring buildings. This society of Shakers was for convenience distributed among three groups of families, called, for distinction, the East, the West, and the Church families. It was in the East family that Ruth lived, while Elder Isaiah was a resident of the Church or central family, and was the head of the whole society, to whom all looked in emergencies. The three families were half a mile apart, but the news of the burning house spread quickly through the neighborhood, and almost the entire settlement was gathered at the East family.

It was a strange sight under the illumination of the flames to see the moving figures of these staid men, their broad-brimmed hats making them look like dwarfs in the half light. Some were saving articles of furniture or clothing, and all were working assiduously; the contrast between the sad garments and the fiery splendor was lost upon them. Conspicuous among them was Elder Isaiah, who gave his orders temperately, yet with a quickened sense which showed that he not only had his presence of mind, but could drive his thoughts down this narrow channel of exigency as surely as he could force his arguments along the road which led most directly to the desired conclusion. As he stood, a little remote from the others, he was tapped on the shoulder, and turning saw the stranger from Holcroft's Tavern.

"This is very sudden, Elder Isaiah. I but just saw the flames as I came down

the road. I am on my way to the station, and must take the late train, to be at my post to-morrow. Your people are houseless; let me offer you my house for them. I shall not be back for a week, and by that time you can make new arrangements. This is the key, and hanging on a nail in the hall you will find a key to the barn. Use both house and barn. I can trust you, and I am glad to be of some service to you."

"You have spoken generously," said Elder Isaiah. "Friend Holcroft, you will not repent this kindness. Give, and it shall be given to thee."

Alden hurried away. His act had been an impulsive one, but it is not certain that he would have so quickly broken in upon the sanctity of his house if he had not, with the quickness of a lover's inspiration, considered that one of the homeless was the girl Ruth Hanway. He scanned the groups as he passed for a sight of her, but he did not see her. Then, as he went down the road toward the Church family, the light from the burning house making the road a shining one, he perceived her standing by a round stone trough which was by the roadside, — a vast drinking-bowl which some patient Shaker had long since slowly chiseled, within and without, from a great rock. She had by her a little Jersey cow, which was drinking contentedly from the bowl. He stepped to the rock. A great public affair makes even strangers suddenly cordial, and these two, sheltered by the publicity of the fire, spoke freely, while one and another hurried by.

"Ruth Hanway," said he, "you are standing here with this little cow as if you did not know that your house was burning!"

"It is because our house is burning. The cattle are to be carried to one of the other barns. This cow was frightened; but she knew me when I spoke to her, and followed me when I led her away. She stopped here to drink." The little Jersey had finished her draught, and was cropping the sweet grass near the bowl.

"What faith she has in you! Do you

think I could frighten her by telling her that her barn was burning?"

"Nay. She knows she will be taken care of. But I"—Ruth checked herself.

"I have offered to do that. I have given your father the key to my house, and begged him to use it for the East family."

"And you?" she asked, looking up timidly.

"I am on my way now to the city, and must not linger. I shall not be back for a week, perhaps not so soon." He held out his hand. She took it with a shy grace that made him turn away abruptly. His boldness had fled.

"Good-by," he said, without looking back.

"Farewell," said she, gently; and calling her cow she went down the road, while he strode on before, as if in haste to get away from a pleasure.

She found shelter for the Jersey, and as she was providing for it Miranda came calling for her.

"Ruth Hanway! Ruth Hanway!"

"What is it, Miranda? I am here."

"I have been hunting everywhere for you. Only think! we are all to go to Holcroft's Tavern for the night. Elder Isaiah sent me for you. The wagon is ready, and eight of us girls are to go, while Jacob and Isaac are to sleep in the barn. To think of it! Friend Holcroft has lent his house to us. Did you ever hear the like? I am just possessed to see the inside. Eldress Charlotte is to go with us. I'd rather it had been Sister Abigail." She rattled on eagerly, while Ruth followed her, confused and uncertain. It was not at all plain to her. Something told her it was not well to enter that house; yet her father had bidden her go. And then Holcroft himself had the same as invited her. It would be churlish to refuse. Moreover, she shrank from the sudden intercourse with the other families if she were to be cast among them. Many questions would be asked her, and she wanted to be alone. Perhaps the rest would be so busy in their new quarters that they would not mind her. Yes, she would

go, and avoid all that a refusal might bring upon her. Her companion was too eager to notice Ruth's silence, and she could not have seen the self-questioning which the girl's silence covered.

Two wagons carried the party, with such needful things as they could hastily get together. They were forced to drive through the fields, to avoid the sparks which, under a change of wind, were carried from the burning settlement into the road. The old house had fallen in, and two of the neighboring buildings were in flames, which the men were fighting sturdily. The orderly habits of the Shakers stood them in good stead here, and under the direction of Elder Isaiah they were working as quietly and sedately as if fire were one of the customary incidents of their daily life.

"We shall be long rebuilding that," said Brother Jacob, who was driving one of the wagons. "I think perhaps we will put the buildings a little farther apart." The careful man was already arranging the little world over again. "Elder Isaiah will find a text in that for one of his discourses," he added, not without a touch of sarcasm in his voice, for looking, as he did, after the temporal concerns of the family he had a little impatience, which seldom went beyond the tones of his voice, at the elder's other-worldliness.

"Eldress Charlotte could preach one on 'A fire consumeth my members,'" whispered Miranda to Ruth, for the eldress herself was in the wagon.

"Say not such things to me!" said Ruth, indignantly. Her indignation was the more explosive because she was herself at that moment recalling her meeting with Holcroft, and Miranda's words were like the appearance of an accusing angel that foresaw guilt rather than recorded it.

VIII.

Holcroft had turned the key in his door, that evening, after closing his house, and taken it with him, as was his wont, on the way to town; coming suddenly upon the burning settlement, and

seeing Elder Isaiah, he had impulsively given him the key and offered him the house. Hitherto no one save himself had passed a night there, and as he was whirled toward the city he was ready to repent of his generosity; he grew uncomfortable at the thought of its being invaded now by a company of inquisitive strangers. He tried to laugh at the possible comments of the scrupulous Shakers at his mannish housekeeping, and caught himself wondering how all his expenditure of thought and fancy would strike one of the number, if she were indeed to go. He reasoned that it was by no means certain she and her companions would be sent there; perhaps a parcel of boys would occupy it, and touch with horny hands all his delicacies. He tried to recall the several points which would catch her eye if she did go, and suddenly felt his heart beat rapidly at the possibility of her making her way into one room in particular.

In truth, the entire party was possessed of some curiosity, as the key was turned in the lock, the door thrown open, and a lantern held aloft to disclose the interior. The light thrown into the broad hall was turned this way and that, and the Shakers moved cautiously along. The newel post of the staircase held a candelabrum, and that being lighted the hall showed its fine proportions, its pictures, statues, and carvings; but what chiefly took the eye was a cast of Luca della Robbia's Singing Boys inserted in the wall of the chimney, where the figures in high relief appeared marching in procession, with numbers behind, only hinted at, and each fully absorbed in his hymn of praise.

"Do you suppose he made that?" asked Miranda. "See! they all have their mouths open. They are singing and marching. It is something like us, is n't it?"

Brother Jacob had gone out to the barn with his lantern, but finding a candle they lit it, and went curiously about the several rooms, peeping into passages, and keeping close together, for even the older ones were impelled to speak in whispers in this great, strange house.

"I do not think we ought to go peering about so," said Ruth, who had hung back, and felt at every step she took that she was breaking into a sacred privacy.

"We must see if anybody is here," replied Miranda, who had taken upon herself the lead, and was trying one door after another. "Come in here!" opening a door and holding her candle before her.

"Nay, nay," remonstrated Ruth, growing more positive. "We must not go in there. We do not need that room."

"How do you know that?" asked Miranda, pushing forward, and followed by the others, who dared not go far from the light, for they were several turns away from the lighted hall. "See! it is where he paints all the pictures we have seen. Here is a picture part finished."

They all gathered about her, as if they could see the work still going on. Ruth alone remained by the door, refusing to enter.

"Ruth Hanway!" said several voices at once in surprise. They were all gazing at the picture, which stood on an easel, with the palette and brushes near by, where they had been laid by the painter before finishing his work. Startled by the words, which were not a summons, Ruth, by a sudden flash of intelligence, surmised what the picture was and fled from the doorway. The rest had not noticed at first that she was not with them. Then, looking about, they missed her.

"Come here, Ruth!" cried Miranda. "Come here, and see your picture!"

"For shame!" said a voice. It was Eldress Charlotte. "Come away from this room!" said she hotly; and silenced with surprise and confusion the party retreated and made their way to the hall. Ruth stood by the outer door, clutching the handle. Eldress Charlotte alone went to her, the rest remaining by the door through which they had entered the hall. The elder woman stood before Ruth, who hid her face in her hands.

"Come up-stairs," said she in her cold,

hard voice. Ruth followed her, while the rest began to chatter together.

"I saw him talking to her at the stone trough," said one, eagerly. "I passed them as I was going up to the West family. She had the little Jersey with her."

"Poh!" broke in Miranda, "that was not the first time. They met one day a fortnight ago, when we were out in the fields berrying. I came on them."

"I've seen him watch her in meeting," said a third. "He'd never take his eyes off her. They say he wants to be a Shaker."

"A Shaker!" scoffed Miranda, "with this house and all these things! I wonder if he would n't paint a picture of me. Hark! There is Eldress Charlotte calling us." The party went up the broad staircase, and were met by the woman at the head.

"There are several rooms here," said she, "but they have not all beds. This room, Miranda, you are to share with Ruth. Go in there, and I will show the rest where they will lie." Miranda entered the room designated and found Ruth there, her eyes swollen and her face pale.

"Never you mind, Ruth," said the girl, good-naturedly. "I never meant to plague you. But how should I know he had made your picture?"

"I did not know it myself," replied Ruth, in a low voice.

"Not know it! How then did he paint it?" Miranda asked, incredulous.

"I do not know. How should I know?"

"Did he not tell you?"

"Tell me! I do not know him."

"But he has talked with you. I saw him with you in the field, and Ann saw him talk with you by the stone trough."

Ruth was silent.

"What did Eldress Charlotte say to you?" pursued Miranda. "My! I was glad I was not in your shoes."

"Eldress Charlotte is a wicked woman," said Ruth suddenly. "She is an unjust woman, too. She would not believe me."

"Will she tell Elder Isaiah, I wonder?" said Miranda, looking at Ruth.

Ruth drew back. "My father is a perfect man. Oh, I wish he were here! He would believe me." She turned away and paced the room. Finally she went up to her companion. "Miranda, do you believe that I knew anything about that — that picture?"

"You did n't want us to go into the room," began Miranda, as if arguing the case. Ruth turned away and would say nothing more. Her companion in vain tried to induce her to talk. The girl refused to answer her questions or to notice her jests, and Miranda, finding it hard to amuse herself with so silent a companion, composed herself for sleep. So also did Ruth, but though she lay still she could not sleep. She heard sounds, and knew that the others were moving. Eldress Charlotte came into the room, and seeing the two quiet and seemingly asleep went away. The sounds ceased, but for an hour and more Ruth lay, with her eyes open, turning over in her mind the strange experience. A sense of injury took possession of her. Her mind recurred to the scene by the trough, and she recalled all the words that were spoken there. "What faith she has in you!" Holcroft had said, as he watched the Jersey; and Ruth, turned against, as she thought herself, by all, clung to the remembrance of her patient little cow that had followed her so confidently. And Holcroft, — he had faith in her, that she felt; not much by anything he had said, but by his perfectly trusting manner. She repelled with indignation the spoken and unspoken words of her companions which pointed him out as a crafty man. "He is a good man," she said to herself. "I know it, if I cannot prove it. He thinks no evil." Then in the darkness she flushed, and her heart beat quickly as she thought of the picture he had painted. How could he have done it? Had he remembered her face? Surely he could not have painted it, unnoticed, in meeting? Could she see it in the morning without attracting the attention of the others? But she shrank at the thought of all those inquisitive eyes turned upon her. Why not see it now? She recollected

that the candle stood near by on a table, and that there were matches by it. She listened. Her companion slept soundly. There was no noise. She rose and meant to take the candle, when she saw that the moon was shining brightly, shut out from their room only by the blind which they had closed. "I can see without the candle," she thought, and opening the door she crept softly down the staircase and passed through the hall. The moon gave her light, and she remembered the few turns which they had taken. Nevertheless, as she crept from door to door, going farther away from the hall, she felt herself shivering with fear, with excitement, and with cold. She had thrown a shawl over her shoulders, and now drew it closer about her as she came to the room which the evening before she had refused to enter. The moon shone full upon the easel, and cast its light strongly upon the picture. She looked at it curiously. Her own face she could recognize; and certainly the likeness must have been strong, both for herself and for her companions to perceive it. The face and the pose of the head were hers, but what had become of the Shaker cap and the close-fitting dress with handkerchief demurely pinned about the neck? In the place of a Shaker maid behold a fair and queenly girl, with wealth of hair lightly snooded, wearing a flowered silk, and having her throat touched by soft lace. The eyes were open with a wondering look, the lips were half parted, and the whole aspect was of one who had waked to find herself in some strange world. The counterpart indeed stood before the picture. Could Alden Holcroft have caught sight of the girl at that moment, he might well have pleased himself with the perfection of the likeness. Her hair had escaped from its confinement and was falling over her shoulders, and her whole countenance was animated by a singular life and intensity, as with almost a smile upon her lips she stood delighted before the picture. She forgot everything else for the moment; she quite forgot that it was her own face which looked back upon her; she only

saw a beautiful picture that seemed ready to speak to her. She wished she had brought a candle; that a full, clear light were upon it; that it were daylight and she could see plainly what now she saw a little dimly. It was all very strange and very delightful. The charm of that young girl in her beautiful dress, with that soft lace enveloping her throat, was a revelation to her of a world of beauty of which she had not dreamed; and suddenly she thought that it was she herself who was thus bewitching surprised her, and involuntarily she threw back her hair from her face and looked at the picture as if she were looking into a mirror.

IX.

There was a knock upon the outer door. Ruth started, and drew herself together. Again the knock, louder and more peremptory. She turned and looked timidly about the room. Should she hide herself? Could she ascend the stairs again, and return to her room, without discovery? Already she heard movements above. The door by which she had entered was ajar, and through the opening she perceived more distinctly the sound of steps upon the distant staircase, and saw a light glimmering. She drew near the door and listened. She heard Eldress Charlotte speaking and asking who was there. The reply she could not hear, but it must have been assuring, for she heard the bolt drawn and the outer door opened. A confusion of voices came to her, but in vain she tried to distinguish what was said. Meanwhile, she heard steps gathering from the rooms above. Could they be looking for her? Why had some one come from without? She wondered if she could steal up-stairs and join the other girls without being noticed. She left the room, when she saw a light moving toward her, and Eldress Charlotte was carrying it. Instinctively she retreated again to the room, and looked about for a place of concealment. The door was pushed open, and the woman approached, holding her light before her

and trying the various parts of the room. Ruth, terrified, could not think what to do. She knew she would be discovered, and at that moment she was seen. The elder woman closed the door behind her, placed the light on a stand, and folded her arms. She looked at Ruth, who came forward and stood by the picture, facing the tall woman. A courage seemed to come to her.

"So you are here, Ruth."

"Yea."

"And where is *he*?"

"Eldress Charlotte, you wrong me; you wrong him."

"Where is he?"

"I know not."

"So, you love this man enough to conceal him."

"There is but one man I love," said Ruth, looking steadfastly at the pallid face before her; "it is my father."

"Your father! How much longer will you love him? Wait till he comes between you and the man you love, as he came between me and Nathan Farlow. I hate him, I hate him! He killed Nathan. He sent him away and he killed me." The words followed each other with fierce haste, and the voice rose higher. "Now he is dying, too. Ah, God, if I could only die! Yea, do you hear? Isaiah Hanway is dying! Oh, but he shall know of this before he dies! I'll tell him, I'll tell the saint, — I'll tell him of his saintly daughter." Eldress Charlotte struck at the girl, but Ruth turned aside, and the blow fell upon the picture, which toppled over upon the ground. The woman trampled on it in her rage, and rushed from the room. Ruth followed tumultuously.

"What is it?" she cried.

"Have you not heard? Elder Isaiah has been hurt, and sends for you. Where have you been? We have looked everywhere for you. Simon is below waiting to take you to the Church family." Ruth paid no heed to what was said except to make herself ready with all possible haste. Before she had descended again, she heard the door open and close. She ran down, and looked for Simon. She could not see him. She opened the

door and peered out. There was wagon and horse in the road near by, and Simon waiting for her.

"Is that you, Simon?" she asked.

"Yea. I am all ready," and he made room for her beside him. "I thought you had come out a moment since. Some one came out and ran down the road. She looked skeery, and the old mare started when she saw her. I thought at first may be you were frightened." Ruth shuddered. "Nay, it was not you; it was a taller woman. She came out, and just shut the door behind her and ran down the road. The old mare she pricked up her ears and started, but I had the reins. She looked skeery like, and the old mare she was a little skeered. Thinks I, That is n't Ruth. She's not so tall. Nay, she was a head taller than you. She ran down the road. Perhaps we shall catch up with her yet."

"What is the matter with Elder Isaiah?" asked Ruth. "I did not hear."

"Did you not hear? Why, I thought you knew. He was there at the East family, when Jonas Harker was on a ladder trying to get at the second story of the brick house, you know; Jonas he was well up, when the ladder began to slip. Elder Isaiah he see it and ran forward to stop the ladder. He ran underneath and caught it; but it was too heavy, you see, and it fell on him and hurt him badly. Jonas he got off all right. He says the elder saved him from a bad fall. You see the ladder was up against the wall, and Jonas he was on it trying to reach the second story with some water, when the ladder began to slip; and the elder he was standing by, and he see it, and he runs up and catches the ladder. Yea, but the ladder, you see, was too heavy, and Jonas he was on it; but Jonas got off with only a rub, you see."

"Did they send you for me?" asked Ruth, who dreaded another bald repetition, and dreaded also to know such worse things as might remain untold.

"Yea. Elder Isaiah sent for you. He said he would see Ruth, and some who were standing by spoke to Ruth

Shepard; but when she came, he said, 'Nay, it is my Ruth that I want to see.' So they said, 'It is Ruth Hanway;' and he nodded, and I took the mare and the wagon and started for you. You see, there are two Ruths, but the elder said he wanted to see my Ruth, and so I came for you. Ruth Shepard she came forward, but it was n't her he wanted to see, though she's a good woman, but it was you. He said he wanted to see my Ruth, and that is you." Ruth did not mind how many times Simon repeated those words, and she sat saying them over to herself as they drove through the dark woods. They passed the thicket where the laurel had grown so luxuriantly a few weeks before, but had now dried and fallen away; they crossed the little brook that came down from the pasture land, and Ruth remembered the pleasant fields above, and the inclosure that was on the height, — the Holy Place, as it was called, — concerning which a sister, years ago, had had a vision; so that the society had leveled and inclosed the top of the hill, planting a foursquare row of cedars and marking the centre with a marble monument. Under the moonlight, now, she could make out the quiet summit, where she had often gone for meditation. The scene, the still night, the rustling trees still wearing their crackling foliage, brought a peace and soothing relief that were inexpressibly grateful to the girl who had been so rudely shocked and cruelly wrenched from her wonted ways and habits.

They passed the East family, where the fire was still smoldering in a sullen way, but there were only one or two at work upon it. It was after the middle of the night, and the members of the little settlement had been distributed between the two other families and Holcroft's Tavern, and were sleeping as only those can who have brought their life into subjection to a regular order not easily to be disturbed. At the Church family there were lights in the nurse-house, and it was in front of that that Simon drew in his mare; a Shaker stood by the door and beckoned to them.

"You are to come in without delay," he said to Ruth, who entered the little building, and throwing off her outer wraps passed into the room where her father lay. Elder Isaiah was himself the surgeon and physician of the settlement, but in so extreme a case as this a professional man from the neighboring village had been called, who was now in attendance. His most obedient and active assistant was Eldress Charlotte, who with firm, set lips, but with a strange light in her eye, was quietly assuming the control of the room. Ruth had been schooled by Shaker ways into self-restraint, and when she entered and saw her father, the eldress, and the others, she was able to show the equanimity which the placid faces about her bore. Elder Isaiah lay upon a bed, his hands extended in the gesture so familiar to all who were wont to hear him speak in the meetings; he seemed indeed, though his eyes were closed, still to be giving his testimony; every now and then his lips moved, and his hands half opened. As Ruth entered and came to his bedside, the movement ceased, his eyes opened, and he appeared desirous of speaking to the girl. So, at any rate, she interpreted the sign, and bending over him placed her face near to his. She heard no word, but the lips moved, and for the first time within her remembrance her father kissed her. Her cheek was toward him; she turned and touched his lips with hers. A smile half formed upon the old man's face.

At that moment Ruth felt an iron grip upon her arm. She was forced to one side, yet so noiselessly that those about only saw Eldress Charlotte hastening to perform some service. The woman bent over the elder, and Ruth by her side could hear her panting breath as she drew close to the dying man.

"Do you remember Nathan?" she hissed in his ear. "Do you know Charlotte? There is your daughter Ruth. She" —

"Come away!" said the stern voice of Elder Joseph, of the Salem settlement, who was standing by. The woman turned upon him.

"Oh, yea!" she cried bitterly. "You saw Nathan die."

"Come away!" he repeated. "The elder is dead."

X.

Holcroft returned to the office with a somewhat surer tread. He had hitherto been a restless fellow. Even while working, and working accurately, he had been unable to resist a tendency to mental vagrancy, and his long strolls through the city, though professedly in search of bricabrac, books, and pictures, were really vain attempts at escaping from his shadow. All his baseless fictions of love, moreover, had failed to supply for him that stability of feeling which he was conscious was requisite for peace and contentment. It was only since the purpose of his love had set slowly but confidently toward the Shaker girl, that he had been able to concentrate his life. Every time that he returned to the city, of late, there had been a marked increase of his steadiness. His "daily walk and conversation," as the quaint phrase goes, grew firmer and more generous. He looked his companions in the eye, and even ventured to speak freely, though he would still be called a silent man. He found, to his amusement rather than to his dismay, that his little tricks for deluding himself into a belief in his own fancies failed somehow to be operative. He took long walks into the country, returning with vigor and freshness of eye and mind; but so far from seeking to be rid of himself, his thoughts were most healthy and agreeable companions. Books he found it difficult to read, unless it were some knotty prose. For the first time in his life he read and re-read, with hearty satisfaction, Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, especially the first book. Its historical connection interested him least; he was fascinated by the strong grasp of thought, the sinewy, flexible language, the occasional mighty chords of feeling which make the book one of the masterly books. But undoubtedly his chief pleasure was in orchestral music, especially when Beet-

hoven in his middle period was rendered. He knew by heart every phrase of the great symphonies, so that his mind was always eagerly just ahead of the music, and he seemed to be running before the waves of sound, exhilarated by the quickness of his own movements.

He knew not how soon the Shakers might find it convenient to abandon his house, and indeed he had in a measure abandoned it himself. Transferring his interest to a more living centre, he regarded it simply as a convenient resort, where he might, by such means as he knew, reach after his greater object. Desirous as he was, therefore, of seeing Ruth, he decided to let one Sunday intervene before he should again go to his house of entertainment. He heard nothing from Elder Isaiah; nor had he any right to hear, he argued, for he had not given him his address. His own movements were so silent that no one amongst the Shakers could be expected to know of his whereabouts, when he was not at Holcroft's Tavern.

One evening of the following week he was seated in the concert-hall, waiting for the musicians and for most of the audience. He had come early, from a liking which he had of watching the people, and had brought with him an evening paper. He opened it, and in turning the leaf he found among the older news some account of a prominent leader among the Shakers at Salisbury who had recently died, in consequence of injuries received at a fire which destroyed nearly all the buildings of one of the families. It was Elder Isaiah Hanway. Holcroft read it through to steady himself and give his thoughts time to form themselves clearly. There was mention in the same paragraph of a Shaker woman who was found dead a few days afterward in the grave-yard of the neighboring settlement of Salem. She had disappeared directly after the death of Elder Isaiah, and it was said that the grave where she was found dead was that of a man whom she had loved, and whom Elder Isaiah had caused to be sent away from Salisbury to Salem on that account.

Holcroft closed the paper and left his seat. He went into a corridor and walked up and down. People were flocking in to their seats, and he could hear the tuning of the instruments. He tried to think and to present the whole matter clearly to himself. Ruth's father was dead. How would it affect her? How would it affect him? One thing was plain: he must go to Salisbury as soon as possible. The impulse to see her was stronger than when it first visited him, as he watched her pass his house on the way to the field. If the impulse were scarcely more intelligent, yet it had at least the added element of a wish in some way to help her. It seemed impossible but that he, a strong man, should in some way cast a shelter about the homeless girl, — for homeless he insisted she must be. The whole fabric of the Shaker society seemed, in his mind, to topple over when Elder Isaiah was removed; not that his eldership held it up, but his fatherhood. He connected Ruth with no one else, and instinctively he had resolved the whole frame-work of the association into the relationship of father and daughter. He could not say just what he should do if he now went to Salisbury; that was of less importance than the going, for he certainly could do nothing at all here.

He was not, however, so absorbed in his purpose as to rush out of the house and start on a run for Salisbury. There was no train at this hour, nor until morning, and he was willing to let his mind shape itself under the forming influence of the music. He returned to the hall and took his seat. The orchestra had already begun, and catching the phrase which it sounded as he entered he went on with the piece, the excitement under which he was laboring making the music to be singularly clear and resonant. He sat listening and thinking and seeing nothing individual, when the movement which had been played ceased, and the clapping of hands brought him out of his preoccupied mood. At that moment a door opening upon the gallery not far from where he sat was pushed in, and an usher stood at the entrance holding

it open for some one to enter who was lingering without. The delay attracted the attention of Holcroft as of others. The music began again, and he turned back to the stage. The second movement was an exceedingly soft andante, in which the theme of the symphony was repeated again and again with a gentle iteration, each time with some new shade of earnestness, as one or another instrument led; and by some curious association he seemed to hear in it a strain which had often struck him in one of the self-renunciatory hymns of the Shaker brethren. He was interested in the coincidence. It was as if one of their rude harmonies had its companion in the full, complex creation of a master in musical art; as if a common humanity inspired each, the plain people of Salisbury and the richly endowed artist. He dwelt upon the likeness, and again there rose to his view the procession of sober-clad men and women, the chanting circle in the middle, the uplifted palms, the illumined faces, the wavering cloud of witnesses. Again he saw the pure face of Ruth Hanway, as she appeared to him at the first, the perfume of the cloud, the breath of the ascending worship.

It cannot be surprising, then, that though not given to superstitious feeling he should, as he turned away from the stage, have been for a moment bewildered at seeing the face of Ruth Hanway herself in the countenance of the person who had shortly before entered, and who now sat alone a little distance from him. Her lustrous eyes were bent upon the orchestra, and her lips, half parted, wore almost a smile. The sight to him was scarcely more strange than familiar. In recalling her face, as he sat at his easel, he had by some willfulness always seen her thus, though he could not say that he had ever caught sight of the exact expression; but he pleased himself with the fancy, as he recorded the look, that it was thus she would appear were the Shakerism to be by some power stripped from her. Carrying out the fancy he had clad her in the world's garments, and substituted for the white kerchief the old, yellow lace of a gentle-

woman. As he saw her now it was the face only which had in any way fulfilled his pictorial prediction. The Shaker garb was still upon her, and he could not avoid seeing that it was this rather than the intense expression of her face which was causing those about her to turn their glances that way. The movement ceased, and in the rustle and murmur of pleasure which followed the young girl sank back in her seat, as if suddenly awaked. Like Poor Susan, —

"She *hears*, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade, —
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colors have all passed away from her eyes."

Holcroft had not had time to wonder how she came to be in the hall. He felt rather than saw that he must needs speak to her now, for her sake, and passing to a vacant seat by her side he said in a low voice, "Ruth." She turned quickly, and discovered her neighbor. The third movement began, and Holcroft, seeing her intense agitation, said in a whisper, "Listen to this music before you try to speak to me."

He half turned away, as if to give her greater freedom, and tried in vain to hear the music, which was now pouring forth in a lively scherzo, capricious, teasing, as though all the seriousness and aspiration of the andante had been but a summer cloud. It had not gone on long before he heard a whisper from the girl. "I cannot bear this. They are all staring at me. Take me away."

"Go out by the door through which you came," he replied, "and I will follow you." They rose, and were presently in the corridor. The usher looked curiously at them. Holcroft motioned Ruth to follow him up the next flight. "There is a gallery above this," said he; "there are very few people there, and we can speak without interruption." She obeyed, and entering again the hall he placed her in a corner free from observation and sat beside her. He said nothing for a moment, for he saw that she was regaining her self-control. Presently she spoke, —

"My father is dead." Holcroft bowed silently. "The house where I had lived was burned. That you knew. It was very hard to live there — there were reasons — things were not as they were — at least," she went on more hurriedly. "I thought it wise to come away for a time. I was once before here in the city. I had an aunt, and she lived at No. 30 Spring Street. I bade the coach take me there. The man stared. Everybody looked at me, and I was frightened. He drove me here. I said, 'This is not my aunt's house.' 'It is 30 Spring Street,' said he. Then people began to gather, and I was frightened. 'Very well, I will go in,' said I. I read that there was music within, and I suddenly thought, — for men and women were going in, — 'I will go in there, for it will be safe among so many people, and then I will ask some kind-faced woman to help me.' I followed the rest until I came to a little gate, and they asked for my ticket; and when I said I had none they sent me to another place, where I bought one and went back. I wanted so much to get inside of the house. But I did not understand at all. They took my ticket and tore off a little bit and gave it back to me, and I thought perhaps I could not get away unless I showed that, so I kept it tight; and as I was standing doubtful a young man asked to see the bit, and then he told me to go up-stairs, and there another young man looked at it and bade me go in and take the seat he would show me. I did not dare disobey, and I did not dare go in, but I could not stand by the door; and then the music began, and I thought I might hear it and nobody would see me, and I could look for some kind woman. But oh, what music! — what music! I forgot everything else; I forgot where I was, I forgot — until it ended and you spoke to me, and then I saw all the people; and when the music began it seemed as if it were laughing at me, and I could not bear it."

As Ruth, with her soft, melodious voice, told off this tale, her hands calmly folded in her lap, Alden both followed the recital and sent his mind on in search

of wisdom. When she ended, he looked at her with a smile, and said, —

“Do not be troubled; I think I can find the way for you. Sit here now, if you will, and listen to the rest of this piece.”

There was something in the trust of the girl which moved him strongly. She asked no questions, but seemed to resign herself to his care. When the symphony was ended, he asked her for her aunt's name, and getting such data as he needed he bade her keep her seat until he should return in a few moments. She sat and endeavored to listen, but was perplexed and disturbed. The music chanced to be one of Liszt's wild passages, and she was excited by the rush of windy sound; but she was frightened also. The door behind her opened, and she turned to see Holcroft, but it was a stranger, who gazed hard at her, as had others. She shrank from his glance, and looked at the great audience below her. Never had she imagined such a sight. The lights shone upon gayly dressed women, and everywhere men and women were talking together, bowing, smiling. Groups stood about the doors, fans were fluttering, and a restlessness pervaded the house in such utter contrast to any gathering she had ever seen that she was bewildered with the dazzling effect. To her mind there was a horrible publicity about it all. Then, as the music ceased again, there was a pause, when a singer came forward to sing. She was dressed in white, and was received with hearty applause. Ruth looked, as in a trance, at the beautiful creature, and was seized with a timidity, as if she herself had been suddenly placed on the stage; but when the notes came forth full and free, as from a bird's throat, she forgot all else and tears stood in her eyes. There was a loud tumult of applause. The singer bowed, and Ruth bowed too, unconscious of being the only one thus to respond. Alden returned at that moment, and found Ruth standing in her place looking eagerly toward the departing singer. She turned as he came down the aisle, and showed her radiant, dewy face.

“Oh, did you hear her?” she exclaimed. “Did you hear her? It was like one of the angels.”

She spoke so clearly as she stood there, that her voice as well as her attitude began to attract the notice of people, and faces were uplifted from different parts of the house. Holcroft saw it, and spoke hurriedly: “Yes, I heard her, and it was indeed beautiful. But come with me.”

“Oh, will she not sing again?” asked Ruth, and looked down upon the stage. Then she caught sight of the faces directed toward her, and a burning blush covered her face. “Take me away,” she whispered; “take me away.”

Holcroft gave her his hand and led her again into the corridor. The door closed behind them, and they were alone in the passage. She came close to his side in her sudden fright. He still held her hand, and drew her arm beneath his. It was a simple movement, but he could not trust his voice for a moment; never before had any one come thus close to him. For her, who had never before thus been held, there was for that moment no other thought than of security from she knew not what fancied danger. They passed silently down the staircase and out into the street.

“I have your aunt's street and number,” said Holcroft, when they were in the air. “This hall has not long been built, and doubtless her house stood here and was removed to make a place for it.”

“Yea,” said she. “I remember something of this place, and I certainly remember the green yonder. I was but eight years old when I was here before, and then not for long.”

“I hope your aunt will not be troubled,” said Holcroft, with a vague sense that this new relationship was to remove the girl farther from him than she had been before.

“She does not know that I am coming,” said Ruth, simply.

“And do not the Shakers know that you have come away?” he asked, in surprise. He would have recalled the words, if he could, the moment he had spoken them.

"I shall go back again," she said in a moment. They were crossing the green which lay in their way, and had come to a little sheet of water, by which they were passing.

"No," said he, stopping on the edge of the water, "you will not go back. Believe me, you will not go back. You cannot go."

"Cannot go?" she said, faintly.

He dropped her hand and stood before her. "See!" said he, "I do not hold you, and yet — can you go back? Can I take your hand and go back with you? Can you take me into that life?" He stood waiting. "Then will you go with me into my life?" he asked, gently.

She paused a moment. He held out his hand; she took it and followed him.

XI.

The old turnpike grows older and more indistinct each year. The old signs of its passage have entirely disappeared in many places, and the corn tassels are shaken over what was once a

portion of the dusty highway. The old house of entertainment, which still goes by the name of Holcroft's Tavern, has little more than the name to live upon. It was long since dismantled, and year by year it is suffered to fall before the gentle hand of nature, that slowly gathers it to herself, until it looks scarcely more human than the trees which creep toward it. Whatever stories its timbers might tell, there is one, the latest, which I have tried to set down here. The inn afforded in its old age but slight entertainment to man or beast. It served indeed as a resting-place for Alden Holcroft for a few years. For one night it held Ruth Hanway; but both of these people found a reality elsewhere which could be ill supplied by the ghostly house. They never returned to it to live. Holcroft sought to recover from it some of the work which he had wrought. He found a painting crushed upon the floor. He smiled as he raised it.

"I will not trouble Ruth with this," he said to himself. "I think I can make her forget the rude shock of her transplanting."

Horace E. Scudder.

DEUS IMMANENS.

I SOMETIMES wonder that the human mind,
 In searching for creation's hidden things,
 Should miss that high intelligence that springs
 From that which is not seen, but is divined.
 Does knowing much of nature make us blind
 To nature's better self? The Greek could see
 A conscious life in every stream and tree, —
 Some nymph or god. Our broader faith should find
 A life divine, whose fine pulsations roll
 In endless surges through the secret veins
 Of earth and sky, which hidden still remains
 Save to the instinct of the reverent soul;
 Should know that everything from lowest sod
 To farthest star thrills with the life of God.

T. R. Bacon.

ABUSE OF TAXATION.

AT length, after five years of bitter distress, better times appear to be at hand. Yet even now the return of prosperity must be retarded by obstacles which we have put in our own way, and which may and ought to be removed. For many years the United States has been running on the high-pressure system of finance. Not only has the general government been lavish in its expenses, but almost every State, city, and town in the land has been living beyond its income and plunging into debt. This extravagance and these debts have occasioned excessive taxation, — probably more excessive than any other civilized people ever bore in time of peace; for the policy has been to make yearly payments on the principal of these debts, beside paying interest upon them and ordinary expenses. In prosperity the nation might bear this burden, heavy as it is, but the system is not suited to hard times. Not only in these years of distress is the taxpayer forced to meet the actual expenses of government, but he is also taxed to pay the principal of public debts, and that, too, while he is hampered by a barbarous system of assessment and collection. All taxation is an evil, but heavy taxes, indiscriminately levied on everything, in utter disregard of scientific principles and of the lessons of experience, are one of the greatest curses that can afflict a people. Doubtless unavoidable misfortunes have caused much of the discontent which is daily breaking out in riots, in socialism, and in efforts for repudiation; but much is certainly due to the suffering caused by unwise, excessive, and unnecessary taxation. Educated and wealthy men are responsible for the financial legislation of every country, for they alone have the knowledge and the power to shape it rightly. Apart, therefore, from all selfish interest, duty and prudence both seem to urge them to address themselves to this task, lest perchance, should no relief be given, worse may come of it.

No amount of abstract discussion can illustrate this question like an example. Let us take the city of Boston, and examine the system under which we live. The first matter to determine is the amount really paid in taxes; the second, how great a burden this payment is on property. Estimating the revenue raised by the United States by taxation in the year 1877 at \$260,778,051, and the population of the United States at 45,000,000, gives a per capita tax of about \$5.80. Nor does this represent the real cost to the people, as under the tariff every dollar the government receives costs two to the taxpayer, — but let the figures stand at \$5.80. Estimating the state indirect tax for the same year at \$4,100,000 (and this is a very low estimate, wherein all revenue not directly raised by taxation is neglected), and the population of Massachusetts, at 1,652,000, gives a per capita tax of about \$2.49. Last year the total direct state, county, and city tax for Boston was \$8,754,214, the population 341,919, giving a per capita tax of \$25.60. The total being: —

United States tax per capita,	\$5.80
State indirect " " "	2.49
State and city direct tax per capita,	25.60
	\$33.89

Thus every human being in Boston — man, woman, and child — paid, on an average, \$33.89 in taxes during the year 1877.

These are startling figures, but they are as nothing to those which show the burden of taxation on property. And here we are met at the outset by an almost insurmountable difficulty. This difficulty is that the assessors act on the absurd system of reckoning debts as wealth. For instance, mortgages are assessed as part of the wealth of Boston. Observe where this leads: ordinary beings would suppose that Boston was the poorer for the great fire. No error could be greater in the eye of the assessor, and for this reason: most real-estate owners lost so much by that calamity that to re-

build they were obliged to mortgage, often to nearly the full value of the property. Hence wealth grew fast, for wherever before the fire there was only a building worth perhaps \$100,000, after the fire there was a new building and a mortgage, worth together \$150,000, or perhaps even \$180,000. Consequently, if every house in the city had been burned our wealth might have been doubled in a single year. The very city debt itself is counted in. Its bonds are reckoned in the valuation of a citizen's estate, and that very burden which is crushing Boston is made to figure as her wealth.

Of course this is preposterous. To duplicate values thus is absurd. Personal property is set by the city assessors at \$205,433,386. A deduction of fifty per cent., or one hundred million, to allow for this double valuation, is moderate. This leaves a total, according to the last official figures, of \$586,840,586, on which the rate, after deducting the poll-tax, would be \$15.40 per thousand dollars. What should be added to this on account of United States and state indirect taxes is a difficult problem. So far as the State is concerned, her taxation, other than that directly assessed, increases the burden little or nothing. Certain property, of which deposits in savings banks form the greater part, is exempt from all other assessment. Probably the tax and the additional property to be included in taxable valuation would about balance each other, and the rate on the whole would remain nearly the same. The United States taxes are, on the contrary, a direct burden. The ratio of the per capita rate between them and municipal taxes is about one to four, which would give in the same proportion a rate of about \$3.85. The burden to property, however, is very much greater under the present tariff than these figures indicate, beside which some allowance must be made for the poll-tax, betterments, and other special rates not otherwise reckoned. It seems, on the whole, fair, therefore, to add between four and five dollars to represent the increase of the rate by all taxation other than direct state and municipal. This

gives a total of about twenty dollars on the thousand which property pays the government. Or stated differently, and calling six per cent. the rate of interest, it comes to this: that every third dollar which a man's accumulated savings will earn is taken from him by the government. This estimate is not excessive, for the effect of the tariff is to raise prices so high that the cost to the consumer probably very far exceeds the amount which would be raised by a tax at the rate allowed for.

Dealing with crushing burdens in years of adversity, the greatest financiers have made it their policy to lighten taxes even at the risk of a deficit. Their cardinal axiom has been that industry and business of all kinds must be relieved in order to revive. Such, however, is not the high-pressure system in vogue here. Last year the general government paid over thirty millions into the national sinking fund with revenue raised by taxation, at a time when a partial repudiation of the national bonds seemed imminent, and when the country was torn by a most alarming socialistic outbreak.

But let the policy of Congress and of the State pass. The finances of Boston give ample food for reflection. The net debt of Boston is \$26,159,000; a heavy load, it is true, but bearable enough if the people are not taxed to pay it off in haste, as well as to pay the interest upon it.

The statute of 1875, c. 209, § 4, requires the city beside paying the interest on its debt, as it accrues, to establish a sinking fund for the redemption of the principal, and to contribute thereto an amount yearly, raised by taxation, sufficient with its accumulation to extinguish the debt at maturity. The amount so paid for the year 1877-78 is stated in the auditor's report, page 68, to have been \$672,700, while upon page 8 of the report a further sum of \$610,437 is shown to have been paid for the purchase of immature city bonds which were canceled. This latter sum was probably derived from betterment assessments, sales of land, and like sources,

and under the statute of 1875, c. 209, § 8, it might have been paid into the sinking fund for the purpose of reducing the amount to be raised by taxation. In fact, no part of it was so applied. Had the financial authorities chosen so to do, taxation for the debt would have only amounted to the difference between these sums, or \$62,263.

Nor is this all; a further item of \$70,000 might well have been saved. The following remarks, made in the common council by Mr. Crocker, of ward nine, on March 28, 1878, though relating to the appropriations for the coming year, are equally true, with a very slight change in amounts, of the year now under consideration:—

“As gentlemen who were here last year know, I have had something to say on this subject, and on what seems to me to be the folly of paying more money towards the city debt than the law requires, and more than the due proportion that is needed to enable us to meet our debt at maturity. The statutes require that we should put into the sinking fund enough money each year to provide for paying the debt when it matures. That is all the law requires; and it seems to me that to do much more than that is folly. For the city of Boston to do as it has been doing for years past, and is doing to-day, — taxing the already over-taxed citizens of Boston to put into the sinking funds hundreds of thousands of dollars more than the law requires, — seems to me to be the height of folly. We are straining every nerve, and are unnecessarily grinding the poor taxpayers, who are suffering enough at present, to pay an unreasonable proportion of the city debt, in order that, five or ten years from now, when people find out that the thing has been overdone, and that an unreasonable proportion of the debt has been provided for, future city councils may be extravagant, and run the city into new debts. . . . This year the city financial authorities figure out the amount we have got to pay; and in the first place they base their figures on the supposition that our sinking funds will in the future produce an income of only

four per cent. If they had reckoned it on the basis of five per cent. they would have reduced the amount that they have called for on account of the sinking fund by \$69,662.80, or from \$664,903 to \$595,239. They would have made a difference in the amount to be raised by taxation of substantially \$70,000. But they have reckoned everything as much as possible against the poor taxpayers. They say it is not safe to reckon more than four per cent.; but as a matter of fact the average interest received last year on all the sinking funds was five and one third per cent., even in these times. I will admit that the money that they invest to-day cannot be loaned at an average of more than four per cent.; but, taking that into account, it must be remembered that the greater part of this money is already invested so as to produce a much larger rate of interest, and, including what is lying on deposit in the banks, our sinking funds have, during the past year, produced on an average five and one third per cent. Now, to reckon upon only an average of four per cent. is reckoning severely against the taxpayers, and putting an unnecessary burden of \$70,000 upon them.”

Here were nearly \$700,000 wrung from the people apparently for no better purpose than to show what the city could do; and of such madness were the financial authorities guilty in the worst year that Boston ever saw.

The futility as well as the impolicy of this system is visible at a glance. What Mr. Crocker says about new extravagance is perfectly just. The city never will be permanently clear of debt; all experience is against it. A century ago Adam Smith wrote: “When national debts have once accumulated to a certain degree there is scarce, I believe, a single instance of their having been fairly or completely paid. The liberation of the public revenue, if it has ever been brought about at all, has always been brought about by a bankruptcy.” Judge what chance there is of paying the debt of Boston by this list of new loans authorized within a year:—

Order of May 25, 1877, — English High and Latin school buildings (balance),	\$250,000.00
Order of August 9, 1877, — Improved sewerage (balance),	3,540,000.00
Order of December 22, 1877, — Stony Brook improvement,	133,000.00
Order of December 31, 1877, — Widening Commercial Street,	500,000.00
	<u>\$4,423,000.00</u>
Order of April 20, 1878, — Additional supply of water,	\$600,000.00

The following axiom of finance laid down by Ricardo is recognized everywhere but here, and its truth is self-evident: —

“No sinking fund can be efficient for the purpose of diminishing the debt, if it be not derived from the excess of the public revenue over the public expenditure.”

What “excess of revenue” Boston has is no difficult matter to compute from pages 8 and 9 of the auditor’s report: —

Loans authorized during the past year,	\$5,023,000
Revenue diverted from paying current expenses and devoted to payment of debt during the past year,	<u>1,859,475</u>
Deficit,	\$3,163,525

And it is to maintain this wretched juggle that the city is straining every nerve and putting her prosperity in peril.

The auditor thus explains the probable future of the debt: “The question naturally arises, in speaking of the debt of the city, as to the limit of the amount which the city of Boston can increase its indebtedness under the statute law of the commonwealth; and the answering of this question involves the repetition of some points of the law of the State given in preceding reports. The act of 1875, limiting municipal indebtedness, which went into effect June 14th of that year, provides ‘that cities and towns indebted to an amount not less than *two per centum* on their valuation *may* increase such indebtedness to the extent of an additional *one per centum* on their valuation, and no more,’ exclusive of loans for water-works and sinking funds.

“The debt of the city of Boston at the date said act took effect was more than *two per centum* on its valuation;

therefore the city of Boston possessed the right to increase its indebtedness *one per centum* on its valuation of that year, May 1, 1875, which valuation was \$793,961,895, — *one per centum* being \$7,939,618. The amount of orders for loans which have been authorized by the city council and approved by the mayor for purposes other than for water-works, and partly negotiated since the passage of the act, is \$5,789,000; so that the amount remaining which the city of Boston *may* increase, at this date, so far as the city council possesses authority, its indebtedness for other purposes than for water-works is \$2,150,618. . . .

“Having exhausted this right, the city of Boston will have to comply with the provisions of the said municipal indebtedness act of the State, which prohibits cities and towns from incurring debts, exclusive of those for water-works, less sinking funds, over an aggregate of *three per centum* on their valuation of taxable property therein, to be ascertained by the last preceding city or town valuation for assessment of taxes. When the right under the *one per centum* clause ceases, the city of Boston, with the continued decrease of taxable values, will be unable to borrow money other than for water-works purposes for some time.”

Nothing, humanly speaking, can be more certain than that city governments will borrow as long as and as much as they can. So clear has this fact become that legislatures have been forced to intervene with statutes like that of 1875. What folly it is, then, to buy bonds with one hand and sell them with the other! How much better to submit to what appears to be inevitable, and when the debt has reached the limit stop borrowing and pay cash! To pay the debt only opens the way for more debt. Nothing can be plainer than that Boston now has no more right to lay out parks, to build expensive school-houses, and to broaden streets than a man with a decreasing income and a heavy debt has to buy a yacht, fast horses, and a house at Newport, because all these things would certainly give him pleasure, and might benefit his health. The argument that

prices were low would be as sensible in one case as in the other. Yet so little weight does duty or reason have that it is probable if Boston could be absolutely clear of debt to-morrow, she would be as deep in the mire again within ten years.

But if this high-pressure system is futile, what word can express its impolicy? It is suicidal. Listen to Adam Smith:—

“When, by different taxes upon the necessities and conveniences of life, the owners and employers of capital stock find that whatever revenue they derive from it will not, in a particular country, purchase the same quantity of those necessities and conveniences which an equal revenue would in almost any other, they will be disposed to remove to some other. And when, in order to raise those taxes, all or the greater part of merchants and manufacturers, that is, the greater part of the employers of great capital, come to be continually exposed to the mortifying and vexatious visits of the tax-gatherers, this disposition to remove will soon be changed into an actual removal. The industry of the country will necessarily fall with the removal of the capital which supported it, and the ruin of trade and manufactures will follow the declension of agriculture.”

This, written a century ago of a nation, is true of Boston to-day. Capital is leaving her. No estimate can be made of the number of million dollars withdrawn from her by tax-dodgers, as they are called at City Hall, but in truth by capitalists who are only obeying the law laid down by Adam Smith. That law is immutable. Your city will not prosper if you take one dollar in three from your citizens, when other places take but one in five or six. England is an example of the splendid success of the system of common sense. No nation has so large a debt; no nation has less burdensome taxation. Industry is not crippled that the debt may be paid, but generally when there is a surplus taxes are reduced. The credit and the wealth of England are the wonder of the world.

Nothing like it has ever existed, in spite of their enormous public burdens. Mr. David A. Wells estimates the local tax of London at about \$5.85 per capita. Tax London as Boston is taxed, and the term of her great prosperity would close.

It may be that we have not yet suffered enough, that we are still too proud to learn even from misfortune; but the time will come when we shall no longer throw aside the experience and the wisdom of successful nations, like silly children who insist on handling glowing coals to see whether or no they burn.

By scientific management of the debt taxes might be reduced about one fifth. By abstaining from the puerile farce of buying in old bonds, and then selling new ones, about one twelfth of the taxation of last year might have been spared. Yet we go on with houses vacant in every street, with rents falling and ever falling, and with land owners on the brink of ruin.

This is the financial wisdom of Boston,—the wisdom of the man who killed the goose that laid him golden eggs. Boston was taken only as an example, and doubtless she is a fair example, of the state of the country. Is it wonderful that we have riots, that we have socialists, that we have repudiationists? The wonder is not that the people have been restless under this terrible and needless strain, but that the country has not been plunged into a convulsion that would have shaken it to its centre. Nor has the worst yet been told. These taxes, heavy as they are, might be adjusted so as to be borne with comparative ease, but the system of assessment and levy is unjust, unequal, vexatious, and bears most heavily upon the poor. That subject, however, is beside the matter in hand. The purpose now is to show that no industry, no wealth, no enterprise, can bear up permanently under a system which places the citizens of a city, or State, or nation at a disadvantage with others that surround it. If, on the contrary, a rational reduction of taxation is effected wherever opportunity offers, wealth and enterprise are attracted to such an extent that the

revenue raised by low rates soon exceeds the utmost that could have been wrung from the people by the heaviest. By this financial system, in the words

of Adam Smith, "Great Britain seems to support with ease a burden which, half a century ago, nobody believed her capable of supporting."

Brooks Adams.

HOME LIFE OF THE BROOK FARM ASSOCIATION.

MUCH interest has been expressed at various times to learn the real home life of the Brook Farm Association, and many of my friends have urged me to tell what I know of it. My experience extends through nearly four years of its existence, and if length of time could insure the ability to delineate all the various motives which brought together and held through so many years its members, bound by no sectarian creed and united solely through inclination, the knowledge which my position gave me might at least serve to satisfy curiosity. Being one of the least known of its members, I enter on this undertaking with much hesitancy. I cannot understand why no one of those who better comprehended all the machinery which kept the wheels going through many trying vicissitudes (though I suspect sometimes the operators themselves felt doubtful how it was done) has ever brought its interior life to view, since a real history of its aims and endeavors after a truer life has been asked for.

What was my object in joining this association is of no consequence; I am not writing my own life, and those who were its leaders were calculated to have much more influence on the world than my insignificant self. No matter if I even thought that the whole nation would be charmed by our simple, unobtrusive life, and that in time it would all resolve itself into associations of which ours should take the lead. I know there were many with us who felt that the world must come to us, and that we should, in a more gentle manner than the chosen people of old,

gather unto us the possessions of the Amorites and the Canaanites, and that our laws and government should extend and finally annihilate the existing executive of the country. Perhaps even wilder and bolder visions passed before our eyes ere our final dismemberment. In this paper I shall endeavor to give a concise account of the first movement of the originators of the Association of Brook Farm, and to supply some idea of its internal life, both material and mental.

It was on a bleak November afternoon that I entered Brook Farm as one of its permanent residents. The weather, not bright even in the morning, had gradually grown darker, and a cold drizzling rain sent a chill through you and permeated your inmost being, as well as added to your exterior discomfort. I had some weeks before passed several days with the association, that I might in some degree understand the life that lay before me. I confess that when I was made acquainted with its details, its poetic phase was drowned in the water in which I washed the teacups. The reasons which first induced me to apply for admission as one of its members still existed, and the latent energy of my nature forbade my receding merely because my personal comfort, if not quite destroyed, was at least interfered with beyond what was pleasant. Dreary as was this afternoon, my thoughts were more dreary still, and as I drove from my comfortable home the life I had undertaken rose before me in all its bare and cheerless routine. I knew but little of the motives which had drawn its mem-

bers together and sustained them through all the difficulties of their arduous undertaking. I had not sympathized with the idea for which they lived, indeed had not in the least understood it; and the gloomy evening upon which I entered on my work almost overcame my resolution. Accustomed to the greeting with which worldly usage meets one, I was not prepared for the indifferent looks cast upon me by the dwellers of the Hive as I alighted at its door. This was the building nearest the entrance, and which usually received all comers. No one spoke to me, although I had previously seen some of the members; they kept about their occupations utterly regardless of me. At last a young man appeared whom I had known in the world, and offered to go with me and find Mrs. R——. As I knew the building I was to occupy, I accepted his escort there, and learned from him that my belongings had arrived the day before and I should find all ready for me. This was the only cheerful thing which had met me since I left my home, and with a more buoyant spirit I entered the Cottage, which was to be my abiding place. There was a room called the parlor, which contained only a few chairs, and was appropriated to my use as well as that of the three or four other inmates of this building. There was another parlor, but a lady who had contributed much to the erection of the building was its exclusive occupant. A fire soon burned brightly in the grate, my own rocking-chair was placed near it, and I began to take a more cheerful view of things in general, so that when the horn sounded for supper I entered the dining-room with a less lackadaisical demeanor than I had shown an hour or two before; and the next morning I rose with a spirit more willing to encounter what I still considered the ills of life. No snow had fallen, and the hills were brightly tinged with the coming rays of the sun, which had not yet risen, as I wended my way down to the Hive, the only eating-house of the establishment. The other three dwelling-houses had no kitchens in their interior arrangements. I was not alone,

and the shouts and laughter of the young students around me drew me out of myself, and tended much to bring back the natural gayety of my disposition. They were not all strangers to me, and they soon discerned that I should throw no damper on their mirth. I will at once say that during my long stay in this association the good-fellowship which existed between me and this youthful appendage of its graver members was never lessened, and the tie between us still exists, although I am an old woman and they are no longer in their early youth.

As I did not join the Brook Farm Association until about a year and a half or perhaps two years after its first members had entered upon their novel enterprise, I can give but a very vague account of its beginnings. I think there were not more than seven or eight persons who formed its first household, and the only building occupied by them was the original farmhouse which afterwards received the name of the Hive, as most of the domestic occupations were performed there. I cannot now recall who were its first occupants. From causes unknown to me, several had left before my arrival. What I now write is from my own personal knowledge, and I shall endeavor to give as faithful an account as my memory will enable me after the lapse of so many years.

When I first entered Brook Farm the Hive was a common-sized house with two rooms on either side the front door and two others back of them. The front door was but little used, there being a more convenient one between the two rooms, on the side of the drive-way or avenue, by which we always entered, being nearer the refectory, which was the back room on that side of the building. The front room was the common parlor for the dwellers in the house, and was also used for the reception of strangers. The rooms on the other side of the front door were occupied by a lady and her children. She was not an associate, but her sympathies united her with the members and she became a permanent boarder. Back of the dining-room was the kitchen, not large, and connected

with it were the pantry and a room used for a laundry, but rather circumscribed in its proportions. The chambers above were used as sleeping apartments for the inmates of the house, and as there were many residents at the Hive, I need not say no one could have the luxury of a separate room, excepting one scholar who was an invalid. When we began to increase our numbers we had also to increase our accommodations; the Hive received many additions, and the existing interior was much altered. The front and back rooms were thrown into one, making a long and convenient dining-room. The kitchen was much enlarged, and the laundry appointments made suitable to our increased population. More sheds for farming and domestic use were erected, and rooms were built over them, which gave us many more dormitories. The dwellers here were principally those whose domestic avocations were chiefly in that house. After the admission of mechanics to the association, the greater number of them lived at the Hive, especially those with families, the apartments being more convenient for their use. It was the only eating-house on the place, and was of course the only cooking establishment. Our food was very plain, but good; we did not always have fresh meat, but we became accustomed to the privation and really enjoyed whatever was placed before us. Brook Farm brewis has always been a pleasant remembrance to me, and I even yet indulge occasionally in a good breakfast of it. Our head farmer, with his family, resided at the Hive during all my stay at Brook Farm, and was one of its most conspicuously attractive inhabitants. There was a small terraced flower garden near the house which led to the brook that gave the name to the place. A long ridge, crowned with a pleasant grove, looked down upon it, and between it and the house a large elm spread its grateful shade around. It was the only spot on my first arrival which had any appearance of having been cultivated with an eye to adornment, and its natural advantages added much to its beauty.

It was a very busy life that I had come

into, one totally different from my accustomed habits and avocations, but still one which the old-fashioned training of my extreme youth had not entirely unfitted me for. I was early taught to clear-starch, as it was called, and this knowledge had always adhered to me, and I was not a little proud of having my laces and muslins uncommonly nice-looking; so in this busy little world I gradually found my place. I entered somewhat into the teaching, and offered to make up the muslins of all on the place who wore them. In the minds of some this might seem a great undertaking, but as many considered such finery useless, and as none were permitted to give me more than two pieces a week, the task was not at all arduous. One little child always called me "lady love," but another, I must own, gave me not so poetical a title, and knew me only as "Miss Muslim." I had other domestic avocations, for occasionally I washed the dishes, and during my stay at Brook Farm I always belonged to the ironing-room. I think Mrs. R— and myself were amongst its most indefatigable workers, and we have stood side by side for ten hours or even longer at a time, only leaving long enough for our dinner, which did not occupy much time, the number of our courses not being indefinite. As I have already said, my entrance on this life did not open joyfully to me, but as time went on I became much interested in it and very much attached to my co-workers. Their earnestness commanded my respect, and although I did not always fully comprehend the meaning of what they said, I felt the fault was in me, not them, and my dull brain was alone accountable. It was not the days of evolution, but of involution, if not of language, of thought. Our life was really very monotonous, and, looked upon at a distance by one accustomed to the stirring life of a city, would have appeared unbearable; yet it was strange how much variety we contrived to put into it. A casual observer would think us occupied solely with the dull routine of our domestic avocations, which were not lightened by paid

domestics. Such a one could not see how much thought filled the minds of those steady workers. A few bright words, listened to the evening previous, lifted them above their occupations, and you might have heard a great problem discussed even over the wash-tub by one whose brightness shed light on all around.

Brook Farm was an association, not a community. The members were not called upon to divide their worldly possessions among their associates, but all contributed such portion as they thought they could afford towards the support of the institution. There were many who had nothing to give, but no distinction was made amongst the members; all met on an equality, and in reality it was just that it should be so, for worldly advantages were overcome by useful labor. Each on his application for admittance was received on probation. I think three months was the time designated, and then the established members met in council and discussed the merits of the applicants, and whether their admission would be beneficial to the association. A vote was then taken, and if I remember rightly two thirds were necessary for an affirmation. I suppose all had very much the same feelings as myself when they knew they were to go before this awful tribunal; and if any one had told me three months previous that I should have waited in trembling fear for its decision, I could not have believed it of myself. A change had been wrought in me which even now, after the lapse of so many years, seems little less than magical. Naturally exclusive and fastidious, a spell was woven around me which entered into my very heart and led me to nobler and higher thoughts than the world ever gave me. I was not even then in my early youth, but I felt the influence of a vigor and freshness the remembrance of which still clings to me after nearly forty years have passed away.

The most profitable source of our income was that derived from the pupils sent us. Harvard did us the honor to place two or three with us whom it was judged a rustic life might benefit; and

I need not say they were a pleasant social element in our life. Several also came to be prepared for a collegiate course. One of these served nobly in our late war, and gave his life on one of its battle-fields. Another, whose name was even more famous in the same cause, was when with us a mere child, and gave but little promise of what he was to be, the gallant hero of many battles, and now a brilliant member of the bar in one of our largest cities. There were many others who were children when with us, and who if less prominent were not less earnest to assist our nation in its greatest need. All honor to them, wherever they are now scattered. Several came to us who never joined us as members, but who enjoyed the freedom of our life from the conventionalities of society. One in particular is before the world as a literary man of eminence, whose noble thoughts and words have always been enlisted on the side of progress. The number, when I first joined the association, was not large, I should think not over forty, and yet when I recall them to my mind it seems to me one would scarcely find forty persons with more strongly marked individuality; not loudly proclaimed and only after much study to be understood, but contributing a peculiar influence to the place, and making Brook Farm a problem in the minds of men.

As Christmas approached it became a question as to how we should celebrate it; after much grave deliberation a fancy party was suggested, and the chiefs were applied to for their consent, which I need not say was easily obtained. We certainly had no idea of extending our invitations beyond the limits of the place, and our ingenuity was exerted to produce the costumes in which to make our appearance. Everything which could furnish even a remote idea of what we wished to represent was called into requisition, and the preparation became a great amusement to us. Our simple ideas, alas! were doomed to fade away before the magnificence of some of our pupils, who even hired costumes from the theatres. I must here remark that

our own manufactured costumes eclipsed, with their simple classic taste, the tawdry finery of the stage. Our little festival becoming known to some of our outside friends, invitations were asked for, and our visitors added much to the brilliancy of our entertainment. Hamlet was well represented in his customary suit of black velvet; Greeks and Circassians figured largely, and even an Indian left his native forests for our amusement. Little Nell and her grandfather moved quietly through the scene, and Spanish bolero dancers performed wonderful evolutions. Altogether it was a success and enjoyed by all immensely. Fancy balls were not as common then as now, and I doubt whether any of us had assisted at one before. Little dances were common amongst us, and very short notice was given when one was to take place. Ball dresses were unknown, and a knot of ribbon was often the only adornment added to our usual dress. Having so many young people under our charge, these little recreations were almost a necessity, and the enjoyment was quite as great as if we had been dressed in the finest Paris robes, and had entered the ball room at ten instead of leaving it at that hour. With our early morning habits, late evening parties, as a general rule, were out of the question, and excepting on the occasion of our fancy ball, I never knew them extended beyond ten o'clock. Our usual social intercourse was principally confined to the Aerie, where Mr. and Mrs. R—— resided, and where every evening were collected those who wished to hear or themselves take a part in the pleasant and often brilliant conversation of many of our associates. Music, too, lent its charm to these reunions, and I need not say that the Aerie was seldom lonely.

The Aerie was the first house built on the place after it became the property of the association. It was placed on a large rock, which formed the cellar and on two sides the foundation walls of the structure. That cellar was an odd-looking place and did justice to the inventive power of the builders of the house. It did not exactly illustrate the text about

the durability of such a foundation, for when left to take care of itself the winds and the storms soon demolished the entire building, and it now lies in ruins, if there is a vestige left of it. As it was built on the top of this large, high rock, many steps were needed to reach the terrace in front of the door, on either side of which was a large room, one used as a parlor, the other as a library. Behind these rooms were four small dormitories. Above, I think they were not divided in the same manner, but a greater number of rooms was made of the space, leaving two rather larger than the others. Mr. and Mrs. R—— occupied one of these, and the others were given to the scholars. At first the library was used as a recitation room, and I believe Mr. R—— still continued so to use it even after we had regular school rooms. Mr. R—— occupied himself with some of the farming operations, but there was other work for him to achieve, in exchange for which manual labor must have seemed a recreation. It is needless to say that as the founder of the association he felt himself, if not wholly, yet greatly responsible for its success, and the wear on his mental powers must have been great in his earnest endeavors to secure it. I do not think I realized at the time how arduous his task was; his pleasant wit and jocose manner deceived us as to the weary labor which worked his mind to the extent of its powers. He never failed to greet us with a joke, and his face bore no evidence of the anxiety which almost crushed him. His self-control was wonderful, and through it we were enabled to assist, to our utmost, the efforts which he made to insure our success. We did this without really knowing the danger we were in, and hope lightened our labors and enabled us to be of more use than if we had shared in his sometimes hopeless view of our situation. That this dark feeling was continuous with him could not be; some bright beams will lighten the darkest days and give energy to pursue a nobler course than that prompted by despair. It seems almost superfluous for me to dwell for a moment on the mental culture of Mr. R——, yet many of

the present generation may not be aware of his surpassing scholarship. His classical education was thorough, and as a theologian few surpassed him. The German language, which was not then as generally studied as at present, was well understood by him, and his knowledge of it comprised also the peculiar philosophy of that nation of deep thinkers, and was no doubt one of the agents in his philanthropic attempt at Brook Farm.

Of Mrs. R—— I speak with a tenderness and affection which many long years have never chilled. I had known her before we met at Brook Farm, though not intimately. It was there that a friendship was formed between us which, on my part at least, existed as warmly as at first until her death. It is impossible to give an idea of the life she infused into all around her. To talk with her gave us strength for any effort, for "impossible" seemed a word unknown to her. She never shrank from any task she thought right for her to undertake. But there was one self-imposed task which none but a truly Christian woman would have undertaken; which almost all would have recoiled from, and few but those inured to such duty would have voluntarily performed. Among the pupils sent from abroad was a boy from Manila. He was apparently perfectly well when placed at Brook Farm, and it was not until after some months that a most loathsome disease made its appearance, and it was easily seen why he was sent so long a distance from his home, as a cold climate was deemed the only cure for him. His malady was elephantiasis. Mrs. R—— performed all the duties of a nurse, and cleansed and bound up the leprous spots without ever betraying to him the sickening feeling which more than once nearly overcame her. By her efforts the disease was arrested for a time, and for more than three years he enjoyed his life with us; but, poor fellow, he was not cured, and the malady again made its appearance with more virulence than ever. About this time guano was much talked of as a remedy for all forms of this disorder, and it was tried for him; it did for a time alleviate, but there was

no permanent cure for him. Every kindness was shown him by all on the place, for his gentleness and amiability had drawn us towards him, and he remained with us until the final dissolution of the association, when he and a brother who was with him left to return to Manila, which he did not live to reach. Perhaps this digression from my subject may seem unnecessary, but I feel it due to Mrs. R—— that her true nobility of soul and innate goodness should be made known in this slight sketch of her. Of her intellectual capacity it is not requisite to speak, for it is well known, and her brilliant conversational powers were appreciated by all who had the happiness to know her. Mr. C——, of New York, a brilliant lecturer and well-known literary man, whose noble thoughts and words have always enlisted themselves on the side of progress, with his brother also lived in this house for more than a year after my residence on the place. They were not associates, but were drawn towards us by sympathy with the movement, and they left us, as did several others, when our life in a great degree was changed by our new organization. The other residents were, as I have said, scholars.

Most of our pupils had their rooms in the Aerie, and the freedom of their intercourse with their teachers added much to the charm of our social gatherings. Thus the winter passed quickly away; but when the spring opened and farming operations commenced, I observed a shade of anxiety on the brows of those to whom we looked for the knowledge we received of our material success. It was evident that all was not smooth and prosperous, and that our income did not meet our expenses. A more economical system as regarded our table was then suggested, although how we could live upon less was a close question. As is usual on such occasions, butter was first attacked, and the quantity heretofore allowed was much reduced. I cannot enter into all the details of our cutting down operations, but I know coffee was among the victims, or rather we coffee drinkers were. Still all this retrenchment did not relieve us. A few new

pupils were added to our educational department, but not enough to give much assistance. People were shy of us; we were supposed to nourish some very fantastic views which encroached much on the decencies of society. I will not enumerate all the absurd stories which were circulated with regard to us; and although our outside friends, who still continued to feel an interest in us, paid no heed to these ridiculous inventions, there were thousands who looked upon us as little less than heathens who had returned to a state of semi-barbarism. Even many who understood us and our lives felt timid when it was a question of the education of their children; I do not mean it should be understood they were afraid of any influence we might have over them; and although they knew that our teachers were not only highly educated but had made their mark as learned men, they chose rather to give their children inferior teaching than to trust them to the wild theories of Brook Farm. There were some who rose superior to these prejudices, and I have never heard that they regretted it.

We who were living so quietly within ourselves did not realize all this, or understand how much evil was attributed to us. In the mean time, if we were to keep together, we must live, and how to do so became a very serious question. Many plans were thought of, but were not found to be practical. At last it was decided to increase the association by admitting members who should bring an industry with them. It was also agreed that workshops should be erected, and mechanics who had applied for admission, but for whom at the time there had been no place, should be recalled and should thus try to do for us what farming alone had not effected. I have not ventured to speak of the capabilities of the place with respect to cultivation, for being a woman I am not supposed to know much about its working details; but having lived for the greater part of my life in the country I think I know somewhat of the quality of land when I see it, and I do not think much of that possessed by Brook Farm was suited to

arable purposes. It is not for me to criticise the knowledge of those so infinitely my superiors, but I cannot say that gravel and sand, interspersed with picturesque rocks, produce very rich grass.

There was much natural beauty surrounding the place. The pine woods adjoining, though not belonging to it, were an endless source of enjoyment to its inmates, and became almost a place of worship to them. I remember we several times held divine service in one of its open glades. Our officiating clergyman was the Rev. W. H. Channing, then for a time making his home with us.

At last our experiment commenced, and we were to decide upon the efficiency of our mechanical labor. I was not one of the financial committee and cannot give the details of its working, and must wait until I have arrived at the proper epoch to state its results. Our new inmates were quite a respectable class of persons, and generally inclined to fulfill their duties; though I suspect you might have picked out one or two who thought they would lead an easier life with us than battling with the world. Among those who joined us at this time was a florist, a Dane by birth, and one who understood his business well. How really lucrative he made it for us I never knew, but he certainly added much to the beauty of the place. Greenhouses were erected for him, and everything which could insure success within reasonable bounds was placed at his command. Before his advent some of us had endeavored to cultivate flowers, but not prosperously, the soil being too sterile to insure their growth; but with the power which was given to him as an experienced person, our small beginnings became a beautiful reality. He was æsthetic in his ideas, and perhaps studied beauty a little more than profit. He felt so superior to the rest of us in the knowledge of his own art that he was impatient of the least control, and not willing to understand the necessity of economy in the exercise of his vocation. His wife and daughter came with him. The latter improved much, both mentally and personally, whilst with us, and be-

came much endeared to her young companions, who sincerely mourned her early death. This did not take place while with us, but not many years after our final dissolution. The father and mother were both extremely fond of dancing, a knowledge of which they had brought from Denmark, but in outward appearance it seemed in them a most solemn affair. The German did not exist in those days. All dances were welcome to us, and no one thought it a bore to join in a square dance. The waltz was not universally known, and when danced was not so affectionate as our young people now make it.

With the spring our hopes revived; our workshops were in operation, and many looked forward to a brilliant future; but there were those who did not take so cheerful a view of our situation, and I am afraid they were those who best understood its real condition; still no one was utterly despondent, and the cheerfulness of the place was not disturbed. Our amusements went on as usual, mingled with our graver avocations, and outsiders generally believed in our prosperity. As the pleasant weather came on, our visitors increased, some drawn towards us merely from curiosity, but, I am happy to say, many more from friendly feelings cherished for us. It was at the time when the Hutchinson family were at the height of their popularity. As they had shown some interest in our undertaking we invited them to visit us, which invitation they accepted, and passed a night with us. One great charm of their singing was the perfect accord of their voices. There was but little of the art of high training, but I think in listening to them you never felt its want.

During the summer months we received as an inmate a songstress of far different type, — Frances or Eliza Ostinelli, perhaps better known to the public as Signora Biscaccianti. She was then quite young, not more than seventeen, or even younger. She was given in charge to us by her father; and it was thought best by those in authority to place her under the immediate care of

one of our staid members. She was very pretty, and her musical talent made her doubly fascinating, so that I am afraid some of our pupils were not as attentive to their studies as it was proper for them to be. It was rather an arduous task for her chaperon, and she sometimes had to call assistance in sending to their homes these young admirers at the stipulated hour. It was a rule that all should be in their several houses by ten o'clock. I remember a ludicrous adventure resulting to myself from this rule. A party of us were playing whist at the Cottage; we all belonged there excepting the youngest, who was a pupil, and lived at the Hive. Being interested in our game we had not noticed the hour, when we were startled by the appearance of one whom we always recognized as chief, and on whose countenance we observed a menacing expression. He himself was somewhat disturbed when he saw who were the party at the table, and we could not help smiling at his evident annoyance. Our poor young friend was, however, immediately seized upon and very austere questioned as to his being at that hour, a quarter past ten, absent from his dwelling place. The young man did not seem in the least discomposed, but answered quietly. We did not interfere, being much amused at the effort with which our worthy chief maintained his gravity. At last he asked, "And how do you expect, sir, to enter the house, when you know the doors are locked at ten?" "Oh," said our undaunted youth, "I always get in at the pantry window." I need not say that bursts of laughter greeted this answer, in which none joined more heartily than the questioner himself. This was all well enough for once, but we thought it better either to limit our whist parties to the residents of the Cottage, or to be more careful about hours, feeling that rules should be observed.

But to return to Biscaccianti. Her music was a great delight to us, although her voice at that time had been little cultivated. It had great power and sweetness combined, and it must have possessed some peculiar quality, for our

friends on Spring Street told us they could distinctly hear her when singing in the open air in the evening, though the distance was at least three quarters of a mile in a straight line. I have since thought this could not have been very beneficial to her voice, but it was very pleasant to us. I think probably the happiest part of her life was whilst with us at Brook Farm, and perhaps it would have been better for her if she had remained longer with us. She was at Brook Farm but a few months, and then went with her father to Europe to complete her musical education. During her stay with us we had a small fancy party in the woods, principally for her gratification. The costumes were confined almost wholly to the younger residents, although the elders lent their countenance to it by their presence. It was a merry scene and ended with sunset. One group represented gypsies, and their encampment was really picturesque; there seemed almost a reality in it, and we could not refrain from holding out our hands to have our fortunes told. It was a bright afternoon, not too warm, and all the children on the place contributed to its gaiety.

Among the many visitors of this summer was Margaret Fuller, and as may be supposed, much interest was excited by her visit. She was looked upon by her admirers as the most wonderful woman of the age, and, in many respects, she was so. So many men of acknowledged intellectual power did homage to her mind that every one must grant to her uncommon talent. I never so fully appreciated her as many of my friends did, and when listening to her wonderful conversations, — which, by the way, were limited to one person, herself, — and straining my mind to comprehend her meaning, I must own I have sometimes wished her English was rather plainer. Her sad fate has shrouded her in a romance which perhaps will be remembered longer than the impress of her mind will be felt, for she has left no writings of sufficient weight to insure her the fame she hoped to attain. In con-

nection with her I must here mention a young member of the association. His reverence for her was heartfelt, and he dwelt upon every word from her lips as something sacred. If you had asked him of her personal appearance I am sure his description of her would never have brought her before you as she was. The ideal which was impressed on his mind was all beauty, and he would hardly have understood you if you had dared to assert the contrary. When she left this country for Europe, had it been possible, he would have accompanied her, but his extreme youth made his friends oppose, for the time, such a project. He often talked to me of his great desire to see Europe, and what most fascinated his imagination was the wonderful cathedrals he had read of. After a few years his desire was gratified; he joined Miss Fuller, then the Marchesa d'Ossoli, in Italy. He returned with her in the fated vessel, and ended his life with hers.

In passing the laundry one day, the merry voices of its occupants, mingled with laughter, made me feel it must be a very pleasant place, and I had a strong desire to enter and offer myself as an assistant. They greeted me joyfully, as more assistance was needed, and I immediately began my work. It was something new to me to stand over a wash-tub, and from its novelty rather exciting, so I worked with all my power and complimented myself upon being so useful. Alas for poor human pride or vanity! I was not destined to long rejoicing, and when most exalted I ignominiously fell on being declared inefficient and of no use. I would not have it supposed this was any harsh decision, for it was both given and received in the pleasantest and merriest manner; and when I left the workers I laughingly told them that the time might come when they would be glad to have me, but I would never come to them again. My threat was doomed to be fulfilled, for not a great while afterwards I was sent for in great need, but I wisely held to my determination, being myself fully convinced of my total incapacity for usefulness in that line.

HISTORY.

THE Vision of a Woman comes to me,
 As I am walking in the crowded street;
 Of more than mortal mold she seems to
 be,
 And bears the dust of empires on her feet!
 Gathering below her generations meet,
 And Time before her strict tribunal stands.
 She sits, impartial, on the judgment seat,
 And holds an iron tablet in her hands;
 Around her are the scribes who write what
 she commands.

Back to the dim beginnings of the race,
 The far-off, primitive days, she turns her
 eyes;
 She has but to will, and suddenly time
 and place
 Are brought to doom before her. They
 arise
 From unremembered graves, with bitter
 cries,
 Because their evil deeds are known at last,
 Their foul abominations, based on lies;
 Ashes in vain upon their heads they cast:
 We harden our hearts against the unpardon-
 able Past!

Whence came, and when, the families of
 men
 That sparsely peopled earth when she
 was young?
 Who can declare the immeasurable *when*,
 The inconceivable, infinite *whence* they
 sprung?
 Much-knowing History answers not, and
 the tongue
 Of her elder sister, Fable, charms no
 more:
 Gone is the high descent to which they
 clung,
 Children of gods whom mortal mothers
 bore;
 They came not after their gods — but thou-
 sands of years before!

They left no history, but lived and died
 Like the wild animals round them which
 they slew;
 The woods and streams their ravenous
 wants supplied, —
 To hunger and to thirst were all they
 knew.
 The skins of beasts about their loins they
 drew,

And made themselves rude weapons out
 of stone,
 Sharp arrow-heads and lances, to subdue
 Their fellow savages, waylaid alone:
 From these beginnings Man and War and
 Woe have grown!

By slow degrees their dull wits were
 aware
 Of ways less dangerous: they somehow
 found
 They need not track the wild beasts to
 their lair,
 And slay them for their flesh, for in the
 ground
 A power was that brought forth the
 grains around,
 The taste whereof was good: they made
 them plows
 Of flint and bone, which they to hurdles
 bound
 With willow withes, and twigs of forest
 boughs;
 Tame creatures they yoke thereto that break
 the sods they browse.

Others of these are shepherds, whose live
 wealth
 Whitens the land for leagues, — a watch-
 ful band,
 Near whom the gaunt wolves, baffled,
 prowl by stealth;
 Their tents of skins, that summer suns
 have tanned,
 Are pitched where rivers fertilize the
 land;
 Young children part the curtains, and
 look out,
 Or, gamboling where their tethered play-
 mates stand,
 The petted lambs, or kids, they laugh
 and shout:
 Nomadic tribes are these, whom horsemen
 put to rout.

Before all these are Shadows, born of
 fear
 And hope, that slowly put on Shapes un-
 known:
 They seem to threaten, and they domi-
 neer, —
 Huge, uncouth images of wood and stone,
 Set up in templed places, groves that
 none

Dare violate, and few dare penetrate
 Save those, austere, who wait on them
 alone, —
 Gray-bearded, reverend men whose words
 are fate :
 In the stead of their gods they judge the
 people at the gate !

The will of these high gods they all de-
 clare ;
 What power behind each hideous symbol
 lies :
 Their wrath must be appeased by priest-
 ly prayer,
 Their mutable favor bought by sacrifice.
 Lo ! where the smokes of their burnt of-
 ferings rise
 Grateful to their craving palates ! — kin-
 dle more :
 They scrutinize the world with sleepless
 eyes,
 And hearken to the suppliants who im-
 plore ;
 They punish those who scoff, but they bless
 those who adore !

If they have might, they do not put it
 forth
 To succor their worshipers, nor heed
 their tears ;
 For still in every corner of the earth
 Are swift, dark horsemen, armed with
 bows and spears,
 Whose sudden war-cries ring in the start-
 led ears
 Of the shepherds and husbandmen whom
 they surround,
 Harry and pillage, and enslave for years :
 Happier are they whose life-blood stains
 the ground,
 Than those they drag away — men, women,
 children — bound !

To guard against these woeful tribula-
 tions
 Tribes band themselves together, one by
 one,
 Until the growing multitudes are na-
 tions.
 Then chiefs they choose, and kings : from
 sire to son
 Their lordly lines in clear succession run.
 The rustic tills his pastures as before,
 And drives his herds home when the day
 is done ;
 The merchant, bolder, sails from shore to
 shore :
 Protected, they forget the perilous days of
 yore !

Artificers come, and industries begin :
 The potter turns his wheel, and molds
 his clay ;
 Matron and maid at whirring distaffs
 spin,
 Twisting long threads of flax ; and all the
 day
 The weaver plies his shuttle, and whiles
 away
 The peaceful hours with songs of battles
 past ;
 Strong spear-heads and sharp swords,
 wherewith to slay,
 And armor-plates, are hammered out or
 cast ;
 Tents lessen, structures rise, and cities are
 at last !

If men are plundered when the tribes are
 small, —
 Slaughtered, enslaved, given over to
 stripes and blows, —
 Greater calamities on nations fall,
 For hatred in the heart of greatness
 grows :
 All powerful people are begotten foes ;
 Their kings suspect each other, but pre-
 tend
 Credence of what their lying lips disclose ;
 Friendly a king may be, but not a friend,
 For he seeks by forcible means to gain a
 peaceable end !

The whirlwind of a thousand battle-
 storms
 Bursts on my sight — interminable cloud
 Over all ages, lands, where terrible
 forms —
 Deep Darkness in the darkness — strug-
 gle and crowd ;
 Furrows below as though mankind were
 plowed ;
 Great armies grappling in the death-em-
 brace,
 To whom, unheard, the thunder calls
 aloud,
 Under whom, unfelt, the earthquake
 rocks the base
 Of the imperturbable Earth, which breeds
 this savage race !

The Vision of a Man — if he were Man —
 Who such prodigious armies led to war,
 Who Arabia, Libya, India overran,
 And, flaming westward, like a baleful star,
 Across the Asian table-lands his car
 Drove to barbaric Thrace, where graven
 were his
 Tremendous deeds on pillars seen afar :

The proud inscription underneath was
this :
"Sesostris, King of Kings, Belovèd of Am-
mon is !"

Glimpses of conquerors, imperious ghosts,
That once inhabited tenements of clay ;
Glimpses of soldiery, in serried hosts,
And of the encompassed cities where they
lay ;
Of sharp, incessant attacks, day after day ;
Of stout resistance, and night-sallies out ;
Of those who sullenly bear their dead
away,
And hurriedly strip and bury them —
Ah ! that shout !
A desperate dash at gates — a stubborn rally
— a rout !

Tumultuous ages follow, awful waves
Which the sea of time rolls shoreward
more and more ;
No longer men, but monsters, — soldiers
and slaves, —
They labor, and fight, and cruel gods
adore :
Deserts are where great cities were of
yore ;
They camp in sight of their ruins, and
know it not :
Other cities elsewhere bear the names they
bore :
Forgot are old races, new ones are begot,
But there are mighty names that will not
be forgot !

Out of the whirling tempest that over-
whelms
Kingdoms and empires, ruinous conquer-
ors glare ;
The brows of some are bright with brazen
helms,
Dinted with blows ; their diadems others
wear ;
Purple their robes are, and their swords
are bare, —
And all drip blood ! They menace Man
again !
Cambyses, Alexander, Cæsar dare
The world to arms against them ; Tam-
erlane
Comes with his Tartar horde and thousands
of captives slain !

And is this all ? These surgings to and
fro
Of sanguinary forces, — are they all ?
Enormous rivers of doom they flow and
flow

Luridly, darkened by terrors that appall :
Before their fury nations, races fall,
Swept on to annihilation, till at last
Sheer down the steeps of a mighty mount-
ain wall

They plunge — and are no more ! Earth
stares aghast !
Are these iniquities, then, the substance of
the past ?

No ! In the Order of the Universe
They are only parts thereof, — the small-
est part,
For they have blessed the world they
meant to curse,
And have wrested away their sceptres that
man's heart
Might govern his lesser brain, and larger
art

Than theirs have created, to themselves
unknown :
Out of their fertile desolations start
Fresh forms of life that are not over-
thrown, —
Benignant growths of Peace the hands of
War had sown !

The would-be conquerors of the Earth
were more
Than they conceived : behind their iron
hands,
That smote so blindly at the hearts before,
The inscrutable Creator stood — and
stands :
The everlasting Spirit of Good com-
mands,
For lo ! the hands are folded that so late
Grappled and mangled the still-bleeding
lands
Where Turk and Muscovite in deadly
hate
Struggled to defend and to seize the long-
sought Golden Gate !

Where battle-pillars were planted cities
rose,
And hid the spot where armies were in-
terred ;
Above the graves where mouldering kings
repose
The hum of busy multitudes is heard ;
Sweet thoughts are whispered, happy
hearts are stirred,
And hands are joined with holy marriage
rites :
Invisible walls of Law the people gird,
Shutting injustice out ; and Art invites
All that is divine in man to her diviner
heights !

Four Shapes she hath. The first of these
 is Sound, —
 The melody of voice and lute and lyre,
 That makes the feet trip and the spirits
 bound;
 A sister Shape sits near, but sits up high-
 er,
 Fulfilled of solemn songs and portents
 dire,
 With sudden and tragic endings, long
 foretold;
 Two others, lesser in the sacred quire,
 But more esteemed of men, color and
 mold
 Greatness and glory and grace that die not,
 and grow not old!

Slowly but surely in the shock of wars
 The ample victories of Peace are wrought;
 They bind up new-made wounds, and heal
 old scars;
 They cherish letters, and encourage
 thought:
 Old, dusty scrolls are to the daylight
 brought,
 And copied by pious hands in convent
 cells;
 Philosophy in learned schools is taught;
 Religion summons with sonorous bells,
 And up cathedral domes the pealing organ
 swells!

All this, and all that was, and is, the eyes
 • Of the Muse of History at a glance be-
 hold;
 Unshaken is she, whoever lives or dies,
 Calm as a marble statue, and as cold;
 Ten thousand plausible lies to her are
 told, —
 She neither hearkens nor heeds, but
 guides the pen
 Whereby the truth is written from of
 old.
 Austere Observer of the ways of men,
 What dost thou think of us, and what wilt
 thou write — and when?

We stand upon the threshold of great
 things;
 Shall we cross it, and possess them? Oh,
 shall we,
 Who have not inherited the curse of kings,
 Come under their rule hereafter? Shall
 we be
 Among the commonwealths that once
 were free,
 But soon in empires sank? Shall Man
 repeat
 His old defeats in us? Or History see
 One race in whom all resolute virtues
 meet,
 That will not stand condemned before her
 judgment seat?

R. H. Stoddard.

THE PARSON'S HORSE RACE.

"WAL! now this 'ere does beat all! I
 would n't 'a' thought it o' the deacon."

So spoke Sam Lawson, drooping in a
 discouraged, contemplative attitude in
 front of an equally discouraged-looking
 horse, that had just been brought to him
 by the widow Simpkins for medical
 treatment. Among Sam's many accom-
 plishments he was reckoned in the neigh-
 borhood an oracle in all matters of this
 kind, especially by women, whose help-
 lessness in meeting such emergencies
 found unfailing solace under his com-
 passionate willingness to attend to any
 business that did not strictly belong to

him, and from which no pecuniary return
 was to be expected.

The widow Simpkins had bought this
 horse of Deacon Atkins, apparently a
 fairly well-appointed brute, and capa-
 ble as he was good-looking. A short,
 easy drive when the deacon held the reins
 had shown off his points to advantage,
 and the widow's small stock of ready
 savings had come forth freely in payment
 for what she thought was a bargain.
 When, soon after coming into posses-
 sion, she discovered that her horse, if
 driven with any haste, panted in a fear-
 ful manner, and that he appeared to be

growing lame, she waxed wroth, and went to the deacon in anger, to be met only with the smooth reminder that the animal was all right when she took him, — that she had seen him tried herself. The widow was of a nature somewhat spicy, and expressed herself warmly: "It's a cheat and a shame, and I'll take the law on ye."

"What law will you take?" said the unmoved deacon. "Was n't it a fair bargain?"

"I'll take the law of God," said the widow, with impotent indignation, and she departed to pour her cares and trials into the ever ready ear of Sam. Having assumed the care of the animal, he now sat contemplating it in a sort of trance of melancholy reflection.

"Why, boys," he broke out, "why did n't she come to me afore she bought this crittur! Why, I knew all about him! That 'ere crittur was jest ruined a year ago last summer, when Tom, the deacon's boy there, come home from college. Tom driv him over to Sherburn and back that 'ere hot Fourth of July. 'Member it, 'cause I saw the crittur when he come home; I sot up with Tom takin' care of him all night; that 'ere crittur had the thumps all night, and he hain't never been good for nothin' since. I telled the deacon he was a gone hoss then, and would n't never be good for nothin'. The deacon he took off his shoes and let him run to pastur' all summer, and he's ben a-feedin' and nussin' on him up; and now he's put him off on the widder. I would n't 'a' thought it o' the deacon. Why, this hoss 'll never be no good to her; that 'ere 's a used-up crittur, any fool may see! He 'll mabbe do for about a quarter of an hour on a smooth road, but come to drive him as a body wants to drive, why, he blows like my bellowsis; and the deacon knew it — must 'a' known it!"

"Why, Sam," we exclaimed, "ain't the deacon a good man?"

"Wal now, there 's where the shoe pinches! In a gin'al way the deacon is a good man — he's consid'able more than middlin' good — gin'ally he adorns his perfession. On most p'int's I don't

hev nothin' agin the deacon, and this 'ere ain't a bit like him — but there 't is! Come to hosses, there 's where the unsanctified natur' comes out! Folks will cheat about hosses when they won't about 'most nothin' else." And Sam leaned back on his cold forge, now empty of coal, and seemed to deliver himself to a mournful train of general reflection. "Yes, hosses does seem to be sort o' unregenerate critturs," he broke out, "there 's suthin' about hosses that deceives the very elect; the best o' folks gets tripped up when they come to deal in hosses."

"Why, Sam, is there anything bad in hosses?" we interjected, timidly.

"'Tain't the hosses, boys," said Sam with solemnity. "Lordy massy, the hosses is all right enough, — hosses is scriptural animals: Elijah went up to heaven in a chari't with hosses; and then all them lots o' hosses in the Revelations, black and white and red and all sorts o' colors! That 'ere shows hosses goes to heaven; but it's more'n the folks that hev 'em is likely to, ef they don't look out.

"Ministers now," continued Sam, in a soliloquizing vein; "folks allers thinks it 's suthin' sort o' shaky in a minister to hev much to do with hosses, — sure to get 'em into trouble. There was old Parson Williams, of North Billriky, got into a drefful mess about a hoss. Lordy massy, he warn't to blame, neither, but he got into the dreffulest scrape you ever heard on — come nigh to unsettlin' him."

"Oh, Sam, tell us all about it," we boys shouted, delighted with the prospect of a story.

"Wal, wait now till I get off this crittur's shoes, and we 'll take him up to pastur', and then we can kind o' set by the river and fish. Hepsy wanted a mess o' fish for supper, and I was cal'-latin' to git some for her. You boys go and be digging bait and git yer lines."

And so as we were sitting tranquilly beside the Charles River, watching our lines, Sam's narrative began: —

"Ye see, boys, Parson Williams, — he's dead now, — but when I was a boy he was one of the gret men round here.

He writ books. He writ a tract agin the Armenians, and put 'em down, and he writ a big book on the millennium (I've got that 'ere book now); and he was a smart preacher; folks said he had invitations to settle in Boston, and there ain't no doubt he might 'a' hed a Boston parish ef he 'd 'a' ben a mind ter take it, but he 'd got a good settlement and a handsome farm in North Billriky, and did n't care to move; thought, I s'pose, that 't was better to be number one in a little place than number two in a big un; any way, he carried all before him where he was.

"Parson Williams was a tall, straight, personable man, come of good family — father and grand'ther before him all ministers; he was putty up and down and commandin' in his ways, and things had to go putty much as he said. He was a good deal sot by, Parson Williams was, and his wife was a Derby, one o' them rich Salem Derbys, and brought him a lot o' money, and so they lived putty easy and comfortable so fur as this world's goods goes. Well now, the parson wan't reely what you call worldly-minded, but then he was one o' them folks that *knows what's good* in temporals as well as spirituals, and allers liked to hev the best that there was goin'; and he allers had an eye to a good hoss.

"Now there was Parson Adams and Parson Scranton, and most of the other ministers, they did n't know and did n't care what hoss they hed; jest jogged round with these 'ere poundin', pot-bellied, sleepy critturs that ministers mostly hes, good enough to crawl round to funerals and ministers' meetin's and associations and sich; but Parson Williams he allers would hev a hoss as was a hoss; he looked out for *blood*, and when these 'ere Vermont fellers would come down with a drove, the parson he hed his eyes open and knew what was what. Could n't none of 'em cheat him on hoss flesh; and so one time when Zach Buel was down with a drove, the doctor he bought the best hoss in the lot. Zach said he never see a parson afore that he could n't cheat, but he said the doctor reely

knew as much as he did, and got the very one he 'd meant to 'a' kept for himself.

"This 'ere hoss was a peeler, I'll tell you. They 'd called him Tamerlane, from some heathen feller or other; the boys called him Tam, for short. Tam was a gret character. All the fellers for miles round knew the doctor's Tam, and used to come clear over from the other parishes to see him.

"Wal, this 'ere sot up Cuff's back high, I tell you. Cuff was the doctor's nigger man, and he was nat'lly a drefful proud crittur! The way he would swell and strut and brag about the doctor and his folks and his things! The doctor used to give Cuff his cast-off clothes, and Cuff would prance round in 'em and seem to think he was a doctor of divinity himself, and had the charge of all natur'.

"Well, Cuff he reely made an idol o' that ere hoss, a reg'lar graven image, and bowed down and worshiped him; he did n't tlink nothin' was too good for him; he washed and brushed and curried him, and rubbed him down, till he shone like a lady's satin dress; and he took pride in ridin' and drivin' him 'cause it was what the doctor would n't let nobody else do but himself. You see, Tam warn't no lady's hoss. Miss Williams was 'fraid as death of him, and the parson he hed to git her a sort o' low-sperited crittur that she could drive herself, but he liked to drive Tam; and he liked to go round the country on his back, and a fine figure of a man he was on him too. He did n't let nobody else back him or handle the reins but Cuff, and Cuff was drefful set up about it, and he swelled and bragged about that ar hoss all round the country. Nobody could n't put in a word 'bout any other hoss without Cuff's feathers would be all up, — stiff as a tom turkey's tail, — and that 's how Cuff got the doctor into trouble.

"Ye see, there nat'lly was others that thought they 'd got horses, and did n't want to be crowed over. There was Bill Atkins, out to the west parish, and Ike Sanders, that kep' a stable up to Pequot Holler; they was down a-lookin' at the

parson's hoss and a-bettin' on their'n, and a-darin' Cuff to race with 'em.

"Wal, Cuff he could n't stan' it, and when the doctor's back was turned he'd be off on the sly and they'd hev their race; and Tam he beat 'em all. Tam, ye see, boys, was a hoss that could n't and would n't hev a hoss ahead of him—he jest *would n't!* Ef he dropped down dead in his tracks the next minit, he *would* be ahead, and he allers got ahead, and so his name got up; and fellers kep' comin' to try their horses, and Cuff 'd take Tam out to race with fust one and then another till this 'ere got to be a reg'lar thing, and begun to be talked about.

"Folks sort o' wondered if the doctor knew, but Cuff was sly as a weasel and allers had a story ready for every turn; Cuff was one of them fellers that could talk a bird off a bush—master hand he was to slick things over!

"There was folks as said they believed the doctor was knowin' to it, and that he felt a sort o' carnal pride, sech as a minister ought n't fer to hev, and so shet his eyes to what was a-goin' on. Aunt Sally Nickerson said she was sure on 't; 't was all talked over down to old Miss Bummiger's funeral, and Aunt Sally she said the church ought to look into 't. But everybody knew Aunt Sally; she was allers watchin' for folks' haltin's, and settin' on herself up to jedge her neighbors.

"Wal, I never believed nothin' agin Parson Williams; it was all Cuff's contrivances; but the fact was the fellers all got their blood up, and there was hoss racin' in all the parishes; and it got so they'd even race hosses a Sunday.

"Wal, of course they never got the doctor's hoss out a Sunday. Cuff would n't 'a' durst to do that, Lordy massy, no! He was allers there in church settin' up in the doctor's clothes, rollin' up his eyes and lookin' as pious as ef he never thought o' racin' hosses; he was an awful solemn-lookin' nigger in church, Cuff was.

"But there was a lot o' them fellers up to Pequot Holler—Bill Atkins and Ike Sanders and Tom Peters and them Hokum boys—used to go out arter meetin'

Sunday arternoon and race hosses. Ye see, it was jest close to the state line, and if the s'lectmen was to come down on 'em, they could jest whip over the line and they could n't take 'em.

"Wal, it got to be a great scandal; the fellers talked about it up to the tavern, and the deacons and the tithingman they took it up and went to Parson Williams about it; and the parson he told 'em jest to keep still, not let the fellers know that they was bein' watched, and next Sunday he and the tithingman and the constable they'd ride over and catch 'em in the very act.

"So next Sunday arternoon Parson Williams and Deacon Popkins and Ben Bradley (he was constable that year) they got on to their hosses and rode over to Pequot Holler. The doctor's blood was up and he meant to come down on 'em strong, for that was his way of doin' in his parish; and they was in a sort o' day 'o jedge ment frame o' mind, and jogged along solemn as a hearse, till come to rise the hill above the holler they see three or four fellers with their hosses gittin' ready to race; and the parson says he, 'Let's come on quiet and get behind these bushes, and we'll see what they're up to and catch 'em in the act.'

"But the mischief on 't was that Ike Sanders see 'em comin', and he knowed Tam in a minit,—Ike knowed Tam, of old,—and he jest tipped the wink to the rest. 'Wait, boys,' says he, 'let 'em git close up, and then I'll give the word and the doctor's hoss will be racin' ahead like thunder.'

"Wal, so the doctor and his folks they drew up behind the bushes, and stood there innocent as could be, and saw 'em gittin' ready to start. Tam he begun to snuffle and paw, but the doctor never mistrusted what he was up to till Ike sung out, 'Go it, boys!' and the hosses all started, when, sure as you live, boys, Tam give one fly and was over the bushes and in among 'em, goin' it like chain lightnin', ahead of 'em all.

"Deacon Popkins and Ben Bradley jest stood and held their breath to see 'em all goin' it so like thunder; and the

doctor he was took so sudden it was all he could do to jest hold on any way, so away he went, and trees and bushes and fences streaked by him like ribbins; his hat flew off behind him, and his wig arter, and got catched in a barberry bush; but Lordy massy, he could n't stop to think o' them. He jest leaned down and caught Tam round the neck and held on for dear life, till they come to the stopping place.

"Wal, Tam was ahead of them all, sure enough, and was snorting and snuffling as if he'd got the very old boy in him, and was up to racing some more on the spot.

"That 'ere Ike Sanders was the impudentest feller that ever you see, and he roared and rawhawed at the doctor. 'Good for you, parson!' says he. 'You beat us all holler,' says he; 'takes a parson for that, don't it, boys?' he said. And then he and Ike and Tom and the two Hokum boys they jest roared, and danced round like wild critturs. Wal now, only think on 't, boys, what a situation that 'ere was for a minister, — a man that had come out with the best of motives to put a stop to Sabbath breakin'! There he was all rumbled up and dusty, and his wig hangin' in the bushes, and these 'ere ungodly fellers gettin' the laugh on him, and all acause o' that 'ere hoss. There 's times, boys, when ministers must be tempted to swear, if there ain't preventin' grace, and this was one o' them times to Parson Williams. They say he got red in the face and looked as if he should bust, but he did n't say nothin'; he scorned to answer, — the sons o' Zeruiah was too hard for him, and he let 'em hev their say. But when they 'd got through, and Ben had brought him his hat and wig, and brushed and settled him ag'in, the parson he says, 'Well, boys, ye 've had your say and your laugh, but I warn you now I won't have this thing going on here any more,' says he, 'so mind yourselves.'

"Wal, the boys see that the doctor's blood was up, and they rode off pretty quiet, and I believe they never raced no more in that spot.

"But there ain't no tellin' the talk this 'ere thing made. Folks will talk, you know, and there warn't a house in all Billriky, nor in the south parish nor centre, where it warn't had over and discussed. There was the deacon and Ben Bradley was there to witness and show jest how the thing was, and that the doctor was jest in the way of his duty; but folks said it made a great scandal, that a minister had n't no business to hev that kind o' hoss, and that he'd give the enemy occasion to speak reproachfully. It reely did seem as if Tam's sins was imputed to the doctor; and folks said he ought to sell Tam right away and get a sober minister's hoss.

"But others said it was Cuff that had got Tam into bad ways, and they do say that Cuff had to catch it pretty lively when the doctor come to settle with him. Cuff thought his time had come sure enough, and was so scairt that he turned blacker 'n ever; he got enough to cure him o' hoss racin' for one while. But Cuff got over it arter a while, and so did the doctor. Lordy massy, there ain't nothin' lasts forever. Wait long enough and 'most everything blows over. So it turned out about the doctor; there was a rumpus and a fuss, and folks talked and talked and advised; everybody had their say, but the doctor kep' right straight on, and kep' his hoss all the same.

"The ministers they took it up in the association, but come to tell the story it sot 'em all a-laughin' so they could n't be very hard on the doctor.

"The doctor felt sort o' streaked at fust when they told the story on him; he did n't jest like it; but he got used to it, and finally, when he was twitted on 't, he 'd sort o' smile, and say, 'Any way, Tam beat 'em; that 's one comfort.'"

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE RELATIONS OF LABOR AND CAPITAL.

PRODUCTION is an essential condition of human existence; for a cessation of production for a period of nine months would induce general famine.

The two great agencies of production, in addition to the forces of nature, are labor and capital. Labor is the primary agent in supplying human wants; even the spontaneous productions of the earth cannot be utilized without it. Indispensable, however, as labor is, it is comparatively powerless to supply the needs of civilized life unaided by capital. To produce effectively, labor must be supplied with materials to work upon, and be aided by shelter, tools, machinery, and other productive appliances. All of these require capital, that is, an accumulation of previous earnings. Hence it is obvious that whilst capital can do nothing without labor, labor could never rise above a state of barbarism without capital.

But notwithstanding their reciprocal dependence, the idea is prevalent that capital oppresses labor and seeks to deprive it of its natural rights. This error has arisen from a misconception of the laws which govern the relations of labor and capital, and of the conditions under which labor and capital cooperate for the greatest good of the greatest number.

Now, presupposing a due regard to be always had to the dictates of humanity and religion, the highest well-being of the race can be realized only by maximum production united with equitable distribution. The solution of this problem is the goal of social and economic science.

Nevertheless, the relations of the problem are so various and complex that its complete solution may never be accomplished, though human progress tends always in that direction.

It is my purpose here to consider this subject in its twofold aspect, beginning with

MAXIMUM PRODUCTION.

As a general truth it is for the advantage of every nation to develop its productive powers to the fullest extent. The more a nation produces, the more its people will have to consume. In a normal condition of business affairs there is, generally speaking, no overproduction; it is only when some unusual or artificial cause disturbs the relations of demand and supply that labor is unemployed, and want exists in the presence of surplus productions. I shall consider this proposition farther on. Fully to develop the productive powers of a people, labor and capital must cooperate in conformity with the social and economic laws which govern productive results. Certain conditions, also, must be fulfilled, namely:—

First, labor must be aided by machinery and other productive appliances, wherever practicable.

Second, labor must be educated.

Third, labor must be organized and wisely directed.

The ultimate limit of invention, and its consequent aid to labor, cannot now be foreseen. Since the dawn of civilization man, in his desire to better his condition, has striven for new methods and appliances to assist him in subduing nature and to increase the efficiency of his labor in supplying human wants. The extent to which these efforts have already aided labor cannot be measured accurately, though it is known to be very great.

The following facts in regard to the productive efficiency of certain inventions, discoveries, and improvements may assist us in forming an approximate estimate of it.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Stirring the soil is an essential condition of successful agriculture. The im-

plements used for this purpose in earlier times were very rude. During the last century the improvements in the plow and the harrow have been such as to enable a given number of men and teams to prepare twice as much land for the seed as they could prepare before these improvements were made; and we can gather some idea of the aggregate extent to which these improvements aid labor from the fact that one hundred and eight million acres¹ were tilled in this country last year.

In the production of corn, the more important implements employed after the plow are the corn planter, the cultivator, and the corn sheller. Before any improvements were made in the direction of a corn planter, planting half an acre was considered a good day's work. Now a man with a two-horse check-rower planter can plant twenty acres in a day. By the modern cultivator the labor of cultivating corn after it is planted is reduced twenty per cent. But it is in shelling the corn that labor is most aided by invention. By the old hand method, a man could shell only five bushels a day, whereas now, two men, with a shelling machine driven by steam or horse power, can shell fifteen hundred bushels a day. To shell by the hand method the thirteen hundred million bushels² of corn produced in the United States last year would require over eight hundred and sixty thousand men working three hundred days in a year.

The principal implements or machines employed in the production of wheat, rye, oats, and barley are the seeder, the harvester, and the thresher. In planting grain, the seeder has great advantages over the old mode of broadcast sowing and harrowing. It sows the seed and covers it with soil at one operation; and by distributing the seed more evenly and covering it at a more uniform depth than can be done by the old mode of planting, the crop is rendered more certain and the yield increased from ten to twelve per cent. In harvesting grain, a man with a common sickle can barely reap half an acre in a day, laying the

grain in parcels to be bound into sheaves afterwards. With the best harvester a man driving two horses can cut and bind the crop of fifteen acres a day.

Formerly grain was threshed with the flail, and freed from its chaff by a fanning mill operated by hand. The modern thresher, propelled by steam or horse power, performs both of these operations at once. It receives the grain in masses, separates the kernel from its stalk, deposits the chaff and straw in a pile, and delivers the clean grain into sacks ready for the market. Some idea of the extent to which these machines aid labor in the production of grain may be derived from the fact that last year, in this country alone, eight hundred and twenty-two million bushels of wheat, rye, oats, and barley were produced. In cutting and curing hay, the mowing machine, tedder, and horse-rake enable one man to do as much as four can do without them.

TEXTILE MACHINERY.

There are few productions of greater importance to the welfare of the race than cotton. Its extensive use was rendered possible by the invention of the cotton gin. Before Whitney's invention, in 1793, a man could gin only five pounds a day. The best cotton gin now turns out four thousand pounds a day. To gin by hand the current cotton crop of the United States would require the constant labor of twelve hundred thousand men. In the manufacture of cotton the principal processes are carding, spinning, and weaving. The modern carding machine enables one person to card in a given time as many pounds of cotton as sixty can card with hand cards. By the distaff and spindle — which are still in use in India — a good spinner can scarcely complete a skein of yarn a day. By the domestic spinning-wheel from ten to twelve skeins in a day can be spun. In comparison with these results, the efficiency of modern spinning machinery appears marvelous. The spinning frame, with the attendance of one woman and an assistant, will spin forty-seven

¹ Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture.

² Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture.

hundred skeins a day; and the spinning mule, attended by a man and a boy, will spin over six thousand skeins a day.

A weaver of plain cloth by the hand loom could throw his shuttle only about ninety times a minute; whereas now one person can attend five, and sometimes six, power looms, each loom throwing its shuttle one hundred and sixty times a minute. In weaving figured cloth, the power loom aids labor to a still greater extent. One woman can weave as much Brussels carpeting by the carpet power loom as ten men assisted by ten boys can weave by the hand loom. To weave by the hand loom the carpeting that is now woven by the carpet power loom in its various applications would require the labor of fourteen thousand more persons than are now employed.

In the manufacture of wool, flax, and silk, modern machinery aids labor nearly to the same extent that it does in the manufacture of cotton. The labor-aiding capacity of the sewing machine is well known.

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURE.

This important industry within the last quarter of a century has undergone a great change. Much of the work that was formerly done by handicraft methods is now accomplished by a series of labor-aiding machines organized under the "factory system." Eighty-five per cent. of the work of making boots and shoes can now be done by machinery.

MINING AND METAL WORK.

Mechanism and the applied sciences largely aid labor in mining and in the working of metals. It has been estimated that in the production of iron one man, aided by all the productive appliances now available, has a productive power of twenty in former times. Within a quarter of a century the cost of steel has

¹ Great care has been taken to verify the foregoing facts relating to the productive efficiency of modern machinery. In regard to the steam-engine I am indebted to Mr. George H. Corliss, paper-making machinery to Mr. Samuel D. Warren, the power printing press to Mr. E. F. Waters, cotton machin-

been reduced over seventy-five per cent. Modern machine tools for boring, turning, and planing metals greatly aid labor in building other labor-aiding machines, as well as all structures of metal.

PAPER-MAKING MACHINERY AND LETTERPRESS PRINTING.

The diffusion of knowledge is essential to high productive efficiency; and whatever tends to facilitate such diffusion aids labor. The rapidity with which paper is made and printed at the present day is almost incredible. A paper-making machine, attended by one man, makes printing paper six feet, or more, in width, and delivers it upon rolls at the rate of one mile per hour. The power printing press, attended by a man and two boys, receives the paper on rolls, and prints it on both sides at the rate of ten miles an hour; and at the same time cuts the paper into sheets and folds them. The London Times and the leading daily papers in this country are printed at the rate of twelve thousand five hundred copies per hour. By double width presses, in which two papers are printed side by side, twice that number of copies are printed per hour.

In comparison with these means, what could the ancient scribes, with parchment and stylus, do in diffusing knowledge?

MOTORS.

The larger part of the labor-aiding machinery above specified is propelled by the force of water or steam. The Boyden turbine wheel gives an effective force of ninety per cent. of the weight of the water passing through it. The Corliss steam-engine with the steam generated by one ton of coal will impart a motive force equal to ninety horse-power during ten hours.¹ A horse-power is held to be equal to the power of five men; whence it follows that one ton of

ery to Mr. William A. Burke, and for some of the facts relating to agricultural and other machinery to the statements of Messrs. Coffin, Storrow, and Smith before the committee on patents of the House of Representatives.

coal is capable of producing a motive force equal to the motive force of four hundred and fifty men exerted ten hours. In the *Life of James Watt*, published in 1874, it is stated that the steam power of Great Britain is equal to the power (physical force) of four hundred millions of men. This prodigious energy, so far as it is employed productively, aids labor.

TRANSPORTATION.

The influence of railroads on production and on the condition and distribution of labor is exerted in so many ways that it can scarcely be estimated. Some idea of it may be gathered from the following facts. The Boston and Albany Railroad in 1876 transported between Boston and Albany, — a distance of two hundred and one miles, — eight hundred and thirty-three thousand tons of through freight and seventeen hundred and eight thousand tons of way freight,¹ being the equivalent of fifteen hundred and eight thousand tons carried over the whole road. To transport the same amount of freight on common roads (upon the basis of a horse of average power being able to move one ton fifteen miles a day, three hundred days in a year) would require (in round numbers) sixty-seven thousand horses, and eleven thousand men to groom and drive them. When we consider what a drain such a number of horses and such an army of men would be upon subsistence, and that the above figures apply only to the freighting on one road, irrespective of the passenger traffic, we at once see how impossible it would be now to carry on the business of the country without railroads. Were all the railroads in the United States to suspend operation only for a short time, actual famine would occur in many parts of this land of abundance. This is well illustrated by the famine in China, where there is sufficient food, but for the lack of transportation sixteen millions of people are in a famishing condition, and sixty millions are

suffering more or less distress.² Apart from their greater efficiency and the saving in the cost of transportation which they effect, railroads have many economic advantages. By reason of their rapid locomotion perishable commodities are safely transported, less capital is in transit, less capital is kept idle in superfluous stock, less time is spent in traveling, new markets are opened, and in old markets prices are equalized. Mr. Disraeli³ gives the following curious example of the saving of time and money to the traveler by increased facility of communication.

“Mr. Robert Weale was twelve years employed as an assistant poor-law commissioner, during which time he traveled in the public service 99,607 miles. Sixty-nine thousand of these miles were traveled by the old conveyance, and thirty thousand by railway. By the old mode the cost of traveling was 1s. 6½d. per mile, and by railway it was only 3¼d.; so that virtually the country saved by the new mode of conveyance five sixths of the cost of traveling. But the saving of time was still more remarkable. If the whole distance had been performed by railway it would have occupied one year, thirty weeks, and six days; if the whole had been performed by the superseded method, it would have occupied four years, thirty-nine weeks, and one day. The result is that three years and nine weeks of Mr. Weale’s life would have been saved, while the advantage to the public would have been that the whole cost would only have been £1344, instead of £7735. So that this active public servant would have saved three years and a half of his life, and the country £5390 in his traveling expenses alone.”

In the foregoing statement I have brought to view some of the labor-aiding inventions and improvements which come under general observation. There are many others of importance — though less conspicuous — which largely aid labor and augment production. Although,

¹ Poor’s Manual of the Railroads of the United States, page 37.

² Life of Lord George Bentinck, page 295.

³ Minister Seward’s recent report to the State Department.

as we have seen, the productive result of certain inventions is very large, the aggregate extent to which all of the inventions and productive appliances now available aid labor cannot be formulated, and all statements in regard to it must be more or less conjectural. The real question is as to the extent to which these inventions and productive appliances benefit society in its collective form. Society is the custodian of civilization, and apart from civilization these inventions and appliances could not have been made; nor would their use be possible without social order and societary co-operation. The benefit which they confer, therefore, is not to be measured by their effect on certain industries or classes of laborers, but by the ratio in which they increase the productive power of the nation. In estimating this result we must keep in view the fact that the labor of only a part of the population is directly aided by mechanism; and that many of the important labor-aiding inventions — notably agricultural implements — are used only a small portion of the year.

The productive employments in which labor is chiefly aided by machinery are agriculture and the manufacturing, mechanical, and mining industries. By the United States census for 1870, it appears that in all of these industries but little more than one fifth of the population are employed, and probably less than one half of these are engaged upon the parts of the work to which machinery is applied. Hence the labor of not more than one tenth of the population is aided productively by modern inventions and improvements. Assuming that the labor of this one tenth of the population is thus increased in efficiency in the average ratio of thirty to one, it follows that the productive power of the country is increased thereby threefold. As a general fact, I think it may be said that the people of this country, assisted by labor-aiding inventions and appliances as they now are, have three times the productive power in proportion to numbers that they had a century ago.

I have dwelt long on the extent to

which mechanism aids labor, for few realize how large a part of what we daily consume and enjoy we owe to modern inventions. Great as mechanical progress has heretofore been, we are still very far from its ultimate limit. To reap the fullest benefit from the inventions and improvements of the past, as well as to multiply and develop them in the future,

LABOR MUST BE EDUCATED.

Education is the principal means by which the knowledge of one generation is transmitted to and made available by the next. As knowledge increases, successive generations start on a higher and higher plane; hence, education becomes more and more necessary to the continued progress of the race. This is especially true in regard to productive industry. The efficiency of labor, on whatever objects it is exercised, depends not only upon the natural power of the laborer, but also upon his training and general intelligence. As a means, therefore, of high productive efficiency, it should be made possible for every individual to acquire a good general education, directed with a view to invigorate the body, elevate the moral faculties, and strengthen the intellectual powers, or, in other words, to fit the individual for the general duties of life. Thus much should be done without any reference to special pursuits. Practical instruction in the industrial arts and trades, generally speaking, should begin in the workshop, where the learner may be surrounded by all the conditions under which these arts and trades are respectively carried on.

Higher technical instruction is of but little practical value except to those who have decided aptitudes in certain directions, and for such persons every possible means of instruction should be provided; for it is to them or their influence that we are to look mainly for the advancement of civilization. While they plan and direct, the others must execute. The commercial value of education is well set forth in the Journal of the Sta-

tistical Society, in England, by Mr. Chadwick. He states that "he has been at much pains to ascertain from employers the comparative efficiency of educated and uneducated laborers, and that all intelligent witnesses of wide experience and observation unanimously agree that education, even in its present rude and in many respects objectionable condition, is highly remunerative. Masters who have been at the expense of schools on high religious and social grounds concur in saying that success is great on economical grounds. They find the readiness with which a well-educated man comprehends instructions, the willingness and the intelligence with which he makes trial of unaccustomed processes, the quickness with which he notes the facts that come under his observation and the facility with which he reports them, the suggestions for the improvement of his business that he is able to offer, the diminished amount of superintendence that he requires, and the saving of waste from untrustworthiness, from blundering, from misconduct, and from misdirected labor, are advantages which the mercantile mind is not slow to appreciate."

Whatever may be the natural powers or the degree of intelligence that laborers possess, they cannot achieve high results when working separately. To work with the greatest efficiency,

**LABOR MUST BE ORGANIZED AND
WISELY DIRECTED.**

It has been said that the civilization of a nation is measured by the capacity of its people for association. Certain it is that their greatest achievements are the results of associated effort. Common schools, the higher institutions of learning, the church, the state and the several departments of its government, all owe their success to organization. The same is especially true of industrial operations, for in most cases they require the implements of production to be organized as well as the labor employed to operate them. Machinery for the production of an article involving

several processes must be organized in departments so co-related as to act in unison. In a cotton mill, for instance, the weaving department must keep pace with the spinning department, and the spinning department with the carding department, so that the several departments, with all their complex mechanism, will cooperate for a common result. However perfectly the machinery of production may be organized, a successful result is unattainable unless the labor which operates it is also properly organized and wisely directed. A skillful sub-agent or overseer must have charge of each of the several departments, and the operatives be assigned to their allotted tasks according to their respective capabilities, while the working of the whole establishment is placed under the watchful care and supervision of an experienced general manager. The number of persons possessing this organizing and administrative faculty is comparatively small; hence a large amount of human effort is wasted by misdirection, and failures are nearly as numerous as successes. The bearing of this fact on the condition of labor will be more fully considered when treating of the other aspect of the subject.

EQUITABLE DISTRIBUTION.

We have seen that maximum production can be achieved only by labor and capital cooperating in conformity with social and economic laws. Distribution, to be equitable, must be governed by similar laws. When, in their efforts to satisfy human wants, all obey these laws under a sense of moral obligation, the problem of uniting equitable distribution with maximum production will be solved; and not otherwise. Equitable distribution consists, not in an equal pro-rata division of the produce of labor and capital, but in allotting to all a share proportionate to the degree in which they have respectively aided production, directly or indirectly. This is just, and is what every one who aids production by mental or manual labor, or by capital, has a right to demand.

Production and distribution are so related to each other that they cannot be treated separately; and any system which may be devised for their accomplishment, to be permanent, must embody the conditions essential to their joint success. The principal systems for this end which have excited discussion are the socialistic or communistic system, which, for convenience, I shall designate communism; the coöperative system; and the competitive system.

COMMUNISM

in theory is in conflict with the laws of our being. Were it put in practice, it would increase rather than diminish the evils of which its advocates complain, and create others of graver import. As compared with the present order of things, it would diminish production and distribute what would be produced unjustly. Says Herbert Spencer, "A desire for property is one of the elements of our nature,"¹ and "The right of private property harmonizes with the human constitution as divinely ordained."² By denying this right and holding the produce of labor as common stock, communism takes away one of the strongest motives for human effort. To labor energetically the laborer must be sure of receiving the fruits of his industry in a form which he can appropriate as his own. The communistic idea of equality is also wholly at variance with the principles on which labor, to work effectively, must be organized and directed. It is, moreover, at variance with the principles of equitable distribution. There is nothing more manifest in the constitution and course of nature than the law of diversification. In the animal and vegetable kingdoms there have been found no two organisms exactly alike. Of the millions of human beings, the features of each one are so unlike the features of all the others as to be distinguishable; and observation and experience prove a similar diversity to exist in their mental organization and aptitudes. Now,

to assign to the services of every one an equal value, and allot to every one an equal share of the produce of labor, would be manifestly unjust; and, as Herbert Spencer says, "to ascertain the respective amounts of help given by different kinds of mental and bodily laborers towards procuring the general stock of the necessities of life is an utter impossibility. We have no means of making such a division save that afforded by the law of supply and demand."³ Communism has no root in the nature of things. It is a parasite on the body politic; and it is for the interest of every citizen, be he laborer or capitalist, to exterminate it.

THE COÖPERATIVE SYSTEM,

although having some features in common with the joint stock corporation system in general use, is essentially different from it. The object of the former system is to organize labor and capital on a basis which gives labor the control and management of affairs. The object of the latter system is to aggregate capital in amounts sufficient to prosecute business to the best advantage, irrespective of the labor element. There is no reason why people should not adopt either one of these systems as their interest may dictate. It is the unquestioned right of laborers to strive by all legitimate means to better their condition, and the duty of society to give them every possible aid in doing so. The question here is as to the extent to which we can reasonably look to the coöperative system as a means of improving the condition of labor. Judging from experience and from the nature of the case, we have to confess, however much we may regret it, that the outlook in that direction is not very encouraging. The system is, in some respects, at variance with social and economic laws, and can never be extensively adopted. Small undertakings are more likely to be successful under it than large ones; and, for obvious reasons, coöpera-

¹ Social Statics, page 151.

² *Ib.*, page 152.

³ Social Statics, page 151.

tive *distribution* may succeed when coöperative *production* would fail.

In a large association of workmen, "inexperienced in business affairs, it is impossible to command the organizing and administrative ability necessary to success; nor is it to be expected that the essential unity of policy and action can be secured. Moreover, the relative value of the services of the workmen employed in the different departments of a coöperative establishment must always be a source of jealousy and discontent. On account of the density of her population, and her comparatively settled course of business, England is as favorable a place for testing the merits of the coöperative system as can be found; yet its use there furnishes no proof of its fitness for business generally. Mr. Thomas Brassey, in his excellent lectures on the Labor Question, makes the following statements in regard to societies for coöperative distribution, and for coöperative production. "The number of societies for coöperative distribution in England and Wales is 746; the number of members, 300,587; of whom sixty thousand were admitted, and thirty-two thousand withdrew, in 1872. . . . The management of a coöperative store is a task not without difficulties. The members who withdrew from these societies in 1872 were half as many as those who joined. . . . The most recent report shows that the number of societies for coöperative production may almost be counted on the fingers. Though some of the experiments actually tried have been successful, the failures have been more numerous than the successes. Coöperative societies for production would doubtless have been established far more rapidly, unless there had been formidable difficulties to be surmounted. . . . The most important experiment in coöperative production hitherto attempted in this country [England] is that of the Ouseburn Engine Works. But this company has sustained a severe loss; and, strange to say, there has been a strike for higher wages on the part of the workmen employed in one department of the concern. The occurrence of a

strike in a coöperative establishment proves the difficulty, though not the impossibility, of conducting an undertaking on a democratic system, when you have to deal with many classes of workmen, possessing different and unequal qualifications." In other countries the history of coöperative societies is no more encouraging. The general result is that they either fail or, sooner or later, adopt the usual systems and methods of business. In France, several years ago, M. Reybaud, a member of the Institute, in behalf of the Academy of Moral Science, made inquiries in regard to the condition of workmen in the woolen industry. In his report he gives an account of the formation and temporary success of several coöperative societies for spinning worsted in Fourmies in the north of France, and after narrating the steps by which these societies passed from the coöperative to the competitive system in the conduct of their affairs, he makes the following philosophical remarks: "In these ephemeral communities, that which emerges insensibly is a return towards the demand and respect for individual faculties. Among these workmen some absorb, others are absorbed. The rights after trial become fixed according to merits and proportions of interest. The control follows the same progress, so that after a circuit, more or less long, there is a return to society in its collective name, and to the *régime* of wages, that is to say, to the ordinary form of this kind of contracts. Fourmies has given us the last word which we shall seek for in this direction. We see, then, in what manner associations for community of labor commence, and we see how they end. Through artifices and equivocations, other associations of the same kind may continue longer; but their inevitable *dénoûment* is only a question of time. A work of industry can never be anything else than an affair of speculation; disinterestedness slips in only on occasions and by calculation. Sooner or later the nature of things takes its revenge, and shakes or overturns whatever does not conform to it."

THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM

is, in all civilized countries, the principal system which has heretofore regulated, and in the nature of things must continue to regulate, the varied and complex social interests involved in the processes of production and distribution. Its universality is sufficient proof of its being an expression of some natural law; and all experience goes to show that that law is the law of demand and supply.

It is divinely ordained that man, in common with other animate beings, shall struggle for existence. He is by nature a competing animal. In the social state, all are free to act according to their judgment and preferences, provided they do not trench on the rights of others. In competing with each other, the law of demand and supply is the means by which their mutual interests are adjusted. It determines the prices of the things they desire, and allows all to acquire them according to their preferences and ability. If, then, it is divinely ordained that the race shall compete for subsistence, the relations of labor and capital must necessarily conform to the divine scheme. Yet, notwithstanding that competition, under the law of demand and supply, is the inevitable and chief means whereby the natural interests of labor and capital can be equitably adjusted, there is a growing misapprehension and consequent discontent in regard to the existing state of affairs. The alleged grounds of this discontent are various. It is believed by many that the general use of labor-aiding machinery has so augmented production as to cause the present depressed state of business; and tends permanently to prevent the full employment of labor. These views are unsustained by facts. The extent to which labor is unemployed is much less than has been represented. Hon. Carroll D. Wright, chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, says that while it has been reported that there are from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand people out of employment in this State, he has ascertained by a careful investigation,

in June last, that the actual number, including both sexes, is less than twenty-nine thousand; and that the estimated number of the unemployed in the United States is seven hundred and fifty thousand instead of three millions as has been reported. This last figure he says has been quoted in papers, works on political economy, speeches in Congress, and political resolutions, till it has come to be believed everywhere. I hardly need say that these exaggerated reports have done much harm. They have misled the public judgment, and given rise to various unsound theories in regard to the condition of labor and the means for its relief. The causes which led to the present depression are of a general nature, affecting all departments of business, some departments more than others, according to their respective conditions. When we consider the enormous shrinkage that has taken place in the value of almost all kinds of property, the number of failures that have occurred, and the consequent general distress, we see no evidence that labor has suffered disproportionately to other interests. Commercial crises or periods of business depression were known anterior to the era of productive mechanism. They are the product, not of labor-aiding machinery, but of financial machinery. Capital is the basis of business, and credit, though not the equivalent of capital, is essential to its complete employment. Whenever the amount of capital employed is in proper proportion to the amount of business done, and the amount of credit employed is in proper proportion to the amount of capital, business affairs assume their normal condition, and, as I have before stated, there is no over-production. In such a state of affairs, the various interests develop in harmony, and whatever labor-aiding machines may exist, they are used only to the extent to which they can be made profitable. It is only when the intricate machinery of credit is run at undue speed that over-production and over-trading ensue, and lay the foundation of the crises which sooner or later inevitably follow. The contrivances by which men strive to ex-

tend their business in disproportion to their capital are various; but whether they work in the direction of a redundancy of greenbacks, an irredeemable currency, long time credits, or "kiteing," the result is the same, namely, excess of credit and consequent disaster. Were the present depression due to labor-aiding machinery, we might expect to find the greatest depression in the departments of business to which such machinery is directly applied; but real estate is as much depressed as manufacturing, and railroading as grain growing.

Five or six years ago, business generally was active, and the demand for labor in some industries was greater than the supply. Is it conceivable that labor-aiding machinery has been so much increased during this interval of time as to displace the laborers now out of employment? No. Anterior events led to their displacement. It was the natural result of the disarrangement of business affairs consequent upon the late war and the subsequent undue extension of railroads. The demand created by the war for hundreds upon hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of commodities was superadded to the normal wants of the people, and had the same stimulating effect on the business interests of the country as though that demand had come from abroad. (Its effect on national wealth is another question.) The consequence was that the productive forces of the country were brought to the highest state of activity. Productive machinery was increased, new factories and work-shops were built, and labor pressed into service to meet this urgent, though temporary, demand. When this demand ceased, as it did largely at the close of the war, these productive agencies were out of harmony with the requirements of peace. Then came the unprecedented and premature extension of railroads, which brought in its train similar consequences. Rolling-mills, locomotive works, car-shops, and shops for the various railroad supplies were built largely in excess of the regular requirements; and now that the building of new railroads has ceased, those works are par-

tially or wholly stopped, and the workmen thus abnormally drawn together are out of employment. Concurrently with the war and the railroad mania, the machinery of credit was in full operation, turning out delusive financial facilities for speculation. The panic of 1873 disclosed the actual state of affairs. It was then seen that the capital and labor of the country had been largely misapplied; that railroads had been built which were not needed; that the machinery of production had been increased beyond the legitimate demand; that the amount of credit employed was largely in disproportion to the amount of capital; that the excessive use of credit had raised the prices of most kinds of property above their actual value; and that, in short, business affairs generally were disarranged and out of joint. Under these circumstances it would have been strange indeed if labor had found continuous employment. The hard times, as they are called, are the result of the violation of natural laws; and under the operation of the same laws — unless unwise legislation is interposed — they will, at no distant day, disappear. When values are brought within the measure of actual capital supplemented by a proper relative amount of credit, and the normal relation between demand and supply is reestablished, — now gradually taking place, — confidence will return, business will revive, general prosperity will ensue, and labor, as heretofore, will find full employment. No one of the curious theories which have been advanced to account for the present business depression is more unsound and misleading than that which — erroneously, as I have shown — attributes it to the influence of labor-aiding machinery. Its indorsement by the American Social Science Association does not relieve it of its absurdity, nor lessen its mischievous tendencies.

Another source of discontent is the vague impression — now quite prevalent — that capital tyrannizes over labor and deprives it of its just share of their joint produce. Rightly to understand this aspect of the labor question, we must consider it, not in the light of what we could

wish to see realized, but in the light of what it is possible to achieve. Our sympathies would lead us to wish that every human being might enjoy ease and abundance; but it has been otherwise divinely ordained.

It is for the interest of all, as I have before stated, that production should be carried to its maximum; for the more that is produced of the articles necessary to subsistence, the greater will be the supply thereof to be distributed. We have also seen that to obtain this result labor must be aided by labor-aiding machinery; that capital is necessary to provide machinery, shelter, and materials for labor to work upon; and that the machinery as well as the labor to operate it must be duly organized and wisely directed. Fully to appreciate the difficulties to be surmounted in fulfilling these conditions we must take into view the diversity that obtains in the mental endowments and aptitudes of the race.

Mr. Henry Thomas Buckle says that "an immense majority of men must always remain in a middle state, neither very foolish nor very able, neither very virtuous nor very vicious, but slumbering on in a peaceful and decent mediocrity." Upon the same subject Professor Huxley remarks that "the great mass of mankind have neither the liking nor the aptitude for either literary, scientific, or artistic pursuits, nor indeed for excellence of any sort. Their ambition is to go through life with moderate exertion and a fair share of ease, doing common things in a common way." It is equally true that the portion of the human race endowed with organizing and administrative faculties in a marked degree is not very large. To avoid waste of labor by misdirection it is for the interest of laborers as well as of capitalists that the producing and the distributing organizations should be in the hands of those who are best fitted for such responsibilities. Under the laws of competition, capital, generally speaking, naturally falls to those who have the largest business capacity; and as a matter of course such men become the men of business. Nevertheless, the demand for

business talent is always greater than the supply. One of the greatest difficulties experienced in forming or in maintaining a business organization is in finding competent persons to take charge of the various departments. In view of these facts, and of the conditions under which the race must struggle for subsistence, the practical inquiry is whether or not human wants can be more fully or more equitably supplied than under the existing order of things.

In all the discussions of the labor question which have taken place, an affirmative answer to this inquiry, sustained by proof, has never been given; nor is it likely that one ever will be given. The existing system is founded in the nature of things. Under it, civilization progresses and the condition of labor is constantly improving. In the history of the world there has been no time when the needs of the people have been so fully met as now. The law of equal freedom removes all just ground of complaint. All are at liberty to compete for position, for capital, and for the produce of labor and capital, according to their preferences and ability. Certain it is that where there is perfect freedom there can be no tyranny.

It is often asserted that in view of the extent to which modern improvements aid labor, laborers do not derive the benefit therefrom to which they are entitled. I have estimated, as we have already seen, that the productive power of the people of this country has been increased by labor-aiding mechanism during the last century threefold. Were it possible to bring to view a clear picture of the manner in which people lived a century ago, and contrast it with the manner in which they live now, I think it would be found that the amenities of life have increased in a greater ratio than the power of production. The results of this increased power of production are better general education, wider diffusion of intelligence, larger charities, and the general elevation of the condition of the whole people. Laborers have not only participated in these benefits, but have derived special ad-

vantages. During the past century the wages of labor have generally advanced over fifty per cent., and in some employments one hundred per cent.; the daily hours of labor have been lessened nearly one third; and the prices of many of the necessities of life have been largely reduced. The changes in these items which have taken place within the past forty years — years fruitful in labor-aiding inventions — are well exemplified by the cotton mills at Lowell, as the general system of business under which those mills have been run during that period has not been materially changed.

Mr. Burke, who has had official relations with one or another of the manufacturing corporations at Lowell since 1836, states that since 1838 the wages of women paid in the cotton mills at Lowell have been increased forty per cent., and the wages of men thirty per cent.; that the hours of labor for both sexes have been reduced from seventy-six and a half hours to sixty hours per week; and that the prices of cotton goods have been reduced over thirty per cent. The advance in wages which has taken place concurrently with the increasing use of labor-aiding machinery is conclusive proof that such machinery, in the long run, increases rather than diminishes the demand for labor; hence the term "labor-saving" as applied to inventions is a misnomer. In the present abnormal state of business, the facts which obtain in regard to the employment of labor are exceptional, and afford no just criterion of the merits of the general question.

The vast systems for production and distribution which now minister to the wants of the people are among the grandest monuments of civilization. Yet there are many at the present time who, with a strange perversity of judgment, denounce them as the cause of their sufferings, when in fact they are the very means by which they subsist. In this country the social pyramid rises in such just proportions that there is no marked line which separates the laborer from the capitalist. But if we class as laborers those who depend on wages for their

principal means of support, we include in that category probably seven eighths of the adult population. Now, as the laboring population and their families constitute the bulk of the consumers, it follows that seven eighths of the results of the great systems of production and distribution go to supply their needs. Therefore, when a laborer, or any combination of laborers, in their hostility to capital attack these systems, they attack their own interests; and, so far as those interests involve the means of subsistence, the consequences of such attacks fall upon laborers to the extent of seven eighths, and upon "bloated capitalists" to the extent of one eighth.

Much confusion of thought in regard to the labor question has resulted from ascribing effects to wrong causes. There is a prevalent feeling that, in the existing relations of labor and capital, there is something *radically* wrong. This is an error. These relations are founded in the nature of things, and are as much controlled by natural laws as is the planetary system. Although, through ignorance and prejudice, they may be temporarily disturbed, no human effort can change their character. Whatever of hardship or injustice comes to laborers is caused by the general course of human affairs, which affects the rights and interests of men in all the relations of life. Bad laws, bad faith, vicious modes of doing business, undue use of credit, and fluctuations of trade affect the whole community, — the interests of labor in common with other interests. The condition of laborers can be improved only by reforming the modes of doing business and elevating the general condition of society, of which they form a part. Much may be done to soften the asperities of life by judicious charity and timely sympathy. The claims of the unfortunate and the needy should be promptly met; but sympathy for labor on account of its existing relations with capital is out of place, and unavailing. If a man carelessly walks off a precipice and breaks a limb, he is entitled to our sympathy, but nothing can be gained by attacking the law of gravity.

There is no agency more detrimental to the interests of labor than the undue use of credit. It is essential to the prosperity of labor that it should have steady employment. Moderate wages which are constant are far better than occasional high wages succeeded by low wages and—as often occurs after a financial crisis—a temporary cessation of employment. People generally adapt their expenses to their *current* income. When a laborer in good times is receiving high wages he adopts a corresponding standard of living, which becomes habitual. Then, when a change of times compels a reduction of his wages, he is disappointed, and if his employment ceases, even temporarily, he is in distress. It is at such times of depression that the discontent of laborers is chiefly manifested, and the labor question most earnestly discussed. It is at such times, also, that political charlatans bring forward their quack remedies for alleged evils, as they have done during the past few years. As I have before stated, in a normal condition of business affairs, that is, when credit is employed to a proper extent relatively to the amount of capital, all departments of business develop in harmony, and labor finds full employment. The loss to labor, the loss to capital, the loss to the country, which an undue use of credit has caused, can scarcely be estimated. It has been reported that “since the panic in 1873 the shrinkage in values has caused failures in this country amounting to ten hundred and fifty million dollars, and has reduced by forty per cent. the money valuation of the aggregate assets of the country.”

Although some kinds of property have depreciated forty per cent. and over, it is not probable that the aggregate has

depreciated to that extent. The census of 1870—a year of high inflation—gives the total assessed value of the property of the country, in round numbers, at fourteen thousand million dollars. If we take the low rate of twenty per cent. as the average rate of shrinkage on this vast sum, it follows that the total depreciation amounts to twenty-eight hundred million dollars; or, in other words, the people of this country are not as rich by that sum as they thought they were a few years ago. The consequences of this depreciation are widely distributed. There is scarcely an individual in the country who has not directly or indirectly suffered thereby. Under the stimulus of undue credit enterprises were pushed forward in ten years which should have occupied twelve or fourteen years. By this untimely action a vast amount of labor has been wasted. Had enterprise been limited to actual capital, supplemented by a proper relative amount of credit, the prosperity of the country would have been real instead of being largely fictitious, and the fruits of labor would now be represented by actual wealth. I know of no means whereby the use of credit can be properly limited other than the good sense and prudent judgment of the people. But deliberately to seek to extend the use of credit by an irredeemable currency or any other scheme of inflation is a crime. With the evil consequences of this excessive use of credit fresh before us, it is unaccountable that, just as we are entering upon a career of substantial prosperity, there should be so many among us urging upon government inflation schemes which, if adopted, would inevitably reproduce the evils from which we have been suffering. Capital is the laborer's best friend; excessive credit his worst enemy.

Erastus B. Bigelow.

THE MEANING OF MUSIC.

SOME time ago — it is full fifteen years since — I broached a theory in regard to music which none of my fellow-devotees of the art — none at least that I heard of — received with favor. It was that music is entirely without rational significance or moral power; that the creations of this divine art, while they have an exquisite fitness to certain conditions of feeling (in those who have a certain physical constitution), have rarely any definable meaning; and above all that a fine appreciation of even the noblest music is not an indication of mental elevation, or of moral purity, or of delicacy of feeling, or even (except in music) of refinement of taste. That in this the witness of all literature is against me, I know well; and even better do I know that my own feeling is against me while I say that what has been from my earliest memory, and is now, the greatest, keenest pleasure of my life is one that may be shared equally with me by a dunce, a vulgarian, or a villain. But that this is true, I have not the beginning of a doubt. So thoroughly am I convinced of it that not even that subtlest and strongest of all allurements to man's soul, the temptation to believe that some peculiar endowment of his sets him at least in one respect above his fellows, — that intellectual phariseism which makes us thank God that we are not mentally constituted as other men are, — can win me to believe that the finest musical organization ever sent upon the earth was either a sign or a necessary accompaniment of any mental or moral superiority, or the cause or the occasion of any excellence, except in music itself.

Of this theory, upon which at the time when I first set it forth incidentally and very briefly I insisted as strongly as I do now, I received not long ago a reminder, to speak logically, *e converso*, musically, *al rovescio*. For John Ruskin, in a *Fors Clavigera* (No. 82), fol-

lowing Plato, asserted just the contrary. To differ from Ruskin on a subject that he understands is almost as perilous as to do the like with Plato; and the Oxford Graduate understands so many more things than what is good painting and good architecture, and the tendency of whatever he writes is so directly toward the elevation of man's whole nature, and so notably toward purity, truth, and justice in all things, that even when he seems to be impracticable in his notions, or even wholly wrong, to maintain the right against him is an ungrateful task. The theory of political economy, if so it must be called, which he promulgates is as impossible of practical application in this workaday world as the reversal of the revolution of the earth upon its axis; but I do not envy the man whose heart does not warm to the visionary prophet as he proclaims that the law of just living is the doing good work, and not the getting of as much money as may be gotten by doing work of any degree of badness that will sell, or, better, by doing no work at all. And as to his hatred of railways (and all manner of steam contrivances for doing the work of man's hands), and of electric telegraphs, the question at least remains to be decided whether without them we might not live a more comfortable and a happier life, as well as a nobler. But, however this may be, as to music it is not strange that he should be wrong; for it is plain that his knowledge of it is very limited, and that even his feeling for it stops short of its higher and finer manifestations. In this he is not at all peculiar among men of letters of the higher class, — of the highest; for among them Plato stands. All literature is full of evidence that mental power, æsthetic intuition, the gift of utterance, fancy, imagination, and, strangest of all, even the gift of rhythm do not necessarily accompany such an enjoyment or even such a comprehension and ap-

prehension of music as may be almost intuitive in a man who could not write a line, and could hardly think two logically connected thoughts.

The examination of a few passages from the writings of authors of high rank who were men of rare personal accomplishment will not only make manifest in them this incapacity, but show them revealing an elementary ignorance of music in the very words which they use for the purpose of illustrating it or of using it as an illustration.

To begin with Ruskin himself. In his eighty-third *Fors* he says, "I think this passage [from Plato] alone may show that the Greeks knew more of music than modern orchestral fiddlers fancy. For the essential work of Stradivarius in substituting the violin for the lyre and the harp was twofold. Thenceforward instrumental music became the captain instead of the servant of the voice, and skill of instrumental music became impossible in the ordinary education of a gentleman. So that since his time Old King Cole has called for his fiddlers three, and Squire Western sent Sophia to the harpsichord when he was drunk; but of souls won by Orpheus or cities built by Amphion we hear no more." It is true that in these days neither do cities rise to the sound of the lyre nor their walls, when they have them, fall flat at the sound of rams' horns; but as to the winning of souls of women by music, let the tenors on the stage and in society testify, upon their honor. Apart, however, from its last clause, this paragraph contains in its every assertion and implication an error shot off point blank into the eye of truth. So far was Stradivarius from substituting the violin for the lyre and the harp that when he lived and worked the lyre was to all intents and purposes unknown in music, and that since his day the harp has been much more used in both the public and the private performance of the higher music than it was before. So untrue is the assertion that thenceforward instrumental music dominated the voice, that on the contrary all the great vocal music, both solo and choral, has been writ-

ten since the day of Stradivarius, and that before his time violins were much less used in accompanying the voice than they have been since. And again, for every gentleman who attained skill of instrumental music as a part of his ordinary education before the time of the great Cremonese there have been a hundred or a thousand since, and the number is yearly increasing.

And finally, the admirable old fiddle maker had no influence, direct or indirect, upon King Cole or Squire Western, or their contemporaries of whom they may be accepted as the type. For King Cole lived nearly a century before Stradivarius,¹ and Squire Western's creator, Fielding, was his contemporary. Nor did Stradivarius exercise any influence whatever upon music in his own day or thereafter. Many intelligent persons, including some poets, seem to have a notion that the Stradivarius of whom they hear so much in connection with the violin was an inventor of something, or an introducer of something in music. But he did not even invent anything in the violin, and neither exercised nor sought to exercise any influence upon the instrumental music of his day. He was merely an artisan; a highly intelligent, very skillful, and very conscientious workman with saw and plane and chisel and varnish. His workmanship is excellent, admirable; and he deserves the honor which belongs to all skillful and conscientious handicraftsmen. But even in violin making he did not do anything new. A great array of skillful and now celebrated violin makers had preceded him; and he, so far from being an inventive genius even in his own craft, was an eclectic maker. Sound judgment, good taste, and thorough workmanship as an artisan are his claims to distinction. He united the good qualities of the good makers who had preceded him; he patiently perfected their plans; and in his greatest distinction, his flat sounding board, he merely returned to the model of that great violin maker, Gaspard da Salo, who lived

¹ See King Cole and his Band, *Galaxy*, August, 1876.

and worked a hundred years before him. To attribute to such a man any influence upon music is much like attributing to Joseph Gillott, the great Birmingham steel-pen maker (one of Stradivarius's greatest admirers), an influence upon literature.

Passing by, for the moment, the reference to the Greeks' knowledge of music, let us consider some other examples of ignorance of music on the part of authors of repute, ignorance which is not so technical in its character as it may seem. Arthur Helps writes of a nervous man, "And when for the sixth time he hears C flat instead of C sharp played in an adjacent house, he is very apt to be distracted from his work, and very much inclined to utter unbecoming language." (Social Pressure, chap. iii.) If Mr. Helps had been content with referring in a general way to the annoyance felt by a nervous person at unskillful performance or practice of music, he would have done well; but in attempting to talk music he merely showed that he knew nothing about it, in a way that raises a smile upon the lips of those who do. It is true, of course, that there is such a note as C flat; but it may be said to be the one which, under that designation, is least often heard. It is also not the note that would be misplayed for C sharp, the mistake for which, as every musical tyro knows, is C natural. But Mr. Helps had heard talk of flat and sharp, and probably, too, of natural, which however had not character enough to attract his attention or to serve his purpose; he had also been annoyed by musical practice; and of this musically nebulous condition of mind we here have the result.

Bulwer has in *The Caxtons* this comparison, upon which if he did not pride himself he had the misfortune of seeming to do so: "As when, some notable performer not having arrived behind the scenes, or having to change his dress, or not having yet quite recovered [from] an unlucky extra tumbler of exciting fluids — and the green curtain has, therefore, unduly delayed its ascent — you perceive that the thorough bass in the orchestra

charitably devotes himself to a prelude of astonishing prolixity, calling in Lodoiska or Der Freyschütz to beguile the time," etc. (Part XI., chap. v.) Already my musical readers have laughed at the "thorough bass in the orchestra devoting himself to a prelude." Readers non-musical may need to be told that thorough bass is not a big fiddle or a big fiddler, but a way of writing harmony, the name of which is sometimes used for the art itself of writing harmony. But Bulwer, having heard musical people speak of thorough bass, thought that the thoroughest bass as was must be the *contra basso* "in the orchestra." More subtle, but to a truly musical person perhaps even more convincing evidence of ignorance, and ignorance of a more radical and essential nature, is his saying of a young girl, "She has an ear for music, which my mother, who is no bad judge, declares to be exquisite." The application here of "no bad judge" and "exquisite" to an ear for music shows that Bulwer, when he heard people talking about music, did not even know what they meant.

So Lord Beaconsfield, K. G., which being interpreted is Benjamin Disraeli, recently talked about "the diapason of England's diplomacy," which showed that he did not know the difference between the diapason and the key note. The diapason of a diplomacy is nonsense. And in one of the many vulgar scenes in that vulgar book, *Lothair* (in his pictures of society Mr. Disraeli is very apt to be vulgar), the same distinguished person shows us a family party at a ducal house, where two of the young ladies present "from time to time burst into song." I quote from memory, not having seen the book since the time of its publication, but the absurdity music wise of the expression impressed me so strongly that I am sure I must be essentially right. People who can sing do not burst into song in a promiscuous and headlong way.

On the other hand, when Sterne makes uncle Toby sympathize with Mr. Shandy about a horse, and repeat his brother's words, he illustrates the sympathy by

this comparison: "Poor creature! said my uncle Toby, vibrating the note back again like a string in unison!" This is the real thing; it is written from knowledge, — knowledge which has become so much a part of the writer's mental furniture that he can use it familiarly and with a steady hand. True, the illusion is strictly rather acoustical than musical, but it has the air of coming from an observant violin player; and I believe that Sterne did play the violin. If he did, I do not doubt that he showed in his playing no less sentiment than in his writing, sentiment doubtless somewhat false and morbid, but still sentiment; just like many another foul and shallow-souled creature that had played and written before him, or has played and written since, or will play and write — *secula seculorum*. But violinist or not, and showing here some acquaintance with music, Sterne elsewhere shows that he could not soar to the heights or fathom the depths of music; as we shall see.

To return to Plato and Ruskin. In the Fors preceding the one before referred to (No. 82), the latter, after some consideration of certain æsthetic and ethical theories — it would not do to call them notions — of the former, says, "And understanding thus much, we can now more clearly understand, whether we receive it or not, Plato's distinct assertion that as gymnastic exercise is necessary to keep the body healthy, musical exercise is necessary to keep the soul healthy; and that the proper nourishment of the intellect and passions can no more take place without music, than the proper functions of the stomach and blood can go on without exercise. We may be little disposed, at first, to believe this, because we are unaware, in the first place, how much music, from the nurse's song to the military band and the lover's ballad, does really modify existing civilized life." (Page 317.) Mr. Ruskin afterwards (page 329) refers approvingly to the notion that mu-

sic is "throughout life to be the safeguard of morality."

One of the great difficulties in the way of intelligent and fruitful discussion, a difficulty so great that by it many of those who are most fitted for this mode of inquiry are entirely deterred from it, is the uncertainty as to the meaning of the terms which must be used. From this cause arises much of the confusion, the prolixity, and the acrimony which attend religious discussion. By religion, one man means one thing, possibly a creed or an external form, and another possibly piety, which has nothing to do with creeds and forms. Two men may both have faith in a God; but one's idea of God is very different from the other's. We encounter this difficulty at once in the consideration of what Plato says, and Mr. Ruskin endeavors to enforce, in regard to music. If music meant the same thing to Plato that it does to us nowadays, and has meant for the last three centuries, the Academic philosopher was on one subject at least clean daft.¹ The very persons whose love and enjoyment of music is deepest, strongest, subtlest, most fervid, most enduring, — whom it enwraps, soul and body, in a delight, an elevated joy that lifts them for the moment out of the material world and at once awakens and expresses emotions for which there is no other voice, no other sign or symbol, — would not, unless their perceptions were limited to this art, accept these dicta of Plato in regard to its functions and its influence. If they observe, if they reflect, they must know — none so well as they — that although in them music may soothe, or stimulate, or even tone that human thing, or condition of human action, which we now call the soul, it has no point of contact with their moral nature; and that although it may awaken passion, good or bad, holy or unholy, as the case may be, it has no nourishment for the intellect, and less than all other arts demands intellect either in its loving devotees or in its executive ministers. Pomfret, who

¹ A piddling critic might "remark" upon this expression because it "savors of the north of the Tweed;" but, as Byron said about "anent," which

he uses freely, "it has been made English by the Scotch novels." A fitting answer to such an objector. "*Couvercle digne du chaudron.*"

passed his life in writing pompous platitudes in Pindaric verse for the world of William and Mary's reign, has yet one keen couplet which shows that he had observed and thought upon this subject: —

"Melania dotes upon the silliest things,
And yet Melania like an angel sings."

This epigram is the more valuable because it is not in a satire nor even meant satirically. It occurs in Strephon's Love for Delia, and Melania is merely one of a row of "fairs" whom the lover passes in review in search of one superior or equal to his mistress; and the couplet, so far from being "wrote sarcastical," is intended to set forth Melania's attractions in the best light.

It is remarkable that a writer like Pomfret, in all of whose longsome, wearisome works I have not discovered two other lines worth the printing, should have observed and recorded the frequent coexistence of skill in music and silliness in all other things. For poets, with writers of sentiment and æsthetic generally, have taken another view of the question, even when the gods had not made them musical. And indeed very few of them have left evidence that they were capable of the enjoyment of the higher music. Shakespeare was. He showed that he had the soul of music in him. Not in the passage which will occur to most of his readers, but in various others, chiefly in two; first, this beautiful one in the last act of the Merchant of Venice: —

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho ! and wake Diana with a hymn :
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
And draw her home with music."

No man could have written so far who had not in his nature the capacity of the greatest enjoyment that music can afford.

The passage is pervaded with evidence of the finest musical sensibility; and the thought of sweet touches *piercing* the ear cuts down to the very quick of feeling. After this comes Jessica's reply in that one immortal line, —

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music,"

which to the lover of true music shadows forth the unutterable, the incomprehensible. For Lorenzo's after-attempt to account for this condition of the music-lover's soul is only a brilliant and ingenious attempt to explain the unexplainable. But of a yet higher value as evidence of Shakespeare's finely receptive musical organization are two passages in Twelfth Night. The first of these is the first speech in the comedy. The love-sick duke says, —

"If music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it, that surfeiting
My appetite may sicken and so die.
That strain again : — it had a dying fall :
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor. Enough — no more !
'T is not so sweet now as it was before."

The other is in a subsequent scene, in which there is music. The duke asks Viola how she likes the "tune;" and the poor girl answers with her heart, —

"It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd."

Music is inexplicable, and defies all analysis of how and why and wherefore; and thus in like manner it is impossible to explain to those who are not musically organized how it is that these passages show beyond all possibility of doubt or question that Shakespeare was exquisitely sensitive to the finest touches of music; which those who are themselves so organized know without the telling. But the former may perhaps apprehend that the phrase "a dying fall" expresses the cadence or falling close of a tender strain in a way which shows that it had sunk into the very soul of him who uses it, and that the subsequent lines about the wind have, apart from their poetic beauty, and setting aside their charm of rhythm, a descriptive fitness which could have been given by no man who had not felt what he told. And so as to Viola's speech, we know

from it that Shakespeare had loved with sentiment, and had found in music an expression of the sweet, tender sadness that sometimes fills a lover's soul.

These, however, are not the passages that commonly come up as indicative of Shakespeare's feeling for music. That function is performed to the general apprehension by the last few lines of Lorenzo's clever and pretty, but altogether unsatisfactory, attempt to philosophize upon music:—

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."

Now this, like very many passages in Shakespeare's plays which have been perverted from their proper function of individual utterances appropriate to time and place and personage, to abstract moral maxims, is dramatically good and ethically bad. It is quite in character for Lorenzo to say it to Jessica as they listen to music together in the light of their honeymoon; but if Shakespeare himself could come before us for a few minutes, only long enough for him to glance his mind's eye along the records of his memory, he would say that as a general truth, a gnomic sentence, it is absolutely untrue. But because of the magic of Shakespeare's name and chiefly because it is not understood,—for nothing more captivates the general man or is more eagerly received than that which has the form of wisdom without the substance, the semblance of truth without the reality, particularly when it seems to declare what men wish to believe,—it has had large acceptance as a law of ethics and aesthetics, and is quoted with unction by lovers of music who wish to believe that there is virtue in pleasure. A good man, one of refined tastes, and a very pleasant writer, the Rev. John Wood Warter, Southey's son-in-law, gives us in *The Seaboard and the Down* (vol. ii., p. 352) this dilution of Lorenzo's declaration: "He that has no love for soft, sweet sounds is very frequently devoid of tenderness and mercy." This dose of Shakespeare and

water may be very safely taken. The assertion is indisputably true; but it is equally true that he that has no love for soft, sweet sounds is frequently six feet high, or has frequently a snub nose, and that he frequently is devoid not only of tenderness and mercy, but of cash and of house and land. But there is no more connection between the two facts that he lacks a love for sweet sounds and also lacks tenderness and mercy, than there is between the former and his stature, or the shape of his nose, or the condition of his pocket. To establish for ourselves any claim to superior consideration on moral grounds, we music-lovers must show that benevolence and justice are always accompanied by a fondness for our beloved art, that brutes and scoundrels are not to be found among singers and fiddlers, that the Neros of the world do not ply the bow while Rome is burning,—in a word, we must show, not that many of us are good, which is undoubtedly true, but that none or very few of us are bad, which is as surely untrue. How impossible these conditions are, no one knows better than an observant musician; and by musicians I mean not only, or chiefly, those whose profession is music, but all real lovers of music, whether performers or not, who love it with understanding as well as with heart. To such persons, if they are observant and thoughtful, the union of all the baser passions, in strong activity, with a fine sensibility to the most exalted beauties of the higher kind of music must have presented itself as one of the strange, inexplicable problems of humanity.

And otherwise than in its moral aspect this subject has been sadly muddled, not only by poets but by fine writers of a metaphysical, or fancied metaphysical, turn of mind. The saying that "architecture is frozen music," which is attributed to Madame de Staël, has done much to continue the confusion which has so generally prevailed upon this subject, and to confirm the exaltation of exalted musicians as to their favorite art. It is only one of those fanciful figures of speech which, not founded upon truth,

passage from one sound, or from one combination of sounds, to another, which gives to a strain whatever beauty it may have. It is this only which gives form to music, that form without which in no art is there beauty. This motion in sound is the very essence of the composer's conception, the very soul of his purpose. Let the movement of his music be arrested, even at a stage of its development when it is most complicated, and its beauty vanishes. Not only so, its very existence is at an end. When a stream is frozen its movement (external) is arrested, yet its course is still continuous and its form remains. But you cannot so, even metaphorically, stop and stiffen a strain of music, every note of which ceases, passes away, and is not, before another can be begun.¹ And even in northern caves and snow-topped mountains, where icy stalagmite and stalactite meet in huge fantastic forms which seem the work of gnomes playing at architecture, there is still the same unlikeness to the ever present, ever vanishing beauty of form in music. Madame Corinne had probably icicles in her mind when she said her saying; and the result was, instead of a strong and living thought, only a cold, brittle conceit, that melts away before the glow of real feeling and shivers at the touch of reason.

Byron seems to have been somewhat impressed by this saying of De Staël's, but with that union of fine poetic instinct and strong common sense characteristic of his mind he shrunk from it as an affected mysticism. He says in his journal (November 17, 1813), "Last night . . . I was trying to recollect a quotation (as I think) from some Teutonic sophist about architecture. Architecture, says this Macoronico Tedeschy, reminds me of frozen music. It is somewhere, but where? The demon of perplexity must know and won't tell. I asked Mackintosh, and he said it was not in her [De Staël]; but Puységur said it must be *hers*, it was so *like*." But Byron himself had, I suspect, no love for real music, the

higher productions of the art, what the lovers of Händel, Mozart, and Beethoven mean when they say music. His enjoyment was probably confined to music of the very lightest and shallowest sort,—feeble songs and pretty dance tunes; and even in these was largely dependent upon association. In his diary, under the date February 2, 1821, he writes, "Oh, there is an organ playing in the street—a waltz, too! I must leave off to listen. They are playing a waltz which I have heard ten thousand times at the balls in London between 1812 and 1815. Music is a strange thing." This is unmistakably the record of a man who does not know the enjoyment of real music. The cumulative delight expressed in the exclamation, "a waltz, too!" tells that plainly. Byron, like many people not poets, had just enough perception of music to enjoy society ballad singing—Tom Moore's, for example—and the band music which accompanied and stimulated his social enjoyments. His pleasure on this occasion, as theirs in music is so frequently, was merely that of association.

It is quite in keeping with such a very low apprehension and such a limited comprehension of it that the poet should have fine fancies about music. In the *Bride of Abydos* he says of Zuleika, somewhat incoherently, —

"The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face."

His biographer, Moore, tells us that the second line was "one of the most popular" in the passage in which it occurs. Quite likely; for it is one of that kind which seems to mean something and means nothing. Poetry is not to be censured for extravagance; many of the finest passages that were ever written are merely splendid extravagance. But extravagance must have something substantial to start from; your very comet must have a nucleus. Now by extremity of metaphor mind might be said to breathe from the face of a beautiful and intelligent woman, although that is not exactly the way in which a woman's beauty strikes a man. But "the music breathing from her

¹ I may as well say that I have counterpoint in my mind as I write this. It does not affect the question.

face," what does that mean? Nothing at all. And I do not hesitate to say that Byron himself—brightest of the Georgian constellation—did not know what he meant when he wrote it. I may without presumption say this when he himself has said, —

"I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be *very* fine."
(Don Juan, iv. 5.)

And there is the story of his reply when asked the meaning of a certain passage, "I suppose I knew what I meant when I wrote it, but I'll be dashed if I do now." Byron had largely the virtue of candor. And it so happens that we know the struggles through which he passed when he produced this line. The preserved manuscript reveals them. The couplet first stood, —

"The light of love, the purity of grace,
Mind on her lip, and music in her face."

But that did not satisfy the poet; "music in her face" was too much even for him. He therefore re-wrote the second line thus, and made it much worse: —

"The mind of music breathing in her face."

I doubt whether he saw the real absurdity of "the mind of music," and am inclined to think that "breathing in her face" displeased him from its ambiguity. However this may have been, he made a third attempt and produced the "popular" line which stands in the poem. But all this fumbling merely showed — not simply because of the re-writing, but because of the manner of it — that Byron's notion of music was the shallow sentimental one. His fancy of music in flesh and blood is of

the same kind as Madame De Staël's of music in marble or in bricks and mortar. Milton, who did know what music was, makes his infernal palace "rise like an exhalation," but it is "*with the sound of dulcet symphonies.*" True, just in the place of which he was writing (as his conception of it was not like Dante's) music could not very well be frozen; but he was tempted into no extravagance of that sort.

Music is indeed "a strange thing;" but its strangeness is not that which Byron had in mind when he wrote his diary. He thought that it was strange that music should so disturb him, and give him such great enjoyment. But he was not truly enjoying music. If he had been greatly capable of that musical enjoyment, the organ would have provoked one of those strong expletives with which his splendid letters are so profusely garnished. All his excitement and all his pleasure came from mere association, to which is due much the greater part of the enjoyment generally attributed to music. But in its power of calling up the absent and past events, and renewing long faded memories, music is far inferior to odors, good or ill. In this respect, smell, the lowest of all the senses, is superior to hearing; and the odor of a rose or the stench of patchouli surpasses the melody of a song or the march of a symphony.

But my subject has so grown upon my hands, or rather I laid out for myself so much more work than can be got into the number of pages for which I can ask with any semblance of decency, that I must postpone its conclusion until hereafter.

Richard Grant White

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

BEING myself a frequent contributor to periodicals, and the author of several books not entirely unknown, though of unequal and probably not of very great merit (if I am to judge by their small sale in the face of very favorable notices), I was struck by the confessions of a contributor in the August Club, because they afforded fresh proof of the unreasonableness characterizing most members of the literary profession. So far as I can make out, from his account of his experience, editors have taken a somewhat unusual interest in his work, and have made the exception in his case of writing him letters with their own hands, in the hope of softening the blow of rejection, giving him credit for what there was of good in his work, and encouraging him to try again. In this I see nothing very offensive; but my fellow-contributor appears to regard every one of those friendly attempts on the part of editors as so much gratuitous insolence and oppression. Now I have been through a checked experience as a contributor to magazines, extending over nearly ten years, and have also served as an editor long enough to be thoroughly familiar with both sides of the situation touched upon. I confess that, as a contributor, I used to look upon the considerate explanations of editors very much as your August complainant does. I considered myself one of the most ill-used scribblers who ever put pen to paper. I was very apt to write sarcastic replies to editors who rejected my compositions with a few words of criticism or suggestion. And, indeed, there is no doubt that the mortification which young writers or novices in the art undergo, on finding their work declined, is a source of intense suffering which only time and resolution can abate. But one thing I had the sense to keep in mind, during my early struggles: and that was that, however editors might err in their judgment, I really *was* a beginner and probably

had a great deal to learn. Therefore, resentful or not, I always pondered the advice I got, and I owe to it much of my advance towards success (for people assure me I am successful, though I don't seem to be sure of it, myself). Now when I became an editor I was very glad that I had had so much modesty, for my eyes were soon widely opened to the inexhaustible petulance, freakishness, arrogance, and conceit of the class known as contributors, and it was a comfort to know that I, as a contributor, had possessed one saving grace. Whereas, before, I had known only a few persons imbued with the same grievance against magazines that I cherished, I now came into confidential relations with some thousands of similar aspirants; and I was at times very much disgusted with them. So absurdly unreasonable, so inconsiderate, so centred upon the agitations of their own little souls were they, that I often felt as if magazines, by exciting these people to write, were encouraging an alarming growth of insanity, which would neutralize whatever good their publications might be doing. I despised myself for having resembled them. And this, notwithstanding that I had met with treatment from editors far more annoying than any the confessing contributor relates; as I could prove, were I in the habit of publishing confidential correspondence.

The result is that the contributor's stories impress me as pointless, except as showing lack of imagination on his part. He does not seem for a moment to have pictured to himself the position of the editor. For example, what is his ground of complaint against the editor who wanted to take his article but could not, on account of length, and wished to exchange it for another? He italicizes the word *exchange*. Was not that a proper word? I think it expresses the editor's meaning exactly; he wished to bind himself, in a degree, to take

some article from Mr. —, although he could not print the one then in hand. Again, the editor of an illustrated magazine liked one of —'s articles, and wished to take it. He asked him to call next day. Editors never do this if they have accepted a paper without reserve; so it is probable that Mr. — is mistaken in supposing that this editor said unconditionally, "I'll take it." Next day, the editor (who had some obligations to the proprietors of the magazine, or to his senior, if he was a subordinate) found that, on consultation with the other persons controlling the publication, he would be unable to use the article without illustrations. What should we think of a merchant who published as a crying outrage the fact that he had offered B some goods for sale, and B had thought he would buy them, but on consultation with his partners found it impracticable to buy? The contributor relates with quiet bitterness how, after his receiving back from the Daily — four articles which he then sold elsewhere, one of said articles was copied into the Sunday edition of the Daily —. But what does that prove, except that they were not suited to the daily paper? The editor of a Sunday edition often has nothing whatever to do with the week-day issues, and it is not incumbent on those in charge of the week-day issues to turn over MSS. to the manager of the Sunday edition, unless requested by the author to do so. The contributor leaves quite out of account this business aspect of the thing.

His most terrible recital, however, is about a junior editor returning a MS. which the senior editor of the same magazine accepted a year later, on its being sent again. I can give the Club the real history of that affair, and think it is proper and will be instructive to do so. The article was sent to the junior by a "mutual" friend. It was with pure sympathy and interest that the assistant examined it. The article was full of merit; but in reporting upon it to the senior, the subaltern, knowing the crowded state of the magazine and the endless trouble which his chief

experienced in squeezing in the monthly contents (which always overran the limit and had to be "cut down"), was obliged to say that he thought the sketch would need some compression in one portion. That was his opinion. "Then," said the senior editor, "I cannot consider it, in the present state of the magazine." That was a good business reason, which the senior was perfectly right in acting upon. I think the junior was wrong in his opinion, if it applied to the sketch solely as a performance; but he was right, in view of the pressure upon the magazine's space. He was hired to give opinions, and did so conscientiously; the senior had some faith in his judgment, and to a certain extent consulted it. If both had had to read every MS. submitted, how much time would have been saved by having an assistant? As to the sequel: the article was sent again, and came at a time when the managing editor did not feel the exigencies of space so keenly as before. When the junior saw it in print he was genuinely delighted. "Mr. — has got in at last," was his thought, with a thrill of pleasure at the success of a fellow-workman. Having examined nearly two thousand MSS. since reading Mr. —'s, he remembered only his favorable impression on reading it; the circumstances of the case came back to him on reading the confessions published in the Club eight months later. It is natural that he should feel some pain on seeing how his few hasty words, meant for good advice, had been treasured in the contributor's mind for twenty months as an instance of offensive patronage. Does it not seem to you as if the contributor may have made a mistake, and done some injustice? The junior wrote to him as "to some entire novice." Well, according to his own account of himself he *was* a novice. Moreover, the junior had read previous MSS. from him, which were diffuse and poor, and showed him to be wanting in some of the qualifications of an acceptable author.

The trouble with writers in general is (1) that they cannot understand why

their efforts don't suit every one as well as themselves; (2) that they refuse to consider the business relation of author, editor, and publisher, which may not be ideal, but is very plain and simple; (3) that they are offended when MSS. are returned with a printed form giving no special reasons, and that the necessarily imperfect and hasty attempts of editors to pave the way to success by advice infuriate the would-be contributors more than printed forms or even total and eternal silence would.

It is true that authors are subject to vexatious delays in printing, are sometimes underpaid, and are often virtually borrowed from by the retention of their capital (in the form of MSS.) for a considerable term without payment of interest. But these difficulties are not greater than the obstacles in almost every occupation, which people never dream of writing about. My own experience has been, that in spite of the wearing nature of my employment and all the troubles which beset an author, together with some unusual misfortunes, I have made a better living, and advanced more rapidly, than any one of my age among my acquaintances, during the same period, in other employments; unless they have had extraneous advantages of inherited wealth or opportunity, or extraordinary downright good luck. Since I have practiced editing, I have written for magazines and papers with which I am not connected, sometimes succeeding and sometimes not. Even the magazine on which I have labored as an editor could not always accept my contributions. But knowing, as I now do, the ceaseless and exhausting demands on the strength, time, sympathy, and patience of editors, I am simply amazed at the considerateness which they have in the main shown me, and continue to show whenever I add myself to the thousands of people who are bothering the life out of these much maligned gentlemen.

—I was much interested in those portions of the Contributors' Club for August and September detailing the struggles and reward of two literary workers,

and as my experience has had some peculiar points, I send it as an addition to this entertaining series. Being possessed of a moderate salary that insures food, home, and clothing for my family and self, I use a natural inclination for pen work as a means to obtain books, papers, magazines, lecture tickets and pictures, and other articles of a like nature. I began writing for the press in July, 1869, and, when time permitted, have followed it quite steadily ever since. Having a curiosity to know how much my literary work brought in, I have kept a thorough account of my returns, and find that for the nine years ending July 1, 1878, my cash profits were twelve hundred and thirty dollars (\$1230), and that I received seven hundred and fifty dollars' (\$750) worth of books and other literary emoluments. My highest cash year was 1877, when I received two hundred and sixty-nine dollars (\$269); and my lowest, 1870, when fortune gave me but fifteen dollars (\$15).

My literary work embraces poetry, stories, letters, and criticalessays. Letters have paid me best in cash, stories next, and poetry third, though I find that the last year has brought a marked increase in the market value of my poems. Criticism has brought me the most books.

Of course I have enjoyed the delightful experience of receiving back what I considered very fair work, with the usual "respectfully declined" accompanying. In one instance, a strange circumstance attended the appearance of the poem rejected. I had sent it, with an intimation that, if used, I should expect payment, to a largely circulated and wealthy New York journal; I knew they paid for poetry and thought they might pay for mine, but the poem was quickly returned. I then sent it to another New York paper, which as quickly printed it, and I was considerably surprised to see it reprinted the same week of its appearance by the paper that had refused it a few days previously, — and reprinted shorn of its author's name. Finding that my poems were

growing more popular, I last year sent one that I thought good to a leading monthly. It was returned, and met the same fate in the offices of two other prominent magazines. I then gave it to a leading newspaper, and it appeared simultaneously with the monthlies that had refused it. Having access to a large and varied exchange list, curiosity prompted me to see how my poem compared in merit with those printed in these monthlies, as shown by the number of papers reprinting it, and the number reprinting poems from the magazines. The monthly richest in poetry contained five pieces, and one of these was reprinted by forty-five papers. This was the most popular magazine poem of the month. Four of the papers reprinting this gave the same honor to another of the poems in the same monthly, and one was reprinted twice. Two were not noticed at all. Counting every appearance of a poem as a vote for favor, this monthly had fifty-one. The other two magazines had four poems each, and had forty-three and thirty-six votes, while my poem had fifty-six. This result has been a subject of wonder to me, for I know my poem was not so good as some in the magazines, though I honestly believe it was better than several of them. I have no quarrel with the judgments of editors, though I do not always agree with them, but no two opinions are alike when every-day occurrences are to be judged, and editors are only men. I don't think the true author will call an editor personally to account for disagreeing with his estimate of his work. A strange difference of judgment befell one of my poems not long since. I sent a young friend, who is editing a third-rate literary paper, a poem as a gift, and he returned it as "not up to my usual mark;" I then sent it to a leading monthly, which immediately accepted it, and paid for it handsomely.

Regarding stories I have had a rather curious experience. I am a sailor, and during twenty years of roving about the earth have met with some startling adventures; I often use one of these as

the foundation of a story, and, though the incidents are truthful, generally get the story back indorsed, "well-written but improbable," whereas stories that I make as improbable as possible are quickly disposed of.

Though I have not written my play, I have thought of one, and my first novel is snugly enshrined in a camphor-wood chest, standing in the dim, cob-web haunted shadows of the garret. Sometime, if life is long enough, I hope to write a successful sea romance, and, as I am pretty persistent, may succeed. Nine years ago, a copy of verses I sent to a leading magazine was returned, and I then determined to have a poem accepted by that journal; I accomplished the task, but it took seven years to do it.

I have not found the path of literature a thornless one, but I do not think it has more of these doubtful blessings than other callings. To me, beside being a necessity it is a pleasure; and yet I have had much to contend with, for I am that strange anomaly, a self-educated, literary sailor. As for success in literature, my opinion is that it takes, first, brains; second, careful work; third, persistence, to achieve it.

—I give my experience, by way of suggesting a resource which your "confessing" contributors have not thought of.

I began thirteen years ago by writing only what I felt impelled to put on paper, and making that as good as I could. But I soon found that a living was not to be gained in that way, and selected a profession which was more likely to offer a support without dragging a noble art through the mud. By day I was a clerk; but at night I studied law, rigidly excluding poetry and its relations till I could enjoy them freely. This lasted two years.

Then I lost my clerkship and was still some months short of admission to the bar, with urgent need of money. Under this pressure, I began writing to sell, and I wrote with a will. Good luck attended me. That summer I sold some twenty articles, large and small, poems included. Most of these productions are poor affairs enough; and those that have

any merit owe it to the fact that I sometimes forgot my chief object. They sufficed, however, to land me in a city of the far West, with fifty dollars in my pocket.

There were two of us; and before our cash was quite gone we determined to get other employment which would leave us free to wait upon the law on alternate days. We tried the newspapers first, making our round right merrily, and encouraged by everybody with Western good humor. At last one "local," who was going away for a while, offered to put us in his place. I shall never forget the dismay of the managing editor at this invasion by two over-confident tyros; nor his delight next day when he found that, with all our confidence, we had really improved his local page. Poor fellow, he met the fate of many a man along the border. At nine o'clock one morning he passed me with a jest and laugh; at ten I caught him in my arms as he fell with a bullet through his heart.

I certainly did some rough reporting. A prize fight on a sand spit of the Missouri in a driving rain; a stylish ball (no time for delay) in the cowhide boots with which I tramped the red clay of the Bottoms; the scene of an affray where every householder ordered us off as highwaymen or avengers of blood; and one or two tableaux where pistol flashes were too near for comfort, were among the things which I had the pleasure of noting down and writing up. In the evening there were all manner of gatherings: political meetings, balls, lectures, and dramatic entertainments; and I was surprised to find how soon I learned the necessary art of being everywhere at once. Still mistakes would creep in. I had the agent of the Peace Society scouring the neighborhood for me because I called him colonel in print; and the judge of our city court raised a great commotion because I made him talk rather comical Scripture in a prophetic account of a Sunday-school speech. I ordinarily closed the night's work by scribbling, correcting proof, and getting up head lines for telegrams until three A. M. On alternate days I was free to

read law and wait for clients. For the above services I never received less than five dollars per week, nor more than ten. Several times I made long trips through the prairies and backwoods of Missouri and Kansas, canvassing and corresponding for the paper. I liked this life, because it gave me an excuse to call on everybody and hear everybody's story. Still it had its hardships. I walked over two hundred miles, with my coat and carpet-bag on a stick over my shoulder; and many miles were traversed in the sun when the thermometer marked very near one hundred in the shade. I had all manner of queer adventures. But I never quite got out of money, health, or heart; and I found opportunities, here and there, to write other things beside the required letters.

After that, I returned to the East, took a clerkship in the Census Office, and went to work writing at night. I wrote two novels, one of which was published by a weekly paper as a serial, some verses which effected a lodgment in a leading New York magazine, and a number of editorial articles under a regular engagement with a daily paper. For a while I was making at the rate of \$2500 a year.

When the Census Office ran down, I was of course discharged; and at once opened a law office. But before a month had passed I received what the clergymen style a "call" to write editorials for a daily paper in the Northwest at thirty dollars a week. I accepted, unwisely perhaps, and for some six months duly ground out my column and a half or two columns per diem; but at last the proprietor took umbrage because the leading articles were rightly credited to me instead of himself, and I found myself adrift again.

After various futile efforts to get regular literary or legal employment, and a dip *con amore* with pen and tongue into a passing presidential contest, I set to work in earnest to make a living by writing stories, sketches, verses, and the like; and I failed there too. The immediate need of money made me write hastily. The more I tried to find the

salable level of the weeklies, the surer I was to go under the surface altogether. My (financial) inspiration was like the tin pan tied to a dog's tail. It made me go, certainly, and with energy, but not with much grace.

Just then I received an appointment as examiner's clerk in the Patent Office, on the strength of a half-forgotten examination. Dropping literature, I began at once a zealous study of patent law, office practice, physics, and the useful arts; which resulted in carrying me up two grades within three months, and a third within the next year. During the three years of my Patent Office life and a succeeding year spent in the office of a firm of attorneys, I adhered, with very few exceptions, to my rule against writing anything until firmly established. The last year and a half I have been in practice for myself.

Thanks to this long preparation and subsequent hard work, I have felt for more than six months reasonably sure of a support for myself and family from my profession, without overwork. When I have no time for belles lettres, it is because I am making about three hundred dollars a month; and the months when I make much less I have plenty of leisure. Law and literature act as foils to one another. If my whole time were devoted to the former, I should weary of it at last; while the nervous strain of constant imaginative writing would be far from healthy. The one brings you into contact with practical men, practical business, and *very* practical, hard, logical knocks; the other makes your statements exact and neat, polishes even extemporaneous sentences, and lends a zest to life. I find the effects of my poetry in my arguments, and the effects of my arguments in my poetry; and both are benefited by the exchange.

Best of all, literary work retains for me all the delightful freshness of thirteen years ago. I come from toils which I like to those which I passionately love. One appreciates very keenly the pleasure of his art when he returns from the draft of a specification, a hoarse tournament of logic, or the preparation of an

answer in equity, to a quiet home and to the familiar (manuscript) volume of verse, where he may remold the old favorites and add the new fancies unhurried and at will. Now and then I jot down and send to some repository like the Contributors' Club any fugitive critical suggestion or bit of information which seems likely to interest those who share my tastes. For longer articles, I have access to a certain magazine which pays nothing in money, but has never refused to publish what I send. Now and then I mail a poem or some other production to one of the metropolitan magazines; but I do not fret if it is rejected. I am leisurely getting my writings together and polishing them. Before a great many months I intend to have them published, volume after volume, in book form; and whether they win or fail they will have given me great pleasure.

Now my suggestion is not that all literary men should turn lawyers or solicitors of patents. But I think it would be far better for them and for their art if more of them would make their living in some way wholly unconnected with literature. The staff that is steadily leaned on will most likely bend in time; and who would not rather pick berries with our friends the woodland darkies, than write puffs, advertisements, and lampoons for a livelihood, or scramble to be first in at a murder?

— There are some books so very bad that they are good. To be very bad, a book must have originality in badness; when it has that, we can stand reading it, as we look with some interest at the woman who has dressed herself in man's clothes and climbed down a skylight at midnight to rob us, but with none at all at the common thief who, in ordinary daylight, has stolen articles from the garden clothes-line.

Esther Pennefather strikes me as the most utterly ridiculous book of the season. And yet it has originality, a few very fine passages, and, with all its absurdity, a promise, to my mind at least, of better things in the future. Its originality is in its subject, which is that of

the singular power one woman sometimes has over another. All the men may as well now retire, and read their newspapers; since *they* do not believe this. They are perforce retired from this book by the writer herself, since there is not in the whole volume a single man worthy of the name; nothing but a chorus of women, chasing each other madly along, doing the most extraordinary things for the most senseless reasons, from the first page to the last. Practical people may say at once (and end the matter) that there is no such power; but the fact remains that there *is*. Let questions be asked, and it will be discovered that there is scarcely a woman of strong, self-reliant nature who has not at some time or other been followed and besieged, with almost dog-like humility, by some other woman, whose affection she never asked for, whose adoration she did not want. Mothers, surrounded and fenced off by their children, do not excite this worship; wives, not often. It is almost always the women who are not tangled in domestic ties who receive it; it is thrown at them whether they wish it or not. And, generally, they do not wish it; in fact, it almost seems a necessary part of the performance that the worshiped one should remain indifferent, and care nothing for the worshiper.

Esther Pennefather must inevitably excite inextinguishable laughter; I have observed that the critics who have noticed it at all have politely advanced the supposition that the author was very young, and then, hiding their smiles behind their tall hats, have hastily retired. But I want to bring forward one passage on the power of love, one of the few passages that redeem the book, and give, to my mind at least, a promise. "There is no one who has a right to take back love. There is nothing one's friends can do, no meanness, no cruelty, no forsaking, that gives us a right to forsake them. Ah! what would become of us if God loved us as we love our friends? I believe, I believe without doubt, that *love is redemption*. We can love to the very end even those not worthy of love

in this world, and we can carry that faithful love at last to the feet of God himself, and lay it down there, and he will give us back our own. No one can sin *forever*, whom *one* heart loves faithfully and purely; in some time that we cannot tell, love will gain its own." Now it seems to me that there is a height of beauty and nobleness in that passage to which many a popular book, in all its sparkling pages, never attains.

To go back to the original subject, namely, a woman's adoration of another woman. There is such a thing. I myself have seen tears of joy, the uttermost faith, and deepest devotion, in mature, well-educated, and cultivated women, for some other woman whom they adored; have seen an absorption for months of every thought. But—but! there is a monotonous certainty that follows on, which arouses to laughter the unregenerate masculine mind and makes it deny the whole (which is a mistake; it is there), namely, the certainty that once let loose an agreeable *man* in this atmosphere, and, ten to one, the whole cloud-structure topples over, its battlements dissolve, and the dwellers come out and act like everybody else — only more so. Those to whom I have referred are all married now, and happily married; they no longer care in the least for each other. And yet I know that there come moments when they sit apart and think of that old adoration which was so intense and so pure, so self-sacrificing and so far away.

—I have read and re-read with the greatest interest the paper in the August Atlantic on New England women, by M. E. W. S. Only a New England woman could have written it, and nobody outside of New England can possibly know how true is its description of one type of New England woman. Some of its touches are inimitable; as for instance, —

"She desirous of showing her foot! Perish all such rubbish!"

But all this clever analysis is true of only one type of New England woman. There is another. Widely experienced men of the world know it. It has passed

into almost proverbial mention among United States army men.

It is a woman in whom "vanity, coquetry, or sentiment, call it what you will, which is so much a part of most women's lives," so far from being "left out," is the absorbing passion of her nature, to which she surrenders herself with an abandon of which no other woman in the world would be capable. The Frenchwoman would think it folly; the Southern woman call it bad taste.

Even here, however, the New England woman is intellectual; her very passion has a certain dash of Calvinism in it; her surrender is a step in inevitable logic; where the Southerner or the Frenchwoman vacillates, dallies, bestows some favors and withholds others with a fascinating reticence which seems far more virtuous than it really is, the logical New Englander who has deliberately determined to have a lover or lovers has the whole thing clear in her mind. She sees that self-evident truths are self-evident truths, as well in love as in the first chapter of Euclid. She scorns the bad logic of the pretty Southerner, who slips along without much thinking, merely having a good time as she goes, and always meaning to stop before any harm comes to anybody; and the semi-sentimental semi-philosophy of the Frenchwoman, who is quite capable of choosing a lover as she would choose a gown, with reference to the season and her own complexion, and who would no more think of wearing one than the other after it had become shabby and unsuitable.

"Life is real, life is earnest," to the New England woman, even in her "affairs of the heart;" that expression, by the way, she would never use. She would consider it derogatory, belittling. Her lover is truly her "life." Having accepted him as a lover and the fact of her having a lover as a fact, she sees that nothing now remains, or, consistently, can remain, except love, whole love, nothing but love.

She clings desperately to the ægis of respectability as long as she can. It is unspeakably dear to her; it hurts her pride sorely to be ill spoken of. Till

the last minute she makes a courageous and eloquent fight, with Plato at her back; she can talk better and behave worse than any woman alive, the keen-witted, clear-headed New England coquette, and she generally keeps to the end a certain following of people who "believe in" her through thick and thin.

The worst of it is that sooner or later she inevitably gets her heart broken. No man's passion can sustain itself for any length of time at the level of hers. He likes easier and safer love-making better. He feels terror where she feels only exaltation; embarrassment where she only glows with self-sacrifice. Very soon after his first wonder and ecstasy at the succumbing of this grand creature, head and all, to him, there creeps into his mind an uneasy wish, against which he struggles, that she would not be quite so recklessly in love with him. And this is the beginning of the end.

There are some broken-hearted women, dragging out deserted, ruined lives in Europe to-day, who know all this. Some of the direst tragedies this country has ever known have been wrought out by New England women.

The native New England lily (to continue Harrison's gracious and eloquent simile) is by no means always white. On New England's ruggedest hills, in her stoniest pastures, every July sees the glowing chalices of a lily red as the vestments of Romish cardinals, and as deeply stained with spots of fierce dark color as the leopard's skin.

— During the last summer the spelling reform made evident progress, and it has now reached a stage where the public can coöperate with more definiteness than has heretofore been possible. The reform was started by the American Philological Association, and that body at its meeting held at Saratoga in July recommended the immediate adoption of the following new forms, which, it should be said, are in the same line with the changes which have given us *frolic* and *music* for the *frolicke* and *musicke* of our fathers. The new spellings are: *Tho*, *thru*, *catalog*, *wisht*, *gard*, *hav*, *infin*, *definit*, *liv*, *giv*, *ar*.

The Spelling Reform Association met with the American Institute of Instruction at the White Mountains, and adopted the following rules for immediate observance: I. Use *e* for *ea* when equivalent to short *e*; as *helth*, *welth*. II. Omit silent *e* after a short vowel; as *hav*, *giv*, *liv*. III. Use *f* for *ph*; as *filosofer*, *fantom*. IV. Omit one letter of a final double; as *wil*, *shal*. V. Use *t* instead of *ed* when it represents the sound; as *wisht*, *slasht*.

These simple suggestions are not difficult of adoption, and there is reason to believe that they will come into immediate use in the public journals.

—One day of my summer leisure, last year, I looked over a pile of magazines that had, through pressure of occupation, been till then unexamined. Among them was the *March Atlantic*, in whose Contributors' Club I spent some very pleasant moments. One of the happiest things in the world — of letters, at least — is to come unexpectedly upon some opinion or sentiment that harmonizes with what you yourself have long cherished, and whose want of supporters has long been a matter of secret surprise. I have called a discovery of this kind one of the happiest; let me also add, one of the most provoking. Here is somebody that ventures to *say* what you have only *thought*; instead of being one of many to agree with him, to say "So do I!" to his "I think," you might have been he, the one to speak first. Conviction, as if in revenge for long silence, put the matter to me somewhat after the foregoing fashion, but sympathy held out a friendly hand to the unknown champion of *A Lost Love*. Ten years ago had I read the book, with wonder at its searching power, its terse strokes, its pathos of suggestion rather than word. Is it not surprising that in all my hearing and reading of these years, not a word have I met in its praise, — not one, till now? Despite the private value I had set upon the book, not having the world's or the critic's praise to support mine, I had, when lending it, called it merely a good novel. To say truth, its heroine's first name, Georgy, is very disagreeable to

me, and the appositive of the title, *A Lost Love*, smacked of the sentimental; to display too great partiality for a work with *that* name — where *all* were not lauding it — might suggest the suspicion of some peculiar fitness to my own experience!

After Georgy Sandon has resigned Erskine to the woman whom he has so long loved, but through mischance misunderstood, she marries the man who had long ago loved *her*, but whom she had refused after once accepting, because separation had convinced her that her heart was not his, but devoted to Erskine, whom she met after her engagement. The union with this early lover, whom she respects rather than loves, and marries out of magnanimity, results in a negative kind of happiness; but even this lasts only three years, and Mrs. Anstruther is dead.

The author of this novel has a thorough understanding of lovers' moods, motives, and impulses. When a person who has been apparently in the deep of love, having met with refusal or coldness, turns suddenly to a new object, how often do we hear, "He could n't have cared much for her," or *vice versa*. But there is no truer proof of how much one has loved than the sudden transition of feeling. Ashford Owen takes the abrupt change in the direction of one's affection as the evidence, not of previous shallowness, but of depth. A fine touch of nature is that in which Erskine, turning to leave the room just after his engagement to Georgy, looks, by chance, at a picture bought long ago for its strong resemblance to Constance, his first love. "Now he felt provoked with himself for putting it there. That picture sobered him, and brought the involuntary thought, 'I am not young.' Who *is* young before the recollection of a dead passion?" Here is another home thrust: —

"Constance and Georgy were most inextricably blended together. He had firmly believed that to meet the former would have been to him a matter of the utmost indifference. He had cared for her once, very much, but he had never

thought that he should feel so much at seeing her again. And he looked sadly back to that once, — *then drew closer to the recollection of Georgy*. He was in a state of mental polygamy just then, wherein many an impulsive nature may find itself." But the master stroke is where it should be, — at the end. Constance, whom Erskine had so passionately loved, proved not heartless or unlovely, — as many novelists would have made her, to avenge the misplaced passion and the great sacrifice of Georgy, — but while meeting the demands of *duty*, perhaps, was still so much the world's as to leave a great void, it may be inferred, in the heart of him who must have longed for the possession of a love as large as that he gave. The power of the closing scene lies in the subtle drawing of its characters. Nothing is *said* of incomplete harmony in their lives, but it is *felt* in eying the *poise* of the figures, in hearing the *tone* of questions and answers. One sentence is full of weight, and makes us think of some cases we have met, and do meet daily: "*It was early, perhaps, for a man still young to be looking forward so directly to his children.*"

But now for the close itself. His little girl shows him what her mother has just given her, "a heart and cross of mossed turquoise. As he bent down to see it, a vision came quickly across him of the room where he had given it, and of a wistful, loving face which looked up at him. It was a sad recollection, and he took the child's hand, and pressed her close to him to dispel it. . . .

"Constance, where has this come from? Don't give it to Consy.' 'Why? Does a tale hang thereby?' she said, laughing. 'It was amongst the things Mrs. Anstruther left me so strangely.' 'Mrs. Anstruther,' he repeated to himself. 'Do you remember it?' 'Yes; I gave it to her.' 'Ah, James, poor Mrs. Anstruther! I often thought how it would have interested me to have met her again. Poor Georgy! it is not good to have such a nature. . . . And so you gave her that. Was it on the day when you picked me up at the station?' 'Yes,'

he answered, laying his hand on her shoulder, and looking at her lovingly. She noticed neither the touch nor the look just then. 'Are you coming?' 'No, I cannot.' 'To-night, then?' 'No,' and he wanted to take the cross. 'Now do let Consy have it; her heart is set upon it, unless yours is, especially, too.' Constance and her child went laughing off together, and her husband heard her beautiful voice singing snatches of a song, as she went down the staircase. He still kept the trinket, and his eye fell mechanically upon the church, where the woman who had loved him best was buried. . . . There is a wondrous equality here, if we did but know it. *He* had gained his desire, and *she* had lost hers, — and there was no great difference between them now. The sternest irony of fate may lie in the fulfillment of our wishes.

"We are all revenged some day; and she, if she had ever wished for revenge, had found hers now."

— The conversation between author and publisher, in the Contributors' Club in the August Atlantic, stimulates the attempt to discover and define, if possible, the real secret of literary hits. It is evident from this conversation, and authors and publishers already understood, that it is not literary merit, nor novelty, nor praise of critics, nor advertising, nor even, except in rare instances, the previous reputation and success of an author, that makes a book a success. In my opinion the secret of a literary hit was expressed by a young friend, herself a writer of no mean ability, when she said, "The book that sells is the book that gets talked about."

As the publisher says in the conversation alluded to, "it is always true in regard to a book that sells that it *has* merit of some sort." It meets some precise need; it gives expression to feelings that are, vaguely and dumbly perhaps, growing in many human breasts.

Take, for instance, the books that have been the most decided literary hits of the past ten or twelve years. There is Gates Ajar. It has no special literary merit, and many very offensive blem-

ishes of style, but it gave voice to feelings that were struggling in thousands of hearts in regard to questions of futurity and immortality. People, in the orthodox churches especially, hardly dared then to utter thoughts which, through the influence of the later, wide-spread newspaper and pulpit discussion of the subject, and through modern symposiums, have become common talk in these days. Then came Miss Alcott's books, depicting a new but general phase of thought and emotion as represented in the lives of young girls awaking to a new sense of life and its responsibilities, through the general diffusion of a wider education. Then came *Helen's Babies*, despised of all those who have no children of their own or who don't like children. Those irrepressible babies! That Toddie, with his "want to shee wheels go wound," was perfectly irresistible to tens of thousands of parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles, who have been tyrannized over by the same kind of invincible persistence in children. Then came *That Husband of Mine*, a most absurd book to make such a sensation as it did; yet it portrayed a certain phase of experience that is almost universal among families. Not a wife who read the book but laughed over it and remarked that she had experienced just such annoyances as were therein described.

And the wide popularity of these books was altogether owing to the fact that they were talked about. The Sabbath-school teacher or scholar who happened to read *Gates Ajar* at once began to speak of it to friends. The book that told about "a piano in heaven" forthwith became an object of curiosity; those who heard, being impelled by their own vague wishes for a little pleasanter idea of celestial existence than the old traditional one, all wanted to read about it for themselves. And so the knowledge spread. If any father of a family happened to read *Helen's Babies*, he at once told his wife about it, or he asked of his neighbor, "Have you read *Helen's Babies*?" "No." "Well, it's too natural for anything; you must certainly

read about that dreadful boy Toddie; you will say it's the most comical thing you ever read." So his wife or neighbor remembers and buys a copy of *Helen's Babies*, perhaps only to read and be completely disgusted with it. Then comes the other kind of talk, the disparaging kind, but equally good for advertising purposes. "I can't think what people see to admire in *Helen's Babies*; it is the most sickening stuff I ever read; perfectly unnatural, and yet Jack and Susie B—— are in raptures over it." The little incident in *That Husband of Mine* where the wife tries to spare the cream at tea when a guest is present has done more to sell that book than the whole of the rest of the story. Every woman who reads it says to her neighbor, "You must read *That Husband of Mine*; there is such a funny incident about" — and here is related the cream-jug episode; and so it goes. Talk, in the case of a book, is like leaven; it starts at a single point, or at many points, but it is propagated from particle to particle till the whole is leavened.

It is one of the most striking proofs of the wide diffusion of the doctrines of modern liberal thinkers that such a book as Mallock's *Positivism on an Island*, or his *New Republic*, could have attained such a wide-spread popularity, for it is a sign how many people are talking or thinking liberalism.

The publisher who has the instinct to discern this quality in a book, who has a kind of prescience of latent subjects of interest in the public mind, is the one who will recognize and secure the successful book when it is offered. Here also is the reason why perfectly new authors sometimes make a hit. They are the first to give expression to some particular phase of social interest.

Apropos of critics and book reviewers, I should think that in the interests of authors and publishers there is a great deal of choice among them, so to speak. Some book reviewers in a notice of a book will give such a synopsis of its contents as shall make readers feel perfectly satisfied and without desire to know anything more of the book. It is

like a lecturer having his lecture published in full just preceding his advent. People's curiosity is satisfied, and that is the end of it. On the other hand, some book-reviewers have the art of skillfully stimulating the reader's curiosity. They express an opinion of the book without rudely unmasking the plot or revealing the motive of the story. Such reviewers are certainly the most useful to authors, and probably just as useful to the public.

— May I be permitted a few words in reference to the criticism by a Club contributor in the August number of *The Atlantic* upon your review of my book, *The Antelope and Deer of America*, which appeared in your March number? Your contributor is constrained to this criticism because in that review "you help to disseminate a grave error into which" I have "fallen concerning the area of country over which the black-tailed deer is distributed." In the work referred to I have stated that the true black-tailed deer (*Cervus Columbianus*) does not inhabit the Rocky Mountains, but is confined to the Pacific coast. Your contributor tells us that he has hunted through the country, from the Arkansas to the Yellowstone, and found the black-tail throughout that region. Had he examined the book referred to, he would have perceived that I say the mule deer (*Cervus macrotis*) occupies the Rocky Mountains from the British Possessions on the north to Mexico on the south, that its range extends west to the Pacific Ocean, and that in the Rocky Mountain region, where the true black-tailed deer (*Cervus Columbianus*) is not known, it is universally called by the hunters and settlers the *black-tailed* deer. May I be allowed to refer your contributor to page 94 of the work, if he has not time or inclination to look through the rest of it, where he will find the same matter repeatedly and carefully explained? If your contributor means to say that he found the Columbia black-tailed deer in any part of the Rocky Mountains, then indeed he has made an important zoölogical discovery, and he should lose no time in

establishing his claim to it by a careful and precise description of the animal, and all will gladly unite in awarding him due honor. If he will produce a single tail from a black-tailed deer from that region which is not white all the way except a black tuft at the end, and which is not naked on the under side, then I will acknowledge my grave error with alacrity. The tail of the Columbia black-tailed deer is black its whole length and all around except about one third to one quarter beneath, and is well clothed with hairs on the under side. It is not flat and lanceolate in form, like the tail of the white-tailed deer (*C. vergemans*, var. *lucurus*) found in that region, but is round and of very uniform size to quite near the end. Till such a tail is found in the Rocky Mountains I think you must be acquitted of disseminating "a grave error." We are bound to presume that one who writes to correct grave errors on a special subject understands it thoroughly, and that he is perfectly familiar with *Cervi macrotis* and *Cervi Columbiani* and the characteristics which distinguish them, and it is to be regretted exceedingly that he did not state which of these deer it was that he found so abundant in the Rocky Mountains. If it was the former, then you helped to disseminate no error, for I state that they abound throughout that region, where they are called black-tailed deer; if the latter, then your contributor has made a new and important discovery, and I have fallen into a great error in common with many other good observers who are really familiar with both of these species of deer. Will he tell us which it is? — [J. D. CATON, Ottawa, Ill.]

— Mr. Henry James's last volume, *French Poets and Novelists*, is the most perversely uncertain book of criticism I have ever read. No sooner have you pinned your faith upon some excellent sentences, breathing admiration for one of the French geniuses he discusses, than upon turning the leaf you discover another set of paragraphs concerning the same person, equally excellent, but bristling with censure. He never says one

single admiring word without coming back, sooner or later, to take the life out of it with a thrust as keen as it is skillful. He is so anxiously impartial that, from beginning to end, we are never sure where he stands himself; like the countryman, who, upon hearing of a certain great fortune, fixed his eyes upon a fence and remarked thoughtfully, "Well, if I had that amount of money, I wouldn't live *here*. No, by George!—nor anywhere else!" so in this volume Mr. James certainly is n't here; no, nor anywhere else! In spite of his delightful style, therefore, I felt after reading these pages of his as if I would like to have a partisan admirer of each one of those French geniuses enter, take a chair, and talk to me for at least an hour, just to restore my balance.

Emerson defines a partisan as a narrow man who, because he does not see many things, sees some one intensely and becomes inspired by it. Now Mr. James sees so many things, sees so widely, that he loses, I think, the entirety, the plain effect of the whole. And, if we are not careful, he is such a wizard with his words that he will make us lose it too. He will describe to you so accurately and beautifully the ten thousand nerves and muscles, their hues and purposes, that you will forget that your interest should be in the whole, not parts, and that the most perfect colored map known of the nerves and muscles is not, after all, the man. His book therefore, as a whole, is unsatisfactory. Every one can see how slight, insufficient, and hurried are some of these papers; like the one on Mérimée. And as for the one on the Théâtre Français, — what shall we say of a man who, after proposing to bring before us, one by one, the principal members of that perfect company, rings down the curtain and goes home without calling forward the one who to ninety-nine out of a hundred of us is by far the most interesting, namely, Sara Bernhardt? Then he gives us ever so many charming microscopic pages about a departed French lady of whom we have never heard, and only a patched-up account of George Sand! And so on.

Finally, he really uses that reporter's word "enjoyable." I am so pleased by this last that I voluntarily acknowledge the delightfulness of such phrases as "her serene volubility," "the earth-scented facts of life," "tragically uncomfortable," and others like them, with which the pages are gemmed; his style certainly is delicious. Only, one resents even deliciousness when it is continually presented at the point of the bayonet.

The paper on Tourguéneff is a strong contribution, alas! to the "Tourguéneff literature" of to-day. In it he says, alas! "Nothing in my opinion cultivates the taste more [alas!] than to read him." (The sighs are mine.) Mr. James has let himself out a breadth here. Whether he balances it with something terrible on the next page, as usual, I do not remember; but I will balance it with something which I consider terrible (although I presume he does not) from his own essay. It was so dreadful that I wrote it down. "He [Tourguéneff] is a storyteller who has taken notes. If we are not mistaken, he writes down an idiosyncrasy of character, a fragment of talk, an attitude, a feature [yes, especially noses], a gesture, and keeps it if need be for twenty years, till just the moment for using it comes, just the spot for placing it." Precisely. That is the way it reads, — a patchwork of facts, attitudes, and features. But where is the beauty? Where is the interest? Where is the passion? Where the continuity? And more than all, where is the happiness?

— Madame Récamier is a woman about whom there is in general a good deal of curiosity, and certainly Chateaubriand's long devotion to her is an interesting chapter of her life. It is known that the great poet first met her at a dinner at Madame de Staël's. May it not have been at the dinner of May 28, 1817, which is recorded by Mr. Ticknor under that date in his *Life, Letters, and Journals*, vol. i., p. 137? This is what he says: "I dined again to-day at Madame de Staël's. There were few persons there, but she likes to have somebody every day, for society is necessary to her. To-day, however, she was less well, and

saw none of us. At another time I should have regretted this; but to-day I should have been sorry to have left the party for any reason, since beside the Duc de Laval and M. Barante, whom I already knew, there were Chateaubriand and Madame Récamier, two persons whom I was as curious to see as any two persons in France whom I had not yet met. The Duchess de Broglie, with her characteristic good-nature, finding how much I was interested in these new acquaintances, placed me between them at dinner, so that I had an opportunity to know something more of them. Madame Récamier must now be forty or more, though she has not the appearance of so much, and the lustre of that beauty which filled Europe with its fame is certainly faded. I do not mean to say she is not still beautiful, for she certainly is, and very beautiful. Her figure is fine, her mild eyes full of expression, and her arm and hand most beautiful. I was surprised to find her with a fair complexion, . . . and no less surprised to find the general expression of her countenance anything but melancholy, and her conversation gay and full of vivacity, though at the same time, it should be added, always without extravagance.

"Chateaubriand is a short man, with a dark complexion, black hair, black eyes, and altogether a most marked countenance. . . . He is too grave and serious, and gives a grave and serious turn to the conversation in which he engages; and even when the whole table laughed at Barante's wit, Chateaubriand did not even smile, — not, perhaps, because he did not enjoy the wit as much as the rest, but because laughing is too light for the enthusiasm which forms the basis of his character, and would certainly offend against the consistency we always require. It was natural for us to talk about America," and so they talked about it, but "he seemed rather to prefer to talk of Italy and Rome."

This report of the meeting of these

famous lovers leaves gaps which the romantic reader can fill at his pleasure. It is but meagre information that Chateaubriand's "general tone was declamatory, though not extravagantly so, and its general effect that of interesting the feelings and attention, without producing conviction or changing opinion," but there is no further light thrown on this event, important as it was in the history of sentiment. Chateaubriand's solemnity at Barante's jokes may have been due to other causes than the desire to live up to himself; he may have hated Barante for the moment. One can only wish that some sharper-eyed person had sat between him and Madame Récamier.

Here is Chateaubriand's account of the dinner, possibly the one described by Mr. Ticknor, at which he met Madame Récamier (*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, vol. viii., p. 261): "A few days later, Madame de Staël changed her lodging, and invited me to dine with her at the Rue Neuve-des-Mathurins. I went, but she was not in the parlor, nor did she even come down to dinner; but she still did not know how near her end she was. We sat down, and I found I had a place near Madame Récamier. I had not seen her for a dozen years, and then only for a moment. I did not look at her, nor did she look at me; we did not exchange a word. When, towards the end of the dinner, she timidly addressed me with a few words about Madame de Staël's health, I turned my head a little and raised my eyes." Here history ceases and raptures begin. In fact, Chateaubriand had seen Madame Récamier twice before, but only incidentally. The first time, he says, "I hardly dared raise my eyes to a woman surrounded with adorers;" and the next time, a month later, although Madame de Staël was talking, "I hardly answered; my eyes were fastened on Madame Récamier. I had never imagined anything similar, and I was more than ever discouraged; my admiration turned into vexation against myself."

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE verification of Troy, at once the most famous and the most mythical of towns, would have satisfied any ordinary archæologist. Dr. Schliemann, in whose career, shaped by his romantic enthusiasm for learning, it is hard to discover anything ordinary, had no sooner effected it than he pressed on to something almost equally important. From the vanquished city and the scene of the immortal ten years' struggle he turned back further to illustrate the story by researches in the country of the victors, and particularly at the capital of the commander-in-chief, our old acquaintance Agamemnon, "king of men." It will be remembered that in finding Troy, the third down in a series of four superposed ruined cities, forming débris fifty feet thick above the surface of the soil on a hill at Hissarlik, Dr. Schliemann overturned two beliefs: that of a number of studious archæologists, who held that it was located at Bunarbaschi and other points, and the more general belief that it never existed at all. In the resulting controversies, which are not yet over, there were even some scientists who had the appearance of holding both beliefs at once. The doctor is not of the *a priori* school. He narrowed down the argument, by digging indefatigably into the locations named and showing the incongruity of their remains with the data afforded by Homer, to the certainty that Troy was at Hissarlik, — where the remains and the data remarkably correspond, — or nowhere. But the coincidences of fact with theory, both there and at Mycenæ, are too strong to admit of reasonable doubt.

We have to thank Dr. Schliemann for greatly abridging the region of myth and adding to that of history. A result of the labors of the late school of archæologists, — of which Dr. Schliemann is so shining a member, — perhaps as important as their actual discoveries, is the stamp of authority they have affixed to the ancient historians. It is by the new rôle of following the ancient descriptions implicitly that they have attained their successes. These proving so unexpectedly correct, a corroboration is given to their remaining contents, though beyond the possibility of a similar test. The good-natured allowance we have been making for Strabo, Pausanias, Herodotus, and

the rest, as persons of a literary taste who supplemented the lack of accurate information in a time when facilities for travel were few by a lively fancy, and to whom we ought to be grateful for preserving any account at all, however loose, of an age so different from our own, is succeeded by a thorough-going respect. They are henceforth to be established rather upon the same plane of credibility as the Humes, Prescotts, and Motleys, and to be judged by the same standards.

To the interest of the part of the Homeric events belonging to Mycenæ is added that of one of the strongest of the classic tragedies, treated by the three great Greek dramatists in turn. Mycenæ is the scene of the fury of Orestes, and of the slaying by him of his mother and her paramour who had murdered his father Agamemnon. Distracted by the same cruel grievance as Hamlet, the less complicated nature of the early Greek allowed him to devote himself, with few of those vacillations we note in the strange character of the Dane, to its redress. The new discoveries ought to do something, among their other benefits, to ameliorate the hard lot of the college undergraduate. Those of us who thumbed wearily through the *Electra* of Sophocles in years gone by would have welcomed the refreshment of this elegant volume, with its wealth of realizing particulars, and perhaps have been inspired by it with an appreciation of the late-discovered interests of the texts which it has not always been too much the result of academic training to arouse.

Schliemann traversed the road through the ancient territory of Argos, pointed out by the friendly servant to Orestes at the beginning of the play, passed the famous temple of Hera in the middle distance, and came like him to "gold-abounding Mycenæ and the sorely afflicted house of the Pelopidæ." He went through the Gate of Lions, after heroic excavations in débris filled with huge bowlders cast down from the walls above more than twenty-three hundred years before, into the Agora, and there unearthed five royal tombs full of indications that the drama was not an idle picture, but stern historic reality. In this expedition he followed Pausanias, who recounts his visit to the ruins of Mycenæ in the year A. D.

170. Others, too, had attempted to follow Pausanias in searching for the tombs, but had erroneously interpreted his text. It was left to the acumen of Schliemann to discover the true meaning. He finds a certain wall within which Pausanias locates the tomb of Agamemnon — and outside of it those of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus, as unworthy of closer proximity to their victim — to have been that of the Acropolis, still standing, instead of, as had been supposed, that of the city proper, long since disappeared. He considers the situation of affairs at the time of Pausanias, and rightly infers that he could have spoken only of such walls as he saw, and not of those which he did *not* see. "He saw the huge walls of the citadel, because they were at his time exactly as they are now; but he could not see the wall of the lower city, because it had originally been very thin, and it had been demolished 638 years before his time."

The work is a series of such cogitations, a constant process of logical deductions, comparisons, analyses, balance of probabilities, with the severest penalties of useless toil and expense attending mistakes. The experience of the indefatigable German and the confidence arising from his success at Troy add to his efficiency in the new undertaking. He plans his campaign with masterly foresight, and proceeds with greater expedition. In spite of severe hardships in six months he is in possession of all that Mycenæ can tell him.

"Mrs. Schliemann and I," he writes, "superintend the excavations from morning till dusk, and we suffer severely from the scorching sun and incessant tempest, which blows the dust into our eyes and inflames them; but in spite of these annoyances, nothing more interesting can be imagined than the excavation of a prehistoric city of immortal glory, where nearly every object, even to the fragments of pottery, reveals a new page of history."

There is only now and then one of these personal touches. We wish there were more. The interest in the explorers delving into these strange treasures of antiquity would have been scarcely less than in their work itself. All the details of an experience so unique would have been gladly welcomed. But we are only given to know that there were one hundred and twenty-five men and four horse carts employed in the work, at

wages of about forty-two cents a day for the men and one dollar and thirty-six cents for the carts, and occasionally that the Archaeological Society of Athens is remiss in some promised coöperation. The author is entirely wrapped up in the multitude of pots, knives, beads, whorls, cones, and fragments he is continually turning up out of the soil and is called upon to contemplate in their relations to each other and the problem as a whole.

The present volume,¹ like its predecessor on Troy, is in the form of a journal of progress. As such it has a certain freshness and spontaneity, but lacks the completeness of structure it would no doubt have possessed had it been offered as a finished retrospect. From so hardly an explorer, so well versed a scholar, and so able a logician it would be unjust to demand more; but if something of a literary character could have been given to it, it would have even greater present favor than it has, and a more permanent existence in its present form. Very full maps and sections elucidate the whole course of the investigation. Its trophies are displayed in a vast number of cuts and colored plates. The illustrations are not a mere luxury in this case, but of prime importance, since the original treasure-trove is in the hands of the Greek government, and therefore not even accessible at any of the leading centres. For all the main purposes of comparison the carefully made illustrations sufficiently supply their place. New York possessors of the volume will be interested to visit, with it in hand, the Cesnola collection at the Metropolitan Museum. There is a very definite resemblance, establishing some relationships not yet fully followed out, between the yield of Dr. Schliemann's shafts at Mycenæ and these late contributions from prehistoric Cyprus.

The valuable preface by Gladstone resumes in a succinct form the various considerations of Schliemann, and in the main coincides with his views. The most important of them, namely, that the tombs in the Agora are really those of the once mythical Agamemnon and his companions, he summarizes as "supported in part by a number of presumptions, but in great part also by the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of offering any other suggestion which could be deemed so much as colorable."

¹ *Mycenæ. A Narrative of Researches and Discoveries at Mycenæ and Tyros.* By DR. HENRY SCHLIEHMANN. The Preface by the Right Hon. W. E.

GLADSTONE, M. P. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1878.

— Few plants can be cultivated in modern dwelling-houses with such facility as ferns. They grow luxuriantly under the protection of a few square feet of glass, and give to summer and winter alike a wealth of verdure. In the dry air of our furnace-heated homes, with the impurities caused by the combustion of ordinary coal gas, to say nothing of the escape of a trace of unconsumed gas now and then, all house plants have a desperate struggle for life. Only a few species can sustain the unequal contest, and these are the tough and somewhat ungraceful varieties now in general cultivation. By a careful selection, in the first place, of species like the Cape Pelargoniums, or so-called geraniums, which are very patient under ill usage, and then by more careful weeding out of the poorer sorts, florists have given us a few desirable plants, hardy under the ordinary conditions of window culture. Here and there we may find a lover of flowers who has a charmed hand and can lead a window full of foliage through our long Northern winter and capricious spring. But most of us who care for house plants have surrendered at discretion, and are content with a fern-case in whose shelter we can leave the most delicate varieties to fairly favorable conditions of moisture and good air. When a fernery is well filled and well cared for, it is a glimpse of tropical vegetation worth having; when it is filled carelessly with undesirable and unsuitable varieties, it soon falls into merited neglect and contempt.

Now to aid in the right selection and to assist in the trifling care comes a timely and charming book by Mr. John Robinson.¹ It is the second in a series of popular hand-books now being issued by the enterprising publisher of Professor Eaton's *Ferns of North America*. There has long been felt a want in this country of clearly written and short treatises upon special topics of natural history, like the many upon English mosses, ferns, grasses, and the like.

Mr. Robinson's hand-book is a most useful guide. It gives in plain language some account of the history of ferns in general, and of the cultivation of special varieties. First he examines ferns in *their* homes, and details with much minuteness the incidents of their earliest life, their development and

propagation. Next he looks upon them as inmates of *our* homes, and gives judicious hints respecting a proper choice of species. The trifling points of management are presented in a manner which disarms distrust of one's ability to cultivate the plants; in fact, many who have failed with their ferneries will be encouraged to try again. The illustrations are well done, and are mainly for the definite purpose of conveying information, and not to attract purchasers. The pretty photograph, used as a frontispiece, gives us a glance at Mr. Robinson's conservatory. The graceful arrangements of the fronds of the ferns there portrayed will make many of us wish to exchange the modest fern-case for a fern-house, and for the care of the latter we have many a hint from the painstaking author. We have nothing but words of welcome for the volume, and for the projected series. We may suggest that in future editions, which we hope will be many, Mr. Robinson's publisher may add to the title of the book, *Ferns in Their Homes and Ours*, the following line, By one who has long been at home with them. For it should be known by all who use this little work as their aid in the cultivation of ferns that Mr. Robinson's advice is based upon much experience gained during a long and very pleasant intimacy with these charming plants.

— Carthage, with its great civilization and all its power in the ancient world, has narrowly escaped the fate of many mighty kingdoms in leaving no worthy trace of its grandeur. The Romans did not anticipate the wants of people in the present day when they crushed an enemy, and their vindictiveness wiped out every memorial of any foe that had once withstood them. Even the record of the Punic wars has been incompletely preserved to our time, and we have the testimony of but one side concerning what is nearly the most remarkable event in military history, the success of Hannibal. The deadly struggle between Rome and Carthage has been described by Livy and Polybius, and in every Roman history the events of the war have been set forth, but it has been left for Mr. Bosworth Smith to collect in one volume all that is known concerning Carthage and the Carthaginians,² and to add to a full and clear history of the

¹ *Ferns in Their Homes and Ours*. By JOHN ROBINSON, Professor of Botany and Vegetable Physiology to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. Salem, Mass.: S. E. Cassino. 1878.

² *Carthage and the Carthaginians*. By R. BOSWORTH SMITH, M. A., Assistant Master in Harrow School, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; author of *Mohammed and Mohammedanism*. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1878.

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wars. He writes with ease, and, what is more important, with a good backing of scholarship. He makes the tantalizingly little that is known of Carthage do good service, yet without exaggeration, and he sets before us without bias the leading characteristics of the two contesting nations. To be sure, he says that if one of the two civilizations had to go, it was better that it should be the Carthaginian that should disappear; but while it would be idle to contradict this, for there is no day-dreaming more extravagant than rewriting imaginary history with everything just as it was not, it may yet be said that almost every one's sympathies are with the beaten side and not with the Romans. A civilization that was built up on commerce might have done more for the world than one that was formed by fighting, to fall by its own corruption. At any rate, it is to that notion, which is what marked the Carthaginians more at least than it did the Romans, that the world is approaching nowadays, and after a good deal of experiment of the other plan.

The whole story of the three wars is well told, and it is impossible for even those most familiar with the events described not to feel renewed admiration for Hannibal's wonderful generalship. The remissness of Carthage in backing him, whatever may have been the cause, contrasts with the energy of Rome; but if this were in any way, as is strongly implied, the consequence of a love of peace, surely that is a commendable fault, and one which in these modern days should be pardoned. But without building up imaginary Carthaginians it is better to look at those who once lived and at what they did, as they are described by Mr. Smith.

The volume is full and entertaining, and, so far as we know, the completest book, in English at least, on the subject. One English officer, whose name we cannot at this moment recall, wrote some years ago about Hannibal's campaigns from a military point of view, and that book might well be read in conjunction with this clear and excellent volume.

— Viewed as a book of travel, Greek Vignettes¹ has no value whatever, as no confidence can be put in the author's statements, some even of those which he goes out of his way expressly to make being the exact opposite of the truth, as, *e. g.*, that the Var-

vakion (Βαρβακείον) is a private collection, that the Tsakones (not Tsakoni, as the author writes) live in Arcadia, etc. Here is a young man, a graduate apparently of an American university, with some knowledge of ancient Greek and a smattering of German, French, and Italian, and having been "no inconsiderable traveler," who, "with a portmanteau, an umbrella, a pair of spectacles, a shawl, an overcoat, and a duster," sets out to enjoy an emotional thrill-and-tint debauch in the most frequented parts of Greece. His portmanteau apparently contains a few popular books relating to Greece, such as About's *La Grèce Contemporaine*, Mahaffy's *Rambles* (characterized as "a work of scholarship"!), Schliemann's "charming Ithaque, Peloponnèse, Troie," Tuckerman's *Greece of To-Day* (always referred to by its title in Greek), etc., a *Manuel de la Conversation Grec Moderne*, probably that of Laas d'Aguen, and a "blood and thunder Italian romance" which the author is "obliged to abandon every moment" to gaze on "enchanted landscapes," one of which is thus described:—

"It is like the finest scenery of Lake Como or Lago Maggiore—the sea one sheet of waveless blue, the atmosphere so limpid that you seem to see, behind the mountains whose crests stand out in it in a thousand bright and illustrated forms, ships becalmed in this Circe-like lake, a flight of tremulous zephyrs hovering about your face and hair all the time, the whole one picture of radiance and voluptuousness. . . . It is the crystal sky of Hellas, the 'surpassing ether' of Euripides, the land of the snowy egret and the crested hoopoe, of light and affability [!] and brilliance. We shall soon be passing down the huge Acroceraunian Mountains [the author is on board an Austrian steamer], in among the islands scattered like a shivered necklace over the sea, . . . islands full of wine and sharp aromatic scents, silver-leaved olives and glowing oleander. . . . There is indescribable refreshment in this light, buoyant air. . . . It is not the attar-of-roses atmosphere of Italy. There is a spice of Greek airiness and lightness in it, just the difference between a winged epigram of Archilochus [!] and an ode of Petrarch."

In excusing the short-comings of his book, the author tells us that it was written "in the fields . . . or sauntering through olive groves with the thermometer at 100° Fahrenheit." We should think a good many things might be excused in a book

¹ *Greek Vignettes*. A Sall in the Greek Seas, Summer of 1877. By JAMES ALBERT HARRISON. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

that had the peculiarity while being written of sauntering through olive groves at any temperature. As to the matter, it is mostly simple gush over "transcendent landscapes," "fairy gulfs," "pale and perpendicular mountains," "soft and sunny shapes," "delightful beauty," etc.,—gush in which the different senses are often made to do duty for each other, as for example where the "ruddy tints" of the *Boulé* in Athens "blend harmoniously with the velvet air." One wonders how an eye can be constructed that can see "chess-board bands of red." There is, here and there, a little variety, when the author goes to his meals and gives us a minute account of all that is set before him. It is a pity he was not able to spell or accent the names of Greek eatables; but unfortunately his modern Greek is nearly always written incorrectly, and his accents are thrown on with a pepper-caster. These defects too must not be laid to the charge of the printer, for many of the words occur, twice, *e. g.*, ἀμαξή, Ξενοδόχειον, κήπος τῶν ἀντρόντων Νυμφῶν, δῶ for δυο, etc.

On the whole, as we have said, but for a certain psychological interest, this book is below serious notice. Most of what Mr. Harrison thought he saw in Greece is not there at all, and most of the things that are worth seeing he did not see.

—The author of *Shakspeare, His Mind and Art*, has prepared a little book¹ for the series of *Literature Primers* that Mr. John Richard Green, author of the well-known *Short History of the English People*, is now editing, in which he attempts to give in popular form the method and results of the latest criticism of the world's poet. It is briefer than the similar work that Mr. Furnivall has prepared as the introduction of the *Leopold Shakspeare*, but it goes over the same ground, and does not differ from it in the general conclusions arrived at.

In the space of 167 small pages Dr. Dowden crowds seven chapters and an appendix, touching almost every topic that a beginner will need to study. He first describes the England of Shakespeare's day and the condition of the drama. By slight allusions he shows in a clear way how plays were brought out, how the stage properties were managed, and how plays were legitimately published or pirated. Then follows a sketch of the dramatist's life, and an account of the various editions of his works, making plain the

allusion to quartos and folios which are met in all extensive books on the subject.

The fourth and fifth chapters present the evidence for the chronology of the plays, the groups into which Dr. Dowden arranges them, and the periods he makes in the author's career. This work is all very similar to that of Mr. Furnivall, upon which we commented at length in a late number of *The Atlantic*. The four periods in Shakespeare's life are now pretty well established, and it only remains for new commentators that they give them new names. Those of Dr. Dowden are, *In the Workshop* and *In the World*, in the sixteenth century, and *Out of the Depths* and *On the Heights*, in the seventeenth, the division of the centuries being taken as a rough mark between the two decades of Shakespeare's literary life.

The necessities of most readers demand only that the plays be assigned with some certainty to these general periods of the dramatist's career, and the difference of a year or two in a date is of no consequence to them. There is satisfaction to the methodical man in knowing the order in which an author's works were produced, though he may not read them in that order. We prefer to take the historical sequence as our guide in regard to the plays based upon English history; for, though they may not have grown in the author's mind in that order, he must have intended that they should form a unit of interest. In fact, with the single exception of Henry VIII., they were all produced before 1600, and belong to the earlier years of the author's life.

Dr. Dowden makes twelve subdivisions of the plays, as follows: 1. Pre-Shakespearean Group (touched by Shakespeare): *Titus Andronicus* and *1 King Henry VI.* 2. Early Comedies: *Love's Labor's Lost*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream.* 3. Marlowe-Shakespeare Group (Early History): 2 and 3 *King Henry VI.* and *King Richard III.* 4. Early Tragedy: *Romeo and Juliet.* 5. Middle History: *King Richard II.* and *King John.* 6. Middle Comedy: *Merchant of Venice.* 7. Later History (History and Comedy united): 1 and 2 *King Henry IV.* and *King Henry V.* 8. Later Comedy: (a) rough and boisterous: *Taming of the Shrew* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; (b) joyous, refined, romantic: *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*; (c) serious, dark, ironical:

¹ *Shakspeare*. By EDWARD DOWDEN, LL. D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

All's Well that Ends Well, Measure for Measure, and Troilus and Cressida. 9. Middle Tragedy: Julius Cæsar and Hamlet. 10. Later Tragedy: Othello, King Lear, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, and Timon of Athens. 11. Romances: Pericles, Cymbeline, Tempest, and Winter's Tale. 12. Fragments: Two Noble Kinsmen and King Henry VIII.

An examination of this schedule by the side of the scheme of Mr. Furnivall will help one to understand both. Most who read this one will be surprised to find Troilus and Cressida among the comedies, and they will probably think Shakespeare's work in the Two Noble Kinsmen so very fragmentary that it has no right on the list. As a general remark, it may be said that the classification is too minute, though Dr. Dowden supports it on the ground that it is well not only to trace the chronology of the whole body of the plays, but also to arrange the three separate lines of comedy, history, and tragedy in the same way.

A few of the expressions used may be excepted to. It offends us to read the point-blank statements, "Malvolio is made an ass of," "Troilus is an enthusiastic young fool," a "noble green goose," at whose "disillusioning" Ulysses assists. There are other such words and phrases, but they are not numerous enough to mar the book materially.

Dr. Dowden shows that though Shakespeare is so remarkable for creating character, he is not distinguished among dramatists for inventing incidents. "Having found a situation which interested his imagination or was successful on the stage, he introduced it again and again with variations." He points out the recurrence of mistaken identity, the frauds practiced on vain self-lovers, which all will recognize as characteristic of the comedies.

The useful little volume closes with a chapter on Shakespeare's popularity from his death to the present time, and a list of books useful to students of his works.

—The circumstances attending the loss of Charles and Mary Lamb's *Poetry for Children*,¹ as related by Mr. Shepherd in his preface to the recent reprint, modify one's natural surprise. The book was for children, and did not bear the authors' names upon the title-page. One edition

only was printed. It was before the time of stereotyping, so that there were no stereotype plates to tempt a publisher, and libraries did not then take such an interest in the humbler classes of literature. Few books go out of actual use so quickly as books for children, and it may be added that the collection as a bulk had not such striking qualities as would serve to keep it alive, especially as a considerable portion of its contents reappeared in school-books published shortly afterward. The two little duodecimo volumes, preserved by some kind fate in a single copy, were found, early in 1877, in South Australia, and furnish the present reprint. It was discovered also that the book had on its first appearance been reissued in America, but there also had died the natural death which befalls most distinctive children's literature.

The reissue now, under circumstances likely to give the book special prominence, is interesting to all who have at heart the best reading for children, since it starts again the question, What is the best poetry for children? and, Are we better off than families in Lamb's time? It is fair to presume that had this little book been placed by Lamb among his acknowledged writings, and so secured an uninterrupted life, it would not have had a general reading at this time. There is nothing in the book which would give it a perennial existence, more than in Mrs. Leicester's *School* or the *Adventures of Ulysses*. Each of these books may still be bought, but it is only through Lamb's name that they find buyers. It is because of Lamb's connection with this volume that readers will now be found; but after a literary curiosity has been satisfied, the volume itself will drop out of notice, and the poems will again have such life as they formerly had, in anthologies and class-books.

Meanwhile, we are glad to think that the book has at this time found readers not only amongst those curious of Lamb's genius, but amongst those for whom it was originally intended, children of tender years. We should like to believe that it has become familiar to some, for, in spite of the somewhat prosaic character of many of the pieces, the tone of the book is in hearty sympathy with an unspoiled childhood. The difference between its straightforward, simple, unpretending, kindly spirit and the

¹ *Poetry for Children*. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. To which are added *Prince Dorus*, and some *Uncollected Poems* by CHARLES LAMB. Edited, pref-

aced, and annotated by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1878.

strained, affected, involved, ambitious poetry for children, so common nowadays, is world-wide. In the older poetry we have a mannerism which is just sufficiently old-fashioned to amuse us a little, without its being strange to an ordinary child, and we have the homely tale, the appeal to honest feeling, the freedom from fine distinctions, which mark the literature for children that sprang up in England contemporaneously with Wordsworth. The ferment in politics, religion, and education worked good in this direction. Children were looked to as worthy of thought and care in literature, almost for the first time; it was part of the eagerness with which men looked to the new world which seemed opening amid the crash of thrones and empires. The criticism which has slowly been spreading over literature has introduced a new and unnatural element into books for children, and with this has also gone a taste for luxury which renders much of the reading intended for the young as hurtful to their minds as highly-seasoned food is to their bodies.

This contrast, which is suggested afresh by the new reading of Lamb's poetry for children, may make us fairly question whether we have not to push forward into a condition of life and literature which will render unpalatable a good share of the literature for children which is now published and bought. Let us hope, as we easily may believe, that large masses of books for children published in 1877 will perish unreserved; in 1944, removed as far from this last year as that was from the date of the first publication of *Poetry for Children*, it is possible that some book now enjoying a temporary popularity will be reprinted as a literary curiosity. We will try to think so well of our posterity as to believe that they will not be sobered by the contrast, but only filled with a genuine pity for their ancestors.

—The late Mr. Richard Simpson, one of the learned workers of the New Shakspeare Society, left behind him at his death a collection of old plays, with an introduction, which he had prepared for the press, to be published under the title, *The School of Shakspeare*.¹ It is now given to the world by Mr. F. J. Furnivall in two volumes, which are rendered complete by the addition of a glossarial index by Mr. J. M. W. Gibbs, the dramatic critic, who has also en-

riched the volumes with notes and sketches of the plays. It was the intention of Mr. Simpson to include in his collection all those plays which were acted by the "Lord Chamberlain's Company" of players during Shakespeare's connection with it, and other plays that tradition assigns to him, excepting such as are found in the works of the old dramatists and in accessible miscellaneous collections.

Such a work as is thus described would be valuable in itself as adding to our knowledge of the Elizabethan drama; but if it shows the growth of our poet's mind under the schooling of the public demands upon the pen of one who was called the *Johannes Factotum*, or presiding genius, of the London stage, it must rise much higher in our estimation. That Shakespeare was the *factotum* of the period we have the well-known assertion of his enemy Greene in his *Groatsworth of Wit*:—

"There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers that, with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and, being an absolute Johannes-factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in a country."

These words, though the utterance of a profligate literary adventurer, show plainly that, in 1592, when they were written, Shakespeare was rising in public esteem rapidly enough to make less capable and less reputable men envious and malicious. They brought friends to him, one of whom assured the public that the young author was civil in his demeanor, upright in dealing, and of a "facetious grace in writing that approves his art."

It is plain that if Shakespeare was so near to being a monopolist of dramatic production, and was so useful to the players so soon after his arrival in London, he must have done much work of which the reader of the ordinary collections of his plays gets no intimation whatever. It is Mr. Simpson's belief that this preliminary work was his dramatic schooling, and that a study of it will give a new view of his life and character. It is, of course, impossible for critics to agree upon any general identification of the passages which were produced by the young playwright during this period of apprenticeship, and every student must and will balance the evidence which

Shakspeare, by RICHARD SIMPSON, N. A. Two vols. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1878.

¹ *The School of Shakspeare*. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, and an Account of Robert Greene, his Prose Works and his Quarrels with

Mr. Simpson adduces in favor of his assertions.

The plays here given are, *The Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukeley*, *Nobody and Somebody*, *Histrio-Mastix*, *The Prodigal Son*, *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, *A Warning for Fair Women*, and *Faire Em*. Mr. Simpson considers rightly that during its palmy days "the English stage was the most important instrument for making opinions heard," and was used by the greatest writers for making their comments upon public doings and persons. This will be readily granted. The rival theatres would be expected to represent opposing views just as rival journals now do, and it is a fact that the two principal companies—the Lord Chamberlain's and the Lord Admiral's—actually did exhibit distinctive traits after 1594. Shakespeare was connected with the former, to which he gave a character noteworthy for the artistic, philosophic, and political unity of the lessons it inculcated, while the other company, directed by Henslowe and Alleyn, catered for present popularity at the expense of consistency. This marked division of the metropolitan stage did not exist before 1594, but even before Greene's attack upon Shakespeare the rising dramatist must have been extraordinarily active in work of a comparatively humble nature, which was preparing him to give to the plays of the Lord Chamberlain Company the traits which they received at his hands. While, therefore, the whole of the Elizabethan drama may properly be called Shakespeare's School, as Mr. Simpson says, the name is eminently appropriate when applied to those plays assigned to him by tradition or acted by his company of players. Many of these plays are already available to the student, and it is the purpose of the book before us to give more of them to him.

Our space will not permit us to present the reasons, more or less conclusive, for connecting each of these plays with the name of Shakespeare, and we must content ourselves with pointing out the nature of the volumes without giving more than a suggestion of the variety of their contents.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

The Goethe literature has already shown signs of rivaling the vast number of books that have been written about Shakespeare in English and German, and it is especially

in his native country that the modern poet has received almost innumerable tokens of the vast interest that he has inspired in enthusiastic students. Yet in foreign parts, although naturally to a much smaller extent, some excellent volumes have been written concerning the life or works of this great man. The book under investigation¹ to-day is deserving of warm praise. It is written by a Frenchman, a young man, one of the new writers who by their scholarship and literary skill do their part so well in maintaining, or, it might be said, in renewing, the palmy days of French letters. Under the empire there was a lull in the production by new hands of books of substantial worth, while the market for light literature was continually open. Taine, Bréal, About, and others had finished their academic education shortly before Napoleon III. began to rule, and they have had no successors until within the last few years. Of course it is easy to see nothing but evil in the empire, and it has become a favorite object of abuse on the part of a good many people who might have praised it if it had lasted till to-day; but this coincidence about the absence of serious literary work is surely worthy of note.

Lichtenberger's book is a serious study of Goethe's lyric poetry. This is certainly a tempting subject, for even those who most wonder at Goethe's fame, who do not admire intensely his plays, excepting *Faust*, and who cannot read his novels, — and the number is not small, — acknowledge, if they can read German at all, the wonderful and indescribable charm of his shorter poems. Here he was easily master, and we notice no gap between his aim and the execution. It would be extravagant to call him a faultless poet, but it would be hard to find one who had an exacter knowledge of the *technique* of versification, of the melodic and harmonic arrangement of words and sounds; in short, a more delicate perception of form. Yet in his prose writing there is but little of this; indeed, at times it is the opposite fault that is most conspicuous. His *Goetz von Berlichingen* is a series of detached scenes; the *Elective Affinities* lacks ease and grace of construction; and the list of faults might be easily extended. This, it will be noticed, is speaking merely of the form in which he wrote, and in no way presumes to criticise the wisdom of so much of Goethe's writing. His poems, then, are a tempting

¹ *Etude sur les Poésies Lyriques de Goethe*. Par ERNEST LICHTENBERGER. Paris: Hachette. 1878.

subject for a writer, because they call only for praise, and their great variety and biographical obscurity keep the commentator busy. The field has been thoroughly gone over by countless German scholars, but Lichtenberger, while he has made full use of the material they have accumulated, has found plenty of dark points on which he has thrown light.

In laying out his task, Lichtenberger divided the poems, according to their form, into songs, odes, ballads, epigrams, and elegies. This is the usual and evidently the natural division, with the additional advantage that it runs very nearly parallel with the classification a biographical division of the subject would require. As the author points out, Goethe wrote no elegies in his youth, and no odes after he was forty years old. The only form of verse he never abandoned was the song, and the songs he wrote at different periods are here discussed in their chronological order. There is nothing more interesting than Lichtenberger's neat classification of his subject, and his thorough treatment of it. It is not necessary to linger over the early love poems, — those addressed to Friederika and Lili; not because they lack interest, but the personal relations they express are better known to those familiar with Goethe's biography than are some of the obscure points which Lichtenberger makes plain when he comes to speak of other verses. Certainly the reader who cares for Goethe's biography will find new material in the chapter devoted to Frau von Stein, as well as in those devoted to the poet's earlier loves.

With regard to the few scattered poems to be found in Wilhelm Meister, Lichtenberger says, after mentioning the beautiful lines beginning, "Ueber allen Gipfeln," that "it is the music of the lines which distinguishes also the poems inserted by Goethe in his Wilhelm Meister. It would seem as if before going to Italy to abandon rhyme, the *Lied*, the poetry of the North for many years, he had wished to condense into a few pieces its purest essence, its most delightful charm." He does not, the author goes on to say, "distribute his poems by chance, *mal à propos*, to actors whom nature has not inclined to song. All the *Lieder*, except Philim's song, belong to two mysterious beings, who represent, in this picture of life, idle contemplation, melancholy reverie, consuming passion which does not betray its object; they are the Harper and Mignon." He then goes on to a completer analysis

of the poems beginning, "Kennst du das Land," and "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt," noticing, among other things, the sound of *ei*, and its predominance in Goethe's plaintive poems.

The chapter on the Roman Elegies is excellent. In speaking of the form in which they are written, Lichtenberger points out the unsatisfactoriness of all modern, or at least all German, imitation of classical metres, on account of the prosodical difficulties; and he says, what all will agree with, that the Elegies do not, like the *Lieder*, give the impression of faultless work. The spondee is not to be found in German, and Goethe has almost always replaced it by the trochee, to the evident detriment of the verse. The dactyl, too, the only other foot to be found in hexameters and pentameters, is almost equally rare, for the unaccented syllables have by no means the same value, as in *Zufriedenheit*, for example. But yet, Lichtenberger goes on, "when we consider the Roman Elegies, the general tone of the work, the breath of antiquity that inspires them, we see no form more appropriate than that of the distich. That is what Goethe felt even thirty years later, when he said to Eckermann, 'There are great and mysterious effects dependent on the difference of poetic forms. If the ideas of my Roman Elegies were to be translated into the tone and metre of Byron's Don Juan, they would seem truly diabolical.'" The reader will also find some admirable remarks on a more delicate question which is called up by the unconventional nature of these poems.

Then Lichtenberger goes on to discuss the Venetian Epigram and the Xenien, and it is while speaking of these last-named attacks on German literature that he has made an important contribution to their comprehension. The poem *Der Deutsche Parnass* had always been a stumbling-block in the way of those who sought the interpretation of Goethe's poems. It was evidently a parable, but its exact meaning had been lost. It was supposed to be an attack on the exaggerations of the Sturm und Drang period; but this explanation hardly held water, and it was left for this brilliant and painstaking commentator to beat the Germans on their own ground. He came across an epigram of Gleim's against the authors of the Xenien. This epigram, it would seem, was taken by Goethe as a text for his longer poem, which was an ironical attack against himself and Schiller. Many of the lines it contains are to be found, in less smooth

form, in the Antixenien, and there are countless other indications of the sources whence Goethe drew his inspiration. Yet the irony was too subtle for detection. Goethe felt sure that Körner and Humboldt would see through the veil; but they did not. Lichtenberger modestly rejects all credit for this discovery, which he says was made by accident; but accidents of that kind happen only to careful students.

In going on to discuss Goethe's later elegies, his Alexis and Dora and the New Pausanias, the commentator shows his sensitiveness to what is best in poetry, and his warm admiration for the work of the German author. Surely, the Alexis and Dora is one of the best of modern imitations of the antique, both in the nature of the subject and the impersonality of the treatment. Lichtenberger shows the same appreciative merit when he speaks of the ballads. He points out clearly the distinction between the work of Goethe and that of Schiller in this form: "If a romance is a tale narrated after the manner of a lyric and a ballad, a Lied clothed in an epic or dramatic dress, we can say, generally speaking, that Schiller wrote romances and Goethe ballads. The first would fully develop what he had to say, the other employed a more restricted method; one narrates in a clear and uniform way, while the other is occasionally mysterious and rugged. Schiller's style is free, brilliant, and copious; Goethe's, delicate, supple, concise. . . . He alone has the secret of happy, suggestive allusions, of enchanted images called up by a single word, of feelings expressed in the rhythm and the verse." Moreover, he adds, "Schiller did not choose a subject for itself, for the poetic interest he found in it, and the grace he promised to give it, but for the idea, the moral sense, the noble and great truth of which this matter might become the transparent veil. The moral of all these romances is either expressed directly by the poet, or clearly indicated by the *dénoûment*: The Diver, like Horace's ode to Virgil's ship, not to tempt the gods by foolhardy undertakings; the Ring of Polycrates, like the ode to Grorpus, not to count on perfect happiness: —

. . . 'Nil est ab omni
Parte beatum.'"

And so it is with the other ballads. With Goethe it is different; save in some rare cases, when he has been led by the example of his friend, he has remained faithful to his own nature and his poetic instinct. "He

gladly gives himself up to his subject, and invites us to do the same. He prefers to create rather than to instruct; he seeks to cast illusion into our eyes rather than to give counsel to our minds. He rules the imagination instead of moving and directing the heart." After this general discussion, Lichtenberger goes on to speak of the best-known of the ballads, pointing out their distinctive qualities. It is not necessary to follow each step of the critic in his study of Goethe's poetry. He leaves no division of his subject untouched, and he shows the same intelligence in treating of the personal questions — the women to whom the sonnets were addressed, the identity of Suleika in the Westöstlicher Divan — as in the more purely literary matters.

In his final summing up, Lichtenberger points out how many things there are about which other poets have written that Goethe did not sing; how, neglecting religious song, the description of nature, the glorification of friendship or patriotism, he devoted himself principally to one subject, — love. "Almost all the Lieder, the Roman Elegies, the sonnets, the odes, the chief books of the Divan, are consecrated to the painting of this feeling. If love was the most familiar subject of his poetry, as it was the most persistent passion of his life, it must be confessed that there was nothing more favorable to his poetic genius. . . . His Leipzig songs described the artificial emotions of youth, but the Strassburg Lieder and those of Sesenheim and Frankfurt expressed the keen and deep emotions of a really touched heart. In the odes and the Roman Elegies he celebrated the worship of visible form and beauty, and in his sonnets that of a purified, ideal, almost mystic love." This diversity of feeling, he adds, "seems to lessen the unity of the impression which we always like to perceive in those great men we admire; but yet it is no less keen and penetrating in his poems than in those of Horace or Petrarch, Musset or Byron. He has especially the gift of grace, of rhythm, of beauty. He enchants us when he speaks of suffering; he pacifies us when he describes the storms of the heart; he delivers us from the emotions he awakens in us."

Students of Goethe will find this volume a most delightful aid to a better understanding of the poet. There are few books on this subject at once so sympathetic and so full of valuable information. It is a real credit to French scholarship.